Englisches Lesebuch

für

die auf Gymnasien

durch

Lectüre der Classiker

gebildete Jugend

von

Johann Wilhelm Heinrich Ziegenbein.

Prediger an der Petrikirche und öffentlichem Lehrer der Religion am Katharineum zu Braunschweig.

Braunschweig, 1801.
bey Carl Reichard.

Vorerinnerung.

Der Herausgeber wurde im Anfange dieses Jahrs durch verschiedene Umstände zu dem Entschlusse vermocht, den jungen Studierenden in der obersten Classe des Gymnasiums, bey dem er als Religionslehrer angestellt ist, Unterricht in der Englischen Sprache zu ertheilen. Bey dieser Gelegenheit sah er sich vergebens nach einem seinen Wünschen und Forderungen entsprechenden Lesebuche um, und er entschloſs sich daher selbst zur Ausfertigung eines für die-

sen Zweck brauchbaren Lesebuchs. Dies würde vielleicht nicht geschehen seyn, wenn ihm die von Herrn Beresford herausgegebenen "Elegant Extracts in Prose, Berlin bey Mylius 1800." früher zur Hand gekommen wären.

Bey der Ausfertigung dieses Lesebuchs hatte der Herausgeber einzig und allein junge Studierende vor Augen, die sich in der obersten Classe eines Gymnasiums finden, deren Geschmack durch Lectüre der classischen Schriftsteller des Alterthums bereits gebildet ist, die ausserdem in der Französischen Sprache bedeutende Fortschritte gemacht haben und denen die bey Erlernung einer Sprache anfangs unvermeidlichen Unannehmlichkeiten sogleich durch eine Sammlung von Aufsätzen, die durch Sprache und Inhalt merklich hervorstechen, versüfst werden müssen. Dies wird, wie er hofft, die getroffne Auswahl rechtfertigen und sie des öffentlichen Beyfalls nicht ganz unwerth machen. Ganz anders würde sie ausgefallen seyn, wenn es sein Zweck gewesen wäre, ein Lese-

buch für die folgenden Classen des Gymnasiums, oder für junge Leute, die sich der Handlung widmen, oder für Damen, auszufertigen.

Bey genauerer Ansicht des Buchs wird man finden, dafs es nicht — wie es wol zu geschehen pflegt — aus bereits Vorhandenen zusammengestoppelt ist; es enthält vielmehr fast lauter Aufsätze, die bis jetzt in Deutschland entweder noch gar nicht abgedruckt worden sind, oder die sich doch nur in den zu Basel veranstalteten Abdrücken Englischer Originalschriftsteller finden. Die Auszüge aus den vortrefflichen "Athenian Letters London 1798. 2 Vol. 4. S. 17." — unter uns erst durch die von Herrn Professor Jakobs veranstaltete Verdeutschung bekannt geworden sind, finden sich nirgends. Der gröfste Theil der hier aufgenommnen Briefe — mancher andren Aufsätze nicht zu gedenken — ist in Deutschland noch nicht gedruckt, und in Ansehung des aus Blairs classischen Lectures on Rhetoric gewählten Abschnittes freute sich der Herausgeber mit Herrn Beresford

— wie in so manchem andren Stück — auf einem Wege zusammen getroffen zu seyn. Der Herausgeber war anfangs Willens dieses Lesebuch mit einem Wörterbuche zu begleiten; daher wird man es sich erklären können, warum auf den ersten Bogen die unregelmäsigen Zeitwörter zur Erleichterung des Nachschlagens angegeben sind; allein er sah sich genöthigt dies Vorhaben aufzugeben und sich den Wünschen des Verlegers, die dawider waren, zu fügen. Sollte dieses Buch indefs wider Verhoffen über seinen bestimmten Wirkungskreis hinaus Beyfall finden, so ist der Verleger geneigt das Lexicon dazu noch nachfolgen zu lassen, so wie auch der Herausgeber, dem ein reicher Schatz Englischer Originalschriftsteller zu Gebote steht, gern eine zweyte Sammlung veranstalten wird, denn bey der so sehr beschränkten Bogenzahl haben die trefflichsten Sachen zurückbleiben müssen.

Für einen correcten Abdruck hat der Herausgeber, so weit es in seinen Kräften war,

Sorge getragen, und mit Vergnügen muſs er dabey die Unterstützung eines seiner jüngern Freunde, Herrn Ludwig Wolff rühmen, der auf der Bahn des Nützlichen, Schönen und Guten rasch vorwärts schreitet und den Nahmen, den er führt, unsrer Stadt gewiſs Ehrenwerth erhalten wird. Wer indeſs mit den Schwierigkeiten des Drucks bey Schriften in einer ausländischen und der Englischen Sprache besonders bekannt ist der, wird dem Herausgeber die Druckfehler, die sich auch hie und da bey Abbrechung der Sylben eingeschlichen haben, zu gute halten und sie nicht auf Rechnung seiner Unwissenheit setzen.

Möchte denn dieses Lesebuch des Guten recht viel wirken! Möchten junge Studierende durch die Lesung desselben mit Enthusiasmus für die Englische Sprache und Literatur erfüllt und zu einem sorgsamen Studium der classischen Schriftsteller dieser Nation ermuntert werden! Möchten sie Alle nach Grays und Wests Beyspiele an der Lectüre und dem Studium der classischen Schrift-

steller in alten und neuen Sprachen recht früh Geschmack finden und die Geist und Herz verderbende elende Leserei des Tages, die leider! jetzt so sehr um sich greift — fliehen! Dies sind die heissen und herzlichen Wünsche des Herausgebers, der sich dem Zutrauen und der Liebe der seinem Unterrichte anvertrauten jungen Studierenden hiemit herzlich empfiehlt.

Braunschweig im November 1800.

Inhalt.

Inhalt.

Inhalt.

Inhalt.

Detached Sentences.

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel before hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

Philoſophy is then only valuable, when, it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderneſs.

A man may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful that the man was never yet found 1), who would 2) acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wiſe men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning: he can never be wiſe but by his own wiſdom.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

The temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

A good word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

A wiſe man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth ſmall things, ſhall fall by little and little.

Blame not, before thou haſt examined the truth; underſtand firſt, and then rebuke.

A friend cannot be known 4) in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden 5) in adverſity.

Whoſoever diſcovereth ſecrets loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

His a great weakneſs to be credulous, nothing being more common than lying.

If deluſion be once admitted, it has 6) no certain limitation.

There are no people more dangerous than thoſe that unworthily poſſeſs the affection of princes.

A philoſopher is a man who oppoſes nature to law, reaſon to cuſtom, his conscience to opinion, and his judgment to error.

Nature never said 7): "Be not poor; ſtill leſs: Be not rich; but it cries aloud, Be independent."

Amuſement is the happineſs of thoſe who cannot think.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are preparing to live another time.

Cenſure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the ſincereſt part of our devotions.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but ſeldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Every man deſires to live long; but no man would be old.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

We ſhould 8) take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom to be miſerable to day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to morrow.

No object is more pleaſing to the eye, than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

The pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and transporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls; without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe.

If thou wouldeſt get a friend, prove him firſt and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome men are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine, when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother; how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done (9 for thee.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a God!

Nature makes us poor only when we want neceſſaries, but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

No evil is unſupportable but that which is accompanied with a conſciouſneſs of wrong.

Without books a lettered man is not able to paſs, a ſingle

day to his entire satisfaction; with them, no day can be so dark as not to have its pleasure.

He that caresses you beyond his custom, either wants your assistance or means to deceive you.

It is not the person that is ordinarily beloved; it is his fortune, his riches, his employment. This is plainly seen in misfortunes.

Hope, as deceitful as it is, serves at least to lead us to the end of life by a pleasant road.

Patience and tranquillity contribute more than the whole art of medecine to cure the distempers of the body.

Brutes, that have not many anxieties, are neither so long, nor so dangerously sick, as men; and cure themselves without physic, by repose alone.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

1) to find. 2) I will. 3) to bear. 4) to know. 5) to hide. 6) to have. 7) to say. 8) I shall. 9) to do.

Generous Revenge.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour;

and in particular, having impriſoned Uberto, proceeded againſt him as a traitor, and thought 1) they diſplayed ſufficient lenity in paſſing a ſentence upon him of perpetual baniſhment, and the confiſcation of all his property. Adorno, who was then poſſeſſed of the firſt magiſtracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwiſe not avoid of generous ſentiments, in pronouncing this ſentence on Uberto, aggravated its ſeverity by the inſolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You (ſaid he) — you the ſon of a baſe mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa — You, by their clemency, are only doomed to ſhrink again into the nothing whence you ſprung 2)." Uberto received his condemnation with reſpectful ſubmiſſion to the court; yet ſtung 3) by the manner in which it was expreſſed, he could not forbear ſaying to Adorno "that perhaps he might 4) hereafter find cauſe to repent the language he had uſed to a man capable of ſentiments as elevated as his own." He then made 5) his obeiſance and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a veſſel bound 6) for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected ſome debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions and with the wreck of his fortune went 7) to ſettle on one of the islands in the Archipelago belonging to the ſtate of Venice. Here his induſtry and capacity in mercantile purſuits raiſed him in a courſe of years to greater wealth than he had poſſeſſed in his moſt proſperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generoſity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently viſited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendſhip with the Venetians, though hoſtile to moſt of the other Italian ſtates, and eſpecially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a viſit to one of the firſt men of that place at his country houſe, he ſaw 8) a young chriſtian ſlave at work in irons, whoſe appearance excited his attention. The youth ſeemed oppreſſed with labour to which his delicate frame had not been accuſtomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the inſtrument with which he was working, a ſigh burſt from his full heart, and a tear ſtole 9) down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compaſſion, and addreſſed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught 10) the ſounds of his native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoeſe. "And what is your name, young man? (ſaid 11) Uberto). You need not be afraid of confeſſing to me your birth and condition." "Alas! (he anſwered) I fear my captors already ſuſpect enough to demand a large ranſom. My father is indeed one of the firſt men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am

his only ſon." "Adorno!" Uberto checked himſelf from uttering more loud, but to himſelf he cried, "Thank heaven! then I ſhall be nobly revenged."

He took 12) leave of the youth, and immediately went to enquire after the corſair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found 13) him, demanded the price of his ranſom. He learned that he was conſidered as a capture of value, and that leſs than two thouſand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the ſum; and cauſing his ſervant to follow him with a horſe and a complete ſuit of handſome apparel, he returned to the youth who was working as before, and told 14) him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dreſs, and mount on horſeback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almoſt deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was ſoon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by ſharing the lodging and table of Uberto. After a ſtay of ſome days at Tunis to diſpatch the remainder of his buſineſs, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who by his pleaſing manners had highly ingratiated himſelf with him. Uberto kept 15) him ſome time at his houſe, treating him with all the reſpect and affection he could 16) have ſhown 17) for the ſon of his deareſt friend. At length, having a ſafe opportunity of ſending him to Genoa, he gave 18) him a faithful ſervant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, ſlipped a purſe of gold into one hand, and a letter into another, and thus addreſſed him.

"My dear youth, I could with much pleaſure detain you longer in my humble manſion, but I feel your impatience to reviſit your friends, I am ſenſible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than neceſſary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this proviſion for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect ſomewhat of me, though you are too young to do ſo. Farewell! I ſhall not ſoon forget you, and I will hope you will not forget me." Adorno poured out the effuſions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a proſperous voyage home, and the tranſport with which he was again beheld by his almoſt heart-broken parents may more eaſily be conceived than deſcribed. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was ſuppoſed that the ſhip in which he ſailed had foundered at ſea), "And to whom," (ſaid old Adorno) "am I indebted for the ineſtimable benefit of reſtoring you to my arms?" "This letter,"

(ſaid his ſon) "will inform you." He opened it, and read 20) as follows.

"That ſon of a vile mechanic, who told 21) you that one day, you might repent the ſcorn with which you treated him, has the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his prediction accompliſhed. For know proud noble! that the deliverer of your only ſon from ſlavery is

The baniſhed Uberto."

Adorno dropt 22) the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his ſon was diſplaying in the warmeſt language of gratitude the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindneſs he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno reſolved if poſſible to repay it. He made ſuch powerful interceſſion with the other nobles, that the ſentence pronounced on Uberto was reverſed, and full permiſſion given him to return to Genoa. In apprizing him of this event, Adorno expreſſed his ſenſe of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleneſs of his character, and requeſted his friendſhip. Uberto returned to his country, and cloſed his days in peace, with the univerſal eſteem of his fellow-citizens.

1) to think. 2) to ſpring. 3) to ſing. 4) to may. 5) to make. 6) to bind. 7) to go. 8) to ſee. 9) to ſteal. 10) to catch. 11 to ſay. 12) to take. 13) to find. 14) to tell. 51) to keep 16) to can. 17) to ſhew. 18) to give. 19) to behold. 20) to read. 21) to tell. 22) to drop.

Love and Joy, a Tale.

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the offſpring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers ſprung up 1) beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone 2) with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence. They were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachement was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them as ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence, vice and ruin overran 3) the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook 4) their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been ſtolen 5) away by hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up 6) among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe Sorrow,

the daughter of Ate; he complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable; her eyes ſunk, 7) her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might 8) be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a doye purſued by a hawk flew 9) into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught 10) men to weep, for ſhe took 11) a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming ſadneſs. She wore 12) on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

One day, as ſhe ſat 13) muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell 14) into the fountain, and ever ſince the Muſes ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn 15) by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

1) to ſpring up. 2) to ſhine. 3) to overrun. 4) to forſake. 5 to ſteal. 6) to bring up. 7) to ſink. 8) to ſmay. 9) to fly. 10) to teach. 11) to take. 12) to wear. 13) to ſit. 14) to fall. 15) to tear.

Providence; or the Shipwreck.

It was a dreadful ſtorm. The wind blowing full on the ſea-ſhore, rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half-ſunk rocks at the entrance of the bay were enveloped in a miſt

of white foam. A ſhip appeared in the offing, driving impetuouſly under her bare poles to land; now tilting aloft on the ſurging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows. Preſently ſhe ruſhed among the rocks and there ſtuck, 1) the billows beating over her deck, and climbing up her ſhattered rigging, "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed an ancient Solitary as he viewed from a cliff the diſmal ſcene. It was in vain. The ſhip fell 2) on her ſide, and was ſeen 3) no more. Soon, however, a ſmall dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the ſhore; at firſt dimly deſcried through the foam, then quite plain as it rode 4) on the ſummit of a wave, then for a time totally loſt 5). It approached, and ſhowed itſelf to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The Solitary haſtened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing viciſſitudes of hope and fear watched its advance. At length, after the moſt imminent hazards, the boat was thrown 6) violently on the ſhore, and the dripping half-dead mariners crawled out to the dry land.

"Heaven be praiſed!" cried the Solitary; "what a providential eſcape! And he led 7) the poor men to his cell, where, kindling a good fire, and bringing out his little ſtore of proviſion, he reſtored them to health and ſpirits. "And are you ſix men the only ones ſaved?" ſaid he. "That we are," anſwered one of them. "Threeſcore and fifteen men, women, and children, were in the ſhip when ſhe ſtruck 8) You may think what a clamour and confuſion there was: women clinging to their huſbands necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all ſhrieking, crying, and praying; There was no time to be loſt. We got 9) out the ſmall boath in a twinkling; jumped in, without ſtaying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the paſſengers; cut the rope, and puſhed away juſt time enough to be clear of the ſhip as ſhe went 10) down: and here we are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his ſpeech. The Solitary was ſhocked, could not help ſecretly wiſhing that it had pleaſed providence to have ſaved ſome of the innocent paſſengers, rather than theſe reprobates.

The ſailors, having got what they could, 11) departed, ſcarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched up the country. Night came 12) on. They deſcried a light at ſome diſtance, and made 13) up to it. It proceeded from the window of a good-looking houſe, ſurrounded with a farm-yard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a ſupplicating tone made known 14) their diſtreſs, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compaſſion and hoſpitality. In the houſe were 15) the miſtreſs, her children and women-ſervants, an old man and a boy: the maſter was abroad. The ſailors, ſitting round the kitchen fire, whiſpered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compenſate

for the loſs of clothes and wages. They ſettled their plan; and on the old man's coming with logs to the fire, one of them broke 16) his ſkull with the poker and laid 17) him dead. Another took 18) up a knife which had been brought 19) with the loaf and cheeſe, and running after the boy, who was making his eſcape out of the houſe, ſtabbed him to the heart. The reſt locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began 20) to ranſack the houſe. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and ſtrangled it. They had nearly finiſhed packing up ſuch of the moſt valuable things as they could carry off, when the maſter of the houſe came home. He was a ſmuggler as well as a farmer, and had juſt returned from an expedition, leaving his companions with their goods at a neighbouring public houſe. Surpriſed at finding the doors locked, and at ſeeing lights moving about in the chambers, he ſuſpected ſomewhat amiſs; and, upon liſtening, he heard 21) ſtrange voices, and ſaw 22) ſome of the ſailors through the windows. He haſtened back to his companions, and brought them with him juſt as the robbers opened the door and were coming out with their pillage, having firſt ſet fire to the houſe in order to conceal what they had done 23). The ſmuggler and his friends let fly their blunderbuſſes in the midſt of them, and then ruſhing forwards, ſeized the ſurvivors and ſecured them. Perceiving flames in the houſe, they ran 24) and extinguiſhed them. The villains were next day led 25) to priſon amidſt the curſes of the neighbourhood.

The good Solitary, on hearing of the event at firſt exclaimed, "What a wonderful interference of providence to puniſh guilt and protect innocence!" Pauſing a while he added, "Yet had providence thought 26) fit to have drowned theſe ſailors in their paſſage from the ſhip, where they left 27) ſo many better people to periſh, the lives of three innocent perſons would have been ſaved, and theſe wretches would have died without ſuch accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the maſter of the houſe been at home, inſtead of following a lawleſs and deſperate trade, he would perhaps have periſhed with all his family, and the villains have eſcaped with their booty. What am I to think of all this?" Thus penſive and perplexed he laid him down to reſt, and, after ſome time ſpent 28) in gloomy reflections, fell aſleep.

In his dream he fancied himſelf ſeated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accoſted by a venerable figure in long white garments, who aſked him the cauſe of the melancholy expreſſed on his countenance. "It is," ſaid he, "becauſe I am unable to reconcile the decrees of providence with my ideas of wiſdom and juſtice." "That," replied the ſtranger, "is probably becauſe thy notions of providence are narrow and erro-

neous. Thou ſeekeſt it in particular events, and doſt not raiſe thy ſurvey to the great whole. Every occurrence in the univerſ is providential, becauſe it is the conſequence of thoſe laws which divine wiſdom has eſtabliſhed as moſt productive of the general good. But to ſelect individual facts as more directed by the hand of providence than others, becauſe we think we ſee a particular good purpoſe anſwered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and ſuperſtition. Follow me to the edge of this cliff." He ſeemed to follow.

"Now look down," ſaid the ſtranger, "and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee," replied the Solitary, "a hawk darting amidſt a flock of ſmall birds, one of which he has caught, and while the others eſcape." "And canſt thou think," rejoined the ſtranger, "that the ſingle bird, made a prey of by the hawk, lies under any particular doom of providence, or that thoſe which fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it? Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey and were endowed with ſtrength and ſwiftneſs to enable them to overtake and maſter it. Thus life is ſacrificed to the ſupport of life. But to this deſtruction limits are ſet. The ſmall birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot reſiſt his force, they have dexterity and nimbleneſs of flight ſufficient in general to elude his purſuit. It is in this balance that the wiſdom of Providence is ſeen; and what can be a greater proof of it, than that both ſpecies, the deſtroyer and his prey, have ſubſiſted together from their firſt creation. Now look again, and tell me what thou ſeeſt."

"I ſee," ſaid the Solitary, a thick black cloud gathering in the ſky. I hear the thunder rolling from ſide to ſide of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the boſom of darkneſs. Now it has fallen on a ſtately tree and ſhattered it to pieces, ſtriking to the ground an ox ſheltered at its foot. Now it falls again in the midſt of a flock of timorous ſheep, and ſeveral of them are left on the plain; — and ſee! the ſhepherd himſelf lies extended by their ſide. Now it ſtrikes a lofty ſpire, and at the ſame time ſets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible ſight!"

"It is ſo," returned the ſtranger, "but what doſt thou conclude from it? Doſt thou not know, that from the genial heat, which gives live to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which aſcending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to contain, is launched again in burning bolts to the earth? Muſt it leave its direct courſe to ſtrike the tree rather than the dome of worſhip, or to ſpend its fury on the herd rather than the herdsman? Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and ſhall we think it ſtrange if a

few meet their deaths from it? Thus the mountain torrent that ruſhes down to fertilize the plain, in its courſe may ſweep away the works of human induſtry, and man himſelf with them; but could its benefits be purchaſed at another price?"

"All this," ſaid the Solitary, I tolerably comprehend; but may I preſume to aſk whence have proceeded the moral evils of the painful ſcenes of yeſterday? What good end is anſwered by making man the ſcourge of man, and preſerving the guilty at the coſt of the innocent?"

"That, too," replied the venerable ſtranger, "is a conſequence of the ſame wiſe laws of providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render thoſe things eaſy to him with which he is moſt familiar, the ſailor muſt of courſe be better able to ſhift for himſelf in a ſhipwreck than the paſſenger; while that ſelf-love which is eſſential to the preſervation of life, muſt, in general, cauſe him to conſult his own ſafety preferably to that of others. The ſame force of habit, in a way of life full of peril and hardſhip, muſt conduce to form a rough, bold, and unfeeling character. This, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it, a robber and a murderer. In the latter caſe, human laws ſtep in to remove the evil which they have not been able to prevent. Wickedneſs meets with the fate which ſooner or later always awaits it; and innocence, though occaſionally a ſufferer, is proved in the end to be the ſureſt path to happineſs."

"But," reſumed the Solitary, "can it be ſaid that the lot of innocence is always preferable to that of guilt in this world?" "If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkeſt thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Diſmiſs then from thy mind the care of ſingle events, ſecure that the great whole is ordered for the beſt. Expect not a particular interpoſition of heaven, becauſe ſuch an interpoſition would ſeem to thee ſeaſonable. Thou, perhaps, wouldeſt ſtop the vaſt machine of the univerſe to ſave a fly from being cruſhed under its wheels. But innumerable flies and men are cruſhed every day, yet the grand motion goes on, and will go on, to fulfill the benevolent intentions of its author.

He ceaſed, and ſleep on a ſudden left the eyelids of the Solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld 30) all nature ſmiling around him. The riſing ſun ſhone 31) on a clear ſky. Birds were ſporting in the air, and fiſh glancing on the ſurface of the waters. Fleets were purſuing their ſteady courſe, gently wafted by the pleaſant breeze. Light fleecy clouds were

failing over the blue expanſe of heaven. His ſoul ſympathiſed with the ſcene, and peace and joy filled his boſom.

1) to ſtick. 2) to fall. 3) to ſee. 4) to ride. 5) to loſe. 6) to throw. 7) to lead. 8) to ſtrike. 9) to get. 10) to go. 11) to can. 12) to come. 13) to make. 14) to know. 15 to be. 16) to breack. 17) to lay. 18) to take. 19) to bring. 20) to begin. 21) to hear. 22) to ſee. 23) to do. 24) to run. 25) to lead. 26) to think. 27) to leave. 28) to ſpend. 29) to catch. 30) to behold. 31) to ſhine.

The Hill of Science.

A Viſion.

In that ſeaſon of the year when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn open the mind to benevolence, and diſpoſe it for contemplation; was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curioſi-I ty began 1) to give way to wearineſs; and I ſat 2) me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown 3) with moſs, where the ruſtling of the falling leaves, the daſhing of waters, and the hum of the diſtant city, ſoothed my mind into the moſt perfect tranquillity, and ſleep inſenſibly ſtole 4) upon me, as I was indulging the agreable reveries which the objects around me naturally inſpired.

I immediately found 5) myſelf in a vaſt extended plain, in the middle of which aroſe 6) a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom preſſed forwards with the livelieſt expreſſion of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places ſteep and difficult. I obſerved, that thoſe who had but juſt begun to climb the hill, thought 7) themſelves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually riſing to their view; and the ſummit of the higheſt they could 8) before diſcern, ſeemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to loſe itſelf in the clouds. As I was gazing on theſe things with aſtoniſhment, my good Genius ſuddenly appeared. The mountain before thee, ſaid 9) he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whoſe head is above the clouds, and whoſe face is covered with a veil of pure light. Obſerve the progreſs of her votaries; be ſilent and attentive.

I saw 10) that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept 11) by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony, and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish, continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and by broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more, while others, having conquered this difficulty, had 12) no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of error: and I heard 13) the voices of many who were lost 14) up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot 15) their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernable by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moonshine. This gave 16) it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eyes towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was

Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left 17) his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made 18) ſo many excurſions from the road, that his feebler companions often outſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld 19) him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his ſtrength in eccentric flights, I ſaw 20) a perſon of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept 21) along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw 22) moſt of thoſe below him who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed there were few who aſcended the hill with equal and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for beſide the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when they had once complied with, they became 23) leſs and leſs able to reſiſt; and, though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were more ſeverely felt 24); the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged, the fruits which were wholeſome and refreſhing, ſeemed harſh and ill — taſted, their ſight grew 25) dim, and their feet tript 26) at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſurprize, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the Paſſions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forſook 27) them when they loſt ſight of the hill. Their tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led 28) them away without reſiſtance to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Amongſt the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken 29) notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for ſo ſhe was called), far from proceeding to open hoſtilities, did 30) not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the Torpedo, which withered the ſtrength of thoſe who came 31) within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always

hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found 32) themſelves at the bottom before they ſuſpected that they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom as they glided down the ſtream of inſignificance; a dark and ſtuggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where the ſtartled paſſengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment when their tyrants were languid or aſleep to eſcape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted, and ſeldom reſiſted till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the Goddeſs ſeemed to ſhed a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain! — but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I ſaw ſtanding beſide me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, ſaid ſhe, are thoſe whom virtue conducts to the manſions of Content! — What, ſaid I, does Virtue then reſide in the vale? I am found, ſaid ſhe, in the vale and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me I am already preſent. Science may raiſe you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the Goddeſs was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke 33) my ſlumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward, and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation.

1) to begin. 2) to ſit. 3) to overgrow. 4) to ſteal. 5) to find. 6) to ariſe. 7) to think. 8) to can. 9) to ſay. 10) to ſee. 11) to keep. 12) to have. 13) to hear. 14) to loſe. 15) to ſhoot. 16) to give. 17) to leave. 18) to make. 19) to behold. 20) to ſee. 21) to creep. 22) to ſee. 23) to become. 24) to feel. 25) to grow. 26) to trip. 27) to forſake. 28) to lead. 29) to take. 30) to do. 31) to come. 32) to find. 33) to break.

Characters of ſeveral of the Greek poets.

A Letter to a friend.

Cleander to Hydaſpes.

My time has of late been 1) a good deal taken 2) up (when the buſineſs of the king would 3) permit me) in the peruſal of the Grecian poets and hiſtorians. As thy curioſity will perhaps make thee deſirous of being acquainted with their names and writings, I will fill this dispatch with the cleareſt account I have been able to obtain of them.

For this purpoſe I shall begin with thoſe, who have done most honour to the art of poetry; ſince it was originally the chief vehicle, by which the knowledge of government, religion, or philoſophy, was conveyed to the dark underſtandings of mankind. The firſt founders of the fabulous theology are uncertain. Linus, Orpheus, and Muſæus are remembered with ſome general marks of eſteem, even in theſe ages of Greece. But their hiſtory is too uncertain and fictitious to bear a ſerious relation. We muſt deſcend therefore immediately to Homer, who was at once the firſt and greateſt poet of antiquity. The ſubject of his admired performance is the ſiege of Troy, and the adventures of the Grecian heroes, particularly of Ulyſſes, on their returning after a long abſence, to their native kingdoms. He is ſaid 4) to have flouriſhed between two and three hundred years after the deſtruction of that potent empire; and the Greeks retain ſuch an high veneration for his memory, that many towns ſtill contend for the honour of his birth. Smyrna carries the faireſt title of them all; in confidence where of she has erected a temple to his name, and the people worship him with the ſacred rites of adoration. Conſider him in his perſon and fortune, he is repreſented as a ſtrolling indigent bard. Conſider him in the qualities of his mind, poſſeſſed of every natural and acquired endowment human nature is capable of, it is impoſſible to refuſe him that reverence and regard, which is ſo juſtly due to the "father of the Grecian poets." At the ſame time I cannot be of their opinion, who aſcribe the riſe of all military and civil policy, religion and learning, to the genius of Homer. It is enough to tranſmit his praiſe to the lateſt poſterity, that the warmth and ſpirit of his expreſſion is equal to the ſtrength and loftineſs of his thought, and the boldneſs of his imagination to the fertility of it. To this give me leave to add, that the beauty and contrivance of his fables, the muſic and variety of his numbers, and the regular compoſition of the whole, have raiſed the dignity of epic poetry in its infancy, if not at its very birth, to an inimitable period of perfection; inſomuch that

futurity shall wonder, without being able to arrive at it. Hesiod was a native of Cuma in Aetolia, and removed soon after his birth to Aſcra in Boeotia. His writings are eſteemed next in antiquity and value to thoſe of Homer. Some have wantonly made 5) them contemporaries, and pretend to ſay, that Heſiod got 6) the better of Homer in a poetical diſpute. But this is highly improbable, ſince it may be confeſſed, without detracting from his real merit, that Heſiod is by no means his equal. Beſides, the nature of their talents is as different, as the ſtyle of their poems. The one excels more in ſublimity than in accuracy; is leſs indebted to art than to nature; more engaged in the tumults of war, than the quiet of retirement. The other is rather ſtudious of plainneſs than ſublimity; leſs fond of ornament, than propriety; more addicted to the images of a rural life, than the buſy ſcenes of a public one. The ſimplicity of his parts, and the agreable ſoftneſs of his diſpoſition, are evident from his choice of a ſtyle between loftineſs and meanneſs, which is well ſuited to the undiſturbed tranquillity of his ſtation and temper. His ſucceſs in this kind of poetry is ſufficient to juſtify his claim to the ſecond rank, without ever placing him in competition with Homer for the firſt. They tell an odd ſtory of him, which shews him to have been a man of either humour or caprice. For accidentally as he one day overheard 7) a potter at his daily labour ſinging ſome of his verſes with an ill accent and cadence, he threw 8) himſelf down on the poor man's brittle property; at which the fellow immediately cried out, "why do you ſpoil my work?" "Becauſe," anſwered Heſiod, "you ſpoil mine."

Alcaeus excelled in a different way both from Homer and Heſiod; but was more deſirous of acquiring reputation in the capacity of a ſoldier and a patriot, than in that of a poet. His pretenſions however to the two former, are not ſo well grounded as his pretenſions to the latter. For as to his military glory, it appears, that in a battle between the Athenians and Mytileneans he fled 9) ſuddenly from the engagement, and diſhonourably left 10) his ſhield in the poſſeſſion of an enemy. And as to his zeal in the ſervice of his country, notwithſtanding his violent oppoſition to the meaſures of Pittacus, the prudent tyrant of Mytilene, he was ambitious of aſpiring to that arbitrary command, which he blamed in the hands of another. All his writings are in the lyric ſtrain, and compoſed in a very fine meaſure peculiar to himſelf. He has happily united cloſeneſs with magnificence, ſpirit with correctneſs, and the utmoſt ſtrength of judgment with the warmth of fancy; and though his muſe is generally employed in matters of love and gallantry, yet he always shews himſelf fit for ſubjects of a nobler nature. Since I have mentioned Alcaeus, I ſhould not omit his famous contemporary Sappho, who flouriſhed in Mytilene about the

forty-fourth olympiad, and was a woman of no great beauty, but of infinite delicacy and wit; enough, one should have thought 11), to atone for her other defects. She disdained the most passionate addresses of Alcaeus; and upon his whispering to her one day, "that he had something to tell her, but was ashamed of it," she answered with a just indignation, "that if he had no reason to be ashamed of it, he would not conceal it." Her cruelty to him is the more remarkable, because she was much enamoured of one Phaon, whose unkindness in leaving her, as it was the occasion of her finest performances, so it was the cause of her death. She had a wonderful vein of insinuation and softness, which, even now, gives her writings such a powerful sway over the tenderest affections of human nature. There is something so graceful and unaffected in her expression and sentiments, so smooth and harmonious in her numbers, that the title of "thenth muse," bestowed on her by the common voice of Greece, is no more than a due testimony of respect to the merit of her poetry.

Archilochus was a native of Paros, and held 12) in esteem as a poet, about the same time with Sappho and Alcaeus. He generally passes among the Greeks for the inventor of a peculiar measure, called Iambic verse; but a man of learning assured me, that there is a piece of Homer's, named Margites, still extant, that proves the contrary. His way of writing is strong and nervous, short and pointed, witty and satirical but tinctured with so much gall and malice that he himself professes, "he could 13) spare neither friend nor foe." They tell a remarkable story of him, that one Lycambes having offered him his daughter in marriage, and afterwards refused to give her, Archilochus lashed them with such rancour and severity, that he and his daughter both hanged themselves.

Some years after lived Anacreon of Teos in Ionia, a man of ease and pleasure, dividing his time betwixt the amusements of wine, love, and poetry. He was so professed an enemy to care and business, that when his patron Polycrates of Samos made 14) him one day a present of five talents, it disturbed his sleep; so he carried it back again the next, and told 15) him, "that how considerable soever the sum might be, it was "not a reward equal to the trouble of preserving it." His writings are agreeable to the freedom of his behaviour; so that he draws a very lifely picture of his own character in the several touches of nature, that are to be found 16) in his odes and sonnets. We may compare his muse to his mistress; she seems airy, loose, and negligent, and is dressed up with more art, the more she hides the appearance of it. He lived eighty-five years in one continued series of health and retirement. To make his

death conformable to his life, he is ſaid to have been choaked with a grape-ſtone in his wine.

I ſhall not trouble thee with any memoirs of Alcmann, Bacchylides, Ibycus, Steſichorus, and Simonides; though they excelled each in their different way, and the laſt of them hath particularly recorded, in verſe, the four fights of Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. But of all thoſe, who contributed to ſupport the grandeur of the lyric muſe, Pindar muſt be mentioned with moſt regard. His poems were compoſed in honour of ſeveral conquerors, at the Iſthmian, Pythian, Nemeaean, or Olympic games; and give us a notion of the higheſt tranſport and elevation, to which this art can be advanced. His deſigns are ſo vaſt, his ſtyle ſo daring, his thoughts ſo ſtriking and uncommon, that it requires as much attention to read him, as to imitate others. He has often been cenſured as too unbridled and irregular; yet this is not the leaſt of his beauties, ſince an ode is intended more to raiſe our Fancy, than to inform our judgment. It is adapted to the fire and majeſty of Pindar; his imagination is on the wing; he cannot ſtay for words to expreſs himſelf methodically; he uſes the boldeſt ſort of painting; he gives us a general likeneſs of his hero, without finiſhing the features. Thus has he triumped over the labours of art, and extorted this approbation from mankind, that he alone is the "perfect and unrivalled maſter of the Grecian Lyre."

The Athenians pride themſelves to this day in an act of uncommon generoſity, which they performed towards this admired poet. His own countrymen, the Thebans, having fined him in a large ſum of money, for the particular regard he pays every where to Athens in the courſe of his odes, and his neglect of Thebes, that was his native city, the People of Athens honourably diſcharged the fine, and proved themſelves not unworthy of the great eſteem which Pindar had conceived for them. Adieu.

From Salamis. C.

1) to be. 2) to take. 3) I will. 4) to do. 4) to ſay. 5) to make. 6) to get. 7) to overhear. 8) to throw. 9) to fly. 10) to leave. 11) to think. 12) to hold. 13) to can. 14) to make. 15) to tell. 16) to find.

Pericles's death. The circumſtances attending it.

A Letter.

Cleander to Gobryas.

An univerſal ſorrow and confuſion reign at preſent in this city; the old and the young, the magiſtrate and the military officer, the private citizen and the recluſe ſcholar, join equally in deploring the irretrievable misfortune which has befallen Athens, and look upon themſelves as equally involved in its fatal conſequences. Thou mayſt at firſt imagine, potent lord, that the late devouring peſtilence has returned; that the naval force of this republic, its ornament and bulwark, has been defeated by the formidable fleet of Corinth; or that the victorious arms of Peloponneſus have waſted Attica with fire and ſword, and are now forming the ſiege of its metropolis. But none of theſe calamities have happened, and to detain thee no longer, thou wilt not, I believe, be ſurpriſed at ſo general a concern, when I inform thee that Pericles is dead, whoſe counſels have ſet his countrymen at the head of Greece, whoſe ſteady conduct has carried them with honour through the greateſt difficulties, and whoſe military skill has given motion to their fleets and armies, during an adminiſtration of forty years. He died this evening at his houſe in the Ceramicus, of a fever, that has hung 1) upon him for ſeveral months, and was occaſioned by a ſevere shock, which his conſtitution received from the plague, when it raged here, which all the art of phyſic, though exerted by Hippocrates himſelf, could 2) never reſtore. His greatneſs of ſoul and natural flow of ſpirits made 3) him diſregard the approaches of danger: he was ſeen 4) every day in the aſſemblies of the people, exhorting them to continue the war with a vigour becoming the Athenian-name, and pointing out to them the methods of ſupplying the expence of it. He uſed to ſit late in the ſenate, debating on projects for diſtreſſing the enemy, and ſecuring the commerce of Athens, or drawing up diſpatches for their commanders and miniſters abroad. He frequently viſited the fortifications and harbour; examined every thing with his own eyes, one while preſſing forward the equipment of their ships, through all the delays which the manner of fitting them out here neceſſarily occaſions; at another, reviewing the troops, and ſtrengthening the city with additional works; till at laſt, as the weakneſs of his body by no means anſwered the zeal of his heart for the public ſervice, he was obliged to leave off appearing abroad, and to call in that aſſiſtance from phyſic, which he had 5) too long neglected.

Upon the first news of his confinement, crowds of people daily flocked to the temples, particularly those of Iupiter the Counsellor, and Minerva the patroness of Athens, to solicit, with prayers and offerings, the continuance of so valuable a life, as the greatest national blessing they could bestow, and the strongest proof that Athens was still under the protection and auspicious influence of her guardian deities. During the short gleams of hope, and quick returns of fear, which succeeded each other in the progress of the distemper, all publick affairs were 6) at a stand: no news from their armies or squadrons enquired after; and the truth of an old observation was verified, that mankind more sensibly perceive the excellence of any thing from the want than from the enjoyment of it.

The behaviour of Pericles, in the whole course of his illness, was composed and magnanimous, entirely consistent with the rest of his life, and agreeable to the calm fortitude he had always shewn 7) both in the adversity and prosperity of his fortunes. I was myself a witness to a remarkable incident. As some of his friends, not many days before his death, were sitting in his chamber, and discoursing of his virtue and authority, his memorable actions, and the trophies he had set up, whilst he commanded the armies of the republic, not imagining that he was then attending to their conversation; on the sudden he called out to us, that all the circumstances which we had mentioned, were common to him with the other great men whom Athens had produced; and that, besides, fortune might 8) lay claim to part of the merit of them; but, continued he, you have omitted what I most value myself upon, that in my whole administration none of my fellow-citizens ever wore 9) mourning on my account. We, who were then present, were so moved with this speech, that we melted into tears, which I dare say a man of Pericles his sense took 10) for the highest panegyric we could bestow, as I am sure it was the most natural.

I have taken care to send away my dispatch by a ship that sails immediately out of the port for Ephesus; and as the wind sets fair, and the express who is charged with it, is used to expeditious journies, I doubt not but it will bring the earliest advice to the court of Persia of this remarkable and interesting event. Adieu.

From Athens. *P.*

1) to hang. 2) to can. 3) to make. 4) to see. 5) to have. 6) to be. 7) to shew. 8) to may. 9) to wear. 10) to take.

A full view of Pericles's character and politics.

A Letter,

Cleander to Megabyzus, firſt Miniſter to Artaxerxes.

I have already, noble ſatrap, acquainted the chief ſcribe with the death of Pericles, and the remarkable circumſtances that attended it. It will be now a very natural as well as uſeful ſpeculation, to take a general ſurvey of his life, to examine into the maxims of his politics, the methods by which he gained and preſerved his authority, and to lay open his temper and turn of mind. In doing this, I ſhall have recourſe both to the encomiums of his friends and the accuſations of his enemies; and endeavour to ſteer between the extremes of exalting ſo remarkable a character, through a mean compliance with the former, or derogating from the true merit of it, through a tincture of the envious diſpoſitions of the latter. I will neither heighten the colouring of the picture, nor bring the ſhades too forward; but exhibit, accurately as I can, a faithful, yet not a diſagreeable, likeneſs.

Pericles was deſcended from the nobleſt families in Athens. His father Xantippus defeated the Perſians at the famous battle of Mycale; his mother Agariſte was grand-daughter to Cliſthenes, who drove 1) out the uſurping race of Piſiſtratus. It may ſeem ſurprizing, that a perſon whoſe birth and education muſt have diſpoſed him to join with that part of the city which was the moſt diſtinguished for their families and fortunes, ſhould yet, upon his firſt appearance in buſineſs, embrace that of the people, and ſteadily adhere to it in the courſe of his political conduct. But very ſufficient reaſons may be aſſigned for it: the principal of them was, that when he began 2) to appear as a candidate for the offices and honours of the ſtate, Cimon was univerſally regarded as the champion of the ariſtocratical faction; and there was no other way to counterbalance his authority, or to eſtabliſh his own upon the ruins of it, than by ſiding with the oppoſite party. He diſdained to be ſecond amongſt the former, when he could be firſt amongſt the latter. For the great maxim, which one may trace through all his actions, was, to place his country at the head of Greece, and himſelf at the head of his country.

During the long and warm conteſts which Pericles maintained with Cimon, and afterwards with Thucydides, the one illuſtrious for his military glory and liberal temper, the other

well skilled in eloquence and civil policy he shewed himself a most artful and designing statesman. He industriously fought 3) out every method that could fix a volatile forgetful people in his interests; and whilst he was thus heated with opposition, and sometimes personally endangered from the practices of his enemies, it must be owned he oftener consulted what might serve the present occasion, than what would turn to the future advantage of the publick. Unable by his private fortunes to emulate the generous hospitality of Cimon, he proposed, that a large fund of money, set apart for the necessities of a war, should be distributed amongst the poor citizens, every time they frequented the theatre at the representation of a new play. It is no wonder, after he had procured a law which paid them for going where their love of pleasure alone would have invited them to go, that he should be the author of another which assigns a certain salary to them for doing their duty to their country, by attending the assemblies, and serving in the courts of justice. Whilst I am mentioning arts of this nature, whichset Pericles to view in the light rather of a self-interested minister than a useful patriot to his country, I cannot omit his reducing the power of the venerable tribunal of the Areopagus, which he did 4) with an intent to pay his court to the people, by throwing 5) more power into their hands, and weakening that of the nobles his enemies; though at the same time the interest of the publick suffered, by having the greatest barrier against the natural licentiousness of Athens almost entirely removed. The magnificent buildings, fine statues, and other publick works, which were 6) erected at such a vast expence in the course of his ministry, were owing 7) to these motives; to gain the good-will of the people in general, for having been the proposer and inspector of such grand undertakings, which rendered their city the admiration and resort of strangers, and the chief ornament of Greece; to enrich the useful artist and industrious mechanic, and by such a circulation of labour and wealth, to employ those citizens, whose poverty and factious dispositions might 8) have incited them to better their own conditions, by disturbing the security of the publick.

Lastly, to acquire a reputation for himself as durable and striking as the works themselves, which were brought 9) to perfection in fewer years, than most people imagined they would be ages in finishing. One circumstance indeed contributed to raise a great load of envy against him; it was, that in order to defray the immense charges of these works, he removed the publick treasure of Greece from Delos, where it used to be kept, 10) to Athens, where he had himself the direction of it. His enemies, both foreign and domestick, had the most plausible topick imaginable of accusation against him, when they asserted

the injuſtice of laying out the ſums contributed by the Grecian allies towards the expences of a Perſian war, in adorning one particular city.

Pericles likewiſe rendered himſelf very popular by a uſeful ſcheme which he propoſed, that a large ſquadron of gallies should 11) be ſent 12) out every year, with a certain number of citizens on board in pay for eight months, in order to ſupply their colonies abroad, and to ſail round the coaſt and islands of Greece, to collect the tributes paid 13) by the allies to the Athenians. By putting this project in execution, two important ends were gained; the eſtabliſhing of a perpetual nurſery for ſeamen; and the making of the Athenian flag reſpected in whatever part of the ſea it was diſplayed. Thou canſt not wonder, potent miniſter, if by theſe methods, by his commanding eloquence, and by his ſingular art of managing popular aſſemblies, he not only ſtood 14) his ground againſt Cimon and Thucydides, but puſhed his advantages ſo far, as to banish them both by oſtraciſm. Yet he shewed 15) his love for his country in the midſt of his reſentment; for before the term of Cimon's banishment was expired, he drew 16) up himſelf a decree for recalling him at the earneſt deſire of the people, then preſſed with an unſucceſsful war againſt Lacedaemon. It is obſerved of Pericles that after he had ſurmounted all oppoſition, and got 17) the management of affairs into his own hands, there was a remarkable change in his conduct: he was no longer ſo compliant with every demand of the people, or ſo ready to fall in with their notions, and contrive ſchemes merely to pay his court to them; but conſtantly purſued the regular plan of meaſures which his prudence dictated, notwithſtanding their fickleneſs and diſcontent and partly by the aſcendant he had gained over their minds, partly by the force of his oratory, obliged them to comply ſo entirely with whatever he propoſed, that the government of Athens, during his life-time, may be ſaid 18) to have been in appearance popular, but in truth monarchical. And certainly, as it contributed not a little to fix the Athenian glory and power on a ſolid baſis, that the influence of a ſingle man was an over-balance to all the inconveniences and uncertain politics of republican conſtitutions; ſo no man in the city deſerved, to poſſeſs ſuch an influence but Pericles. For his natural genius was ſtrong, penetrating, and extenſive, heightened by all the additional luſtre that learning and philoſophy (which he chiefly owed to Anaxagoras) could 19) afford; nor was he unacquainted with muſick and the politer arts. Theſe accompliſhments, joined to the politeneſs and dignity of his behaviour, endeared him to his fellow-citizens; but thoſe which rendered him conſiderable amongſt them, were his maſterly talents of working upon their hopes and fears, ſo as by the one to check

their exceſſive confidence, when they were proudly elated with ſucceſs; by the other, to raiſe their drooping ſpirits in conjunctures of difficulty and misfortune; and next, the uſe and comprehenſion of the political maxims, which he conſtantly inculcated: "As that the Athenians, inſtead of waſting themſelves by "foreign expeditions, should take every opportunity of improving their naval force, and permitting no other to lay claim "to the dominion of the ſea; that they should maintain their "dignity and honour to the height, and ſuffer no inſults, however ſeemingly ſmall, without making ſuitable returns; becauſe "a tame and paſſive behaviour in thoſe caſes only laid 20) them "open to greater inſults." Theſe (if I may uſe the expreſſion) were the great outlines of his politicks, and will, if attended to, afford us a ſurer clue to his conduct, than the calumnies of his enemies, and the idle ſcandal of the comick poets. Is it not, for inſtance, much more rational and fair, to attribute the war of Samos to the neceſſity which he thought 21) there was of humbling a people that had refuſed the Athenian mediation, and were able to diſpute the prize of naval power with Athens herſelf, than to the intereſt of his miſtreſs Aſpaſia, whoſe countrymen of Mitylene (it is pretended) had been injured by the Samians? Does he not appear to have acted for the good of his country, when he diſcouraged them from exhauſting their treaſures and money in diſtant ſchemes, againſt Sicily and Perſia, at a time when danger nearer home threatened them? And whoever conſiders the ſtate of affairs in Greece, ſome years before the Peloponneſian war broke 22) out, muſt be convinced that the jealouſy of Sparta and her allies againſt the riſing empire of Athens, and the aſpiring ſpirit and arbitrary proceedings of the latter, were ſufficient of themſelves to excite the war, without any mixture of the private intereſt of Pericles to inflame it; though as there was at that ſame juncture a more than ordinary ill humour ariſing againſt him, it is probable he fell in the more readily with the popular diſpoſitions for a war, in order to divert the ſtorm that threatened himſelf.

In his military capacity he frequently expoſed his own perſon with great gallantry; but he was remarkably cautious of hazarding the troops under his command; and he never entered upon action, without leaving 23) as little room as poſſible for the ficklenes of fortune, or the effects of a happy temerity. However, though the merit of his exploits as a general will not place him in the ſame rank with Themiſtocles or Cimon, yet he ſet up nine trophies, whilſt he commanded the armies of the ſtate, and particulary diſtinguished himſelf in gaining a great naval victory over the Samians.

Illuſtrious Megabyzus, as thou haſt already equalled this extraordinary miniſter in the extent and ſolidity of thy genius,

and the importance of the services which thou haſt performed for thy prime and country, I can only wish that thou mayeſt exceed him in length of days and increaſe of honour. Adieu.

From Athens. *P.*

1) to drive. 2) to begin. 3) to ſeek. 4) to do. 5) to throw. 6) to be. 7) to owe. 8) to may. 9) to bring. 10) to keep. 11) I ſhall. 12) to ſend. 13) to pay. 14) to ſtand. 15) to ſow. 16) to draw. 17) to get. 18) to ſay. 19) to can. 20) to lay. 21) to think. 22) to break. 23) to fall. 24) to leave.

Cleander to Hydaſpes.

Short account of the earlier Greek hiſtorians.

Character of Herodotus.

In my laſt letter, Hydaſpes, I endeavoured to offer thee ſome reaſons for the fabulous uncertainty of the Grecian hiſtory in the earlieſt ages; and I concluded with applying one general remark to this particular nation, viz. that the introduction of civil government into the world, gave 1) riſe to hiſtorical truth. I would 2) obſerve, in the next place, that it can hardly be ſaid 3) till very lately, that any hiſtorian hath 4) appeared amongſt them; i. e. any man who deſerves the name of an hiſtorian, ſince moſt of thoſe writings which are intitled hiſtories, may ſcarcely be conſtrued to extend beyond a naked regiſter of publick events.

What other character can be given of the works of Archilochus, or Theagenes of Rhegium? Will the Cretan hiſtory of Xenon, or the Lydian kings of Xanthus the Sardian, plead admittance for them into the libraries of the learned? Can the Theogony of Ariſteas lay claim to our eſteem, or Damaſtes of Sigeum be remembered to poſterity from his treaties to nations and cities? Equally fabulous and dry, we can neither reflect on them, after a ſerious peruſal, with ſatisfaction, nor propoſe them as models for imitation. Hecataeus the Mileſian, and Hellanicus of Mitylene, have within theſe fifty years improved and reformed hiſtorical knowledge to a great degree; but even then it might 5) be regarded only as in the dawn: the honour of carrying it to any kind of perfection was reſerved to Herodotus. For if we conſider the variety of

his learning, and the copiouſneſs of his ſubject, the ſmoothneſs of his ſtyle, and the perſpicuity of his narration, we ſhall find that the fiction of the poets, and the dull annals of laborious compilers, will bear no proportion either in profit or in pleaſure, when compared with his hiſtory. He begins it with Candaules and Cyrus, and brings it down to the battle of Mycale towards the latter end of Xerxes's reign, which comprehends the ſpace of one hundred and twenty years. Beſides the ſtory of the Greeks and Perſians, which is the main argument of his work, he throws in that of other nations, by way of epiſode or digreſſion. This extraordinary perſon was born at Halicarnaſſus, a Grecian colony in the Leſſer Aſia, not long before the invaſion of Greece by the armies of Xerxes. In his youth he retired from his native city to Samos, in order to avoid the arbitrary proceedings of Lygdamis, the grandſon of the famous Artemiſia, who acquitted himſelf with ſo much honour in the naval engagement at Salamis. It was there he formed himſelf upon the dialect of Ionia, and compiled his hiſtory. This was indeed a place more peculiarly fitted to his purpoſe; for as in every democratical government, ſo in that of Samos, a man is neither biaſſed by hopes nor by fears, and is at liberty to commend without the leaſt imputation of flattery, and to cenſure, without that of malice or detraction. In the mean while he ſpared no pains to inform himſelf of all that was neceſſary, in the beſt manner which he could 6). To this end he travelled into Aegypt, ſurveyed its chief towns, converſed with the prieſts of Thebes and Memphis, and penetrated into the principles of their religion and learning, as far as his own ſagacity could carry him, and their recluſeneſs would permit him. He travelled through the ſeveral cantons and republiks of Greece, ſaw 7) the principal cities of Aſia, and viſited the borders of Thrace, Scythia, and Arabia. Returning, however, after a long voluntary exile, into his own country, he bore 8) a conſiderable part in the expulſion of the tyrant; but meeting with envy from his fellow-citizens, inſtead of that gratitude which he expected as the juſt reward of his ſervices, he came 9) to Athens; and after about a twelvemonth's ſtay here, departed into Italy with a colony of Athenians, to build a city called Thurium, near the ruins of the ancient Sybaris. As ſoon as he had drawn up his hiſtory from the materials he had collected with ſuch infinite diligence and induſtry, he determined to expoſe it to the judgment of all Greece.

It happened, that during his reſidence at Athens, beſides the feaſt of Panathenaea, where he read over his work aloud, the Olympian exerciſes were then performing, to which the Grecians reſorted in general from each ſtate and thus he had a very fair opportunity given him to put his deſign in execution. Many of his auditors had no doubt been perſonally engaged in ſome of the battles againſt Xerxes and Mardonius, and not one

of them could be unacquainted with the principal facts of a war, ſo honourable to Greece, and ſo inglorious to Perſia. In the midſt of this aſſembly he declared, that he appeared before them, not ſo much a ſpectator of their games, as a competitor for the prize of reputation; and recited his work publickly a ſecond time with univerſal applauſe and approbation. Nothing can be a greater teſtimony of this applauſe, than that the names of the nine muſes have been given to the nine books of his hiſtory, as if the compoſition were above the ſtandard of humanity, and the joint labour of thoſe celebrated divinities.

If, after a judgment ſo unanimous, and in every reſpect ſo valuable, I may be allowed to add my own, I muſt freely confeſs, Hydaſpes, that I have received more inſtruction from the hiſtory of Herodotus, than from any author within the little ſphere of my obſervation. Every part of the narrative ſuggeſted matter of entertainment to the imagination, and uſeful improvement to the mind. I conſidered myſelf one while as under the protection and guidance of the moſt eminent heroes of antiquity, as having their bright example before my eyes, and in the future courſe of my actions attending to the noble principles which influenced their conduct in life. I conſidered myſelf another while as a citizen of the world at large; as diveſted of every national prejudice or falſe biaſs while the great men of paſt ages ſubmitted to my cenſure; and in my own breaſt I pronounced an impartial and diſintereſted ſentence on their characters. In each of theſe views, hiſtory may be called the ſchool, where the living, that would be wiſe, are the ſcholars, where the dead, as well the fools as the wiſe are frequent leſſons of courage and experience to generals, of prudence and fidelity to miniſters, of moderation and juſtice to kings. Hence every perſon, in his private capacity, may learn to merit the diſtinguiſhing name of a man; and princes are warned, that they are no more than men, and that fame is always juſt to the dead, however partial to the living. In ſhort, nothing can be more agreeable, than by the means of hiſtory to accompany Miltiades at Marathon, Themiſtocles at Salamis, or Cimon at Mycale. To be placed as a ſpectator out of all hazards; to reap wiſdom from the danger of others; to regulate, what one has to do by what has been done; to foretel the future by the paſt; and thus to become a diviner, without magic; and a prophet, without inſpiration. But I forbear to ſay any thing farther on this theme; thou muſt pardon me, Hydaſpes, for having troubled thee ſo long; but it was impoſſible for me not to enlarge on the excellence and utility of hiſtory, when I was ſpeaking of the man, who hath firſt placed it in its true dignity and luſtre. Adieu.

From Athens. C.

1) to give. 2) to will. 3) to ſay. 4) to have. 5) to may. 6) to can. 7) to ſee. 8) to bear. 9) to come.

Cleander to Smerdis.

From Athens.

Character of Socrates.

Thou wilt be ſurprized, venerable Mage, when I inform thee, that a city ſo renowned as this is for its martial exploits, ſhould 1) at the ſame time be no leſs famous for its learning and acquirements in ſcience. Its principal men think they are but half qualified for the ſervice of the ſtate, till they have gone through the whole circle of arts; and it is not uncommon, even for thoſe of the firſt rank, to give themſelves up entirely to the culture of them. They make no ſcruple to undertake long voyages, in order to enrich themſelves and their country with fresh diſcoveries; and at home make it their chief buſineſs, and what mixes even in their entertainments, to promote knowledge. It is by theſe means, and by the encouragement which is given to ingenuity in general, that the Athenians are confeſſedly ſuperior to all the other ſtates of Greece, in this reſpect at leaſt. There is no ſcience which they do not profeſs, and (what is much more to their credit) no art in which they do not excel. The myſterious parts of learning and the knowledge of nature have been brought 2) to them, though imperfectly from Aegypt. The more practical arts, ſuch as ſculpture and painting, building and muſick, owe, if not their invention, yet all their grace to them; for whether they have improved only on the rough and uncouth plans brought from thence, or themſelves ſtruck out thoſe ideas of beauty and ſymmetry, their merit will be equal.

It is univerſally agreed, that they have finiſhed almoſt at the ſame time that they ſet about theſe arts, and in the compaſs of a very few years carried them to the utmoſt perfection they ſeem capable of. Thou wilt ask perhaps, whether it is on theſe attainments alone, that the Athenians build their reputation; and to what purpoſes, beſides thoſe of pomp and luxury, theſe refined arts ſerve? Thou, who haſt been trained up in the diſcipline of the old Perſians, (whoſe chief excellence was to ſhoot, and ſpeak the truth,) wilt be apt to deſpiſe all acquirements which do not tend to make men wiſer or better. I agree with thee, that theſe are the true, and ſhould be the chief end of all inſtitutions, nor are the Athenians negligent of this. They make it their buſineſs alſo to improve the mind, to correct the will, and to infuſe ſentiments of virtue and honeſty into their youth. And I am the more perſuaded of this, when I conſider the turn and genius, the aim and actions of a young philoſopher, who begins

to draw the eyes and attention of the city on him. He has taken a courſe in his ſearch after knowledge different from all others while they have been hunting after it in diſtant climes, he has been confined to his own city and almoſt to his own mind; he has applied himſelf chiefly to know himſelf, and having tried as it were the ſhallowneſs of his own underſtandig, inſtead of pretending (as others do) to teach every thing, he profeſſes for himſelf, and undertakes to ſhew others that they underſtand nothing. In the midſt of the moſt plentiful feaſts, he practiſes a temperance almoſt equal to that which the rules of thy order enjoin thee; and while he converſes daily in the moſt promiſcuous and free manner, he is ſaid 3) to preſerve an innocence in his live, and a ſanctity in his manners, which retirement from the world ſcarcely ſecures to others. Thou wilt not wonder, if my curioſity has led 4) me to converſe with him; nor is it difficult to have acceſs to one who ſpends moſt part of his time in the ſtreets and publick places of this city. He received my addreſs in the ſame open and eaſy manner he does 5) thoſe of all his countrymen, and by a ſimplicity of behaviour, and a variety of queſtions, which ſeemed to have no relation to what I propoſed to him, he ſoon brought me to give up, what I had before looked on as clear and indubitable, and made me own, that I was ignorant in thoſe very points, which before I imagined I had beſt underſtood 6). When he had put me out of conceit with my own opinions, I was deſirous to be let into and ſubmit to his; but whether it was that he really (as he profeſſed) entertained no certain ones, or whether he did 7) not think it ſafe to commit them to one, who, beſide his being a ſtranger, might not appear worthy of his confidence, he declined giving me this ſatisfaction, and left 8) me neither pleaſed with him or myſelf. The mind, which takes pleaſure in its ſearches after truth, yet is impatient, when convinced, that all its darling ſyſtems and prepoſſeſſions are falſe; and I foreſee, that a ſage, whoſe life and doctrines are a conſtant reproach to all he converſes with, will ſoon make his diſciples deſirous of freeing themſelves from ſo impertinent a monitor. Adieu.

R.

1) I ſhall. 2) to bring. 3) to ſay. 4) to lead. 5) to do. 6) to underſtand. 7) to do. 8) to leave.

Cleander to Smerdis.

A converſation with Socrates on the banks of the river Iliſſus.

I have of late been engaged in ſome converſations with the ſages of this place, which have more than once brought 1) to my mind thoſe delightful ſolitudes, where thou, abſtracted from every other care and avocation, enjoyeſt as it were the preſence of the great Oromaſdes, and illuminations, which, though no leſs important than thoſe vouchſafed to the favoured Zoroaſter, thou in divine conference haſt communicated to me. Not many furlongs from the city, in the midſt of a ſpacious meadow, which is almoſt ſurrounded with the clear and ſmooth ſtream of the river Iliſſus, there is a ſtadium not ſo remarkable for its ornaments and grandeur, as its antiquity and ſituation; it was built in the early ages of this republick, and ſtill retains its primitive rudeneſs and ſimplicity. A grove of trees coeval at leaſt to the ſtructure, whoſe trunks appear like huge pillars to ſupport a thick and verdurous roof, are planted on one ſide; and through them the cool breezes, which ariſe from the river, and are perfumed by numberleſs flowers that adorn its banks, give a freſhneſs amidſt the ſcorching heats, which we now feel, and form a retreat the moſt agreeable that can be imagined. It is for this, that the philoſophers of Athen, with their diſciples frequently exchange the Academy and Lycaeum; and as I have more than once been admitted to the conferences that are held 2) here, thou wilt not, I fancy, be diſpleaſed to partake in them alſo. It is true, I have ſometimes been but indifferently entertained. Some of the firſt and higheſt reputation among theſe philoſophers have little true and ſolid knowledge even of thoſe ſciences they profeſs. Many, who ſet up for maſters of natural ſtruths, are either greatly ignorant of, or entirely miſtake the firſt principles on which they are built. Others there are, who are called teachers of eloquence, but are not able to give any proof of their being ſo; others, who diſpenſe out leſſons of wiſdom, not from any ſtock of their own, but founded on the authority and maxims of their anceſtors. But what above all moves my indignation is, that, without any experience of the world, any inſight into policy, they all take upon them to inſtruct their ſcholars in the arts of government, in the conduct of publick affairs, and the enacting of fit and neceſſary laws. It is true, that theſe pretenders to ſcience but too frequently meet here one, who, as he is much ſuperior to them in all parts of learning ſeems animated with a particular zeal to deſtroy their ill-grounded pretences to it.

It is not unuſual to ſee them put to a precipitate and ſhameful retreat by this great champion of truth; and indeed it is impoſſible to conceive the deep wiſdom and true reaſoning, that are concealed under the plainneſs and ſimplicity of the rude mechanick. As he has a peculiar art of illuſtrating what he treats on, ſo he has alſo of expoſing what may be on inſufficient grounds admired by others. By abundance of apt compariſons, and by a moſt extenſive induction of known and familiar topicks, he at once opens and convinces the minds of his hearers.

Nor need I after this deſcription tell thee, that I ſpeak of Socrates, in whom, if there is any thing that I blame, it is his too great reſerve, and his rather labouring to make thoſe with whom he converſes unlearn what is wrong, than to inſtruct them in what is right. In one of our converſations one day, after he had put to flight a whole army of the ſophiſts, and only one or two friends were left, 3) I was led 4) to expreſs my ſurprize and concern, that he, who was ſo capable, and ſeemed ſo ready, to teach men true knowledge, ſhould yet be ſo backward in this godlike employment. I even ſaid, "that it ſeemed "ungenerous, and inconſiſtent with his uſual benevolence, to "be ſo ſevere, as I had ſometimes known him, on thoſe, whoſe "greateſt fault was perhaps only to be too ready to teach, while "he, who was capable of doing it, would not enter upon this "province." He received my reproof with his uſual humanity, and after ſome pauſe, ſaid; "Were I really, my friend, what "you would kindly ſuppoſe me, capable of inſtructing mankind, "yet ſure I am, that you and all wiſe men would judge the worſe "of me if I ſhould venture to proclaim it. It has hitherto been "the chief buſineſs of my life, to confute and ſhew the folly of "theſe vain ſciolifts: and ſhould I not expoſe myſelf to the con"tempt of thoſe, who are ſo contemptible, if I ſhould engage in "their task, and take upon me to dictate on points, which I am "ſenſible are not only out of my reach, but even beyond that of "human capacity? It is true, that I have endeavoured, as far "as I am able, to cultivate and improve my faculties. I own "I have uſed my utmoſt induſtry in acquiring knowledge; and "as truth and ſcience have hitherto been, ſo I am perſuaded they "ever will be, the ſcope and object of my life to come. But alas! "ſo far am I from having arrived at what I aim at, that I am "daily convinced I never ſhall. I am ſatisfied, that I know noth"ing perfectly; the experience of each day convinces me of the "folly of the concluſions I made 5) the foregoing; and upon the "matureſt conſideration I am brought to conclude that the "probable is all we can ever arrive at in our reſearches. What "can I do better therefore, or how can I be more uſefully em"ployed, than in endeavouring to take men off from thoſe idle

"and fruitleſs purſuits after certainty, which I am convinced they "never will find? Nor does this hinder me from tracing out, and "even depending upon ſome great and fundamental points. And "if thou wouldſt know what it is that appears to me the moſt "probable, I anſwer, ſeeſt thou the great frame of the univerſe, "and haſt thou conſidered the various and wonderful inſtances "of wiſdom and contrivance that are diſplayed in every part of it; "and canſt thou doubt of its being the work of ſome all - wiſe and "all - powerful cauſe? Can ſo much uſe and beauty, ſo much mag- "nificence and deſign, ſo much regularity and order, ſtrike us on "the contemplation of nature, and we not own the Author of na- "ture? Can ſo many beings exiſt, and there be no cauſe of their "exiſtence? No, it is impoſſible not to trace and acknowledge "plain and evident marks of a Deity, who formed and directs "this wondrous machine. It muſt be that we are all under his "government, that we are produced for ſome great purpoſes; "and when we diſcover, that not the moſt minute and inſigni- "ficant atom, which we ſee, but has its uſes, and ſerves its pecu- "liar ends, we muſt conclude, that man, the nobleſt work of "the creation, muſt alſo have his. Hence then am I led to in- "quire and conſider, what are and what ought to be the great "duties of my life. I try the extent of my own and others capa- "city. I endeavour to fathom their underſtandings. I examine "into the end of our actions, how they may affect ourſelves or "others. I find a light as it were and guide placed in my breaſt, "which, if diligently attended to, directs me in all important oc- "currences. I am ſatisfied, that man is not born for himſelf on- "ly, but for the ſervice of others, and that there is a law which "directs all to the practice of what is juſt, and good, and true, "planted in every man's breaſt; that human laws only inforce "this, and bind it upon bad men; that the good are not influen- "ced by them, and he that attends has no need of any other obli- "gation than what ariſes from hence. Nay further, when I con- "ſider the nature and formation of man, and that all we learn "ſeems to be little more than recollecting what we have been "apprized of, I conclude, that we have exiſted in ſome other ſta- "te. And if we have lived before, ſtill it is more likely (conſide- "ring the paſſionate deſire we have after knowledge, and how im- "poſſible it is to ſatisfy it in this ſtate) that we are deſigned for, "and ſhall exiſt in, another. But I refrain from indulging in "this, which to thee may appear a viſionary and idle ſpeculation, "however probable and rational it may ſeem to me." Here he ended, and I would gladly have engaged him in a more particu- lar diſcuſſion of what he had advanced. He, on the contrary, deſired my ſentiments, which, not only out of modeſty, but pru- dence, thou wilt imagine I declined giving; and ſo our conver- ſation broke up. 6) I went 7) away convinced, that the notices of the great Oromaſdes are wonderfully diſplayed throughout

the whole univerſe, and that the ſublimeſt truths are eaſily diſcoverable, when men make a proper uſe of that moſt valuable emanation from him, Reaſon.

R.

1) to bring. 2) to hold. 3) to leave. 4) to lead. 5) to make. 6) to break up. 7) to go.

Cleander to Hydaſpes.

Origin of Tragedy and Comedy.

Character of Aeſchylus.

Every art, Hydaſpes, that tends to the comfort or ornament of human life, took 1) its firſt riſe either from neceſſity or convenience; and I believe it often happens, that chance ſketches out the rude deſign, which is afterwards improved, matured, and polished by reflection. That this was eminently the caſe in the origin of theatrical repreſentations, is agreed on all hands. Tragedy and comedy were nothing more in their beginnings than hymns to Bacchus, whom my friend Cteſiphon the ſophiſt conſiders in no other light than that of the beſt vine-dreſſer of antiquity. Some of his followers one day accidentally found 2) a goat browzing in their vineyard. They took and ſacrificed it to their dead, and perhaps deified, maſter, from motives of gratitude, as well as intereſt. The neighbours were called in, who joined with them in ſongs and dances; and the revelling being approved of by the company, was ſoon converted, we may ſuppoſe, into an annual ſolemnity. The perſons who performed theſe extemporal hymns, either alternately or all together, were in ſucceeding times called the chorus. This cuſtom was transferred into their cities, and the ſubject of it was very much altered; for the compoſers of the ſongs having almoſt exhauſted their imagination, by conſtantly exerciſing it on the ſame argument, recited the actions of ſome illuſtrious hero with the praiſes of Bacchus. Thus the thing continued till the days of Theſpis, who is allowed to have been the firſt who enlarged the ſcheme, and abolishing theſe rough and uncouth dithyrambs, (as the Greeks call them,) introduced juſt and regular entertainments of written poems. In aid of the chorus he brought 3) a ſingle actor upon the ſtage, who at fit intervals came 4) out from the reſt, and

amuſed the audience with an account of the exploits of famous men; then retired again, when the chorus had taken breath, which was ſtill the moſt conſiderable part of the performance. However, by this means a new turn was given to it; the buſineſs of the chorus was leſſened, and ſomething like a plot or fable was introduced. Theſpis went 5) about the villages in carts, daubed the faces of his actors with lees of wine, and contended for the premium of tragedy, a Goat; while others vied for the premium of comedy, a baſket of Figs and a veſſel of Wine. He lived about the time of Solon, who, by procuring an order from the court of Areopagus, obliged him to lay down an employment ſo unprofitable to the ſtate. That acute and penetrating lawgiver foreſaw 6) the conſequences that would enſue, and (the Athenians ſay) in the ſpirit of divination foretold 7) them.

Aeſchylus improved upon this model, by adding a ſecond actor, and diverſifying the fable. As he was extremely diligent in the ſtudy of Homer, he ſet the Iliad before his eyes as the ſtandard of poetry. He obſerved the vivacity of the dialogues introduced there, and conſidered how much more agreeable they would appear if exhibited in ſuch a manner, as to ſeem real, and to flow naturally from the paſſions, ſentiments, and behaviour of common life. Hence he thought 8) of caſting his plays into the form of converſation. By this time the chorus, which was at firſt the principal part of tragedy, was only an acceſſory ornament of it, and employed to relieve the actors, as the actors were before admitted to relieve that. Nay, the chorus, which was anciently the play itſelf, now ſerved only to expreſs the ſentiments of the by-ſtanders, to take the ſide of injured innocence and virtue and to ſuggeſt ſuch reflections as the well-minded part of the audience might reaſonably be ſuppoſed to make. Aeſchylus taught 9) the perſons concerned in it, to make thoſe movements in their dances, which are called the ſtrophe and antiſtrophe. The firſt of them is from eaſt to weſt, and intended to ſignify the diurnal courſe of the ſun; the ſecond is the reverſe of that motion. After ſome time they ſing the epode, in concert with the muſical inſtruments, and ſtand ſtill in the middle of the ſtage, intimating, by a quaint conceit, the ſtability of the earth in the centre. While Theſpis lived, the players had no regular place of repreſentation, but contented themſelves with the moveable ſtage I have named to you. Aeſchylus, as he was received with publick honours and encouragement in Athens after the death of Solon, employed Agatharchus, a skilful architect, to build a theatre at the expence of the ſtate, and to contrive the decorations and ſcenery. He furniſhed his actors with masks, dreſſed them in flowing robes, agreeably to the characters they ſuſtained on different occaſions, and by the aſſiſtance of buskins advanced them to the fancied tallneſs of heroes. In this he accommodated himſelf to the prejudices of the multitude, who even to this day en-

tertain a notion, that all the ancient warriors, except little Tydeus, were of a ſize beyond the common ſtandard of nature.

Thus is Aeſchylus become the father of dramatick poetry; and as it is a greater inſtance of genius to invent than to improve, he may deſerve perhaps more regard than any who have ſucceeded him. He has written 10) one play, which is an aggravated deſcription, bud indeed finely drawn, of the diſtreſs of Xerxes and his army in the late invaſion; and repreſents the faithleſs and corrupted Perſians as deſtitute of the favour of Oromaſdes, while Greece was under the influence and protection of her guardian deities. The reading of this play has ſuggeſted one thing to me, with which I will conclude this letter; and though it may be thought perhaps by ſome a very laudable partiality, I can by no means approve it in Aeſchylus, notwithſtanding his great qualities: I mean, that whether the ſtory will admit of it or no, yet the compoſers of tragedy, like their brethren the comick poets, love to wreſt and warp the ſentiments which ariſe from it, to the circumſtances of the preſent times; they make frequent alluſions to the miniſters of ſtate, and the meaſures purſued by their countrymen. They place every thing in a ſubordinate light to this arrogant republick: the ſtrongeſt ties of decency and intereſt can preſerve no government in Greece from theſe invidious compariſons; and her ſiſter-city Lacedaemon, with their common enemy the Perſian, are equally expoſed to his abuſe. Indeed it ought not to be wondered at, ſince an indifferent poet may recommend himſelf by this artifice to an Athenian audience; and the excellent Euripides, from a fatal error in ſo eſſential a particular, has more than once been forced to yield to a cringing competitor. In a word, Hydaſpes, they are ſo zealous in doing juſtice to their national merit, that they take ſometimes to themſelves what was hardly intended by the writer; and are ſo fond of the leaſt incenſe which is offered to their vanity, that they receive with eagerneſs the grateful tribute, and applaud not ſo much the good ſenſe, as the flattery of the poet.

From Athens. *C.*

1) to take. 2) to find. 3) to bring. 4) to come. 5) to go. 6) to foreſee. 7) to foretell. 8) to think. 9) to teach. 10) to write.

Cleander to Hydaſpes.

Character of the Greek dramatic Poets.

Aeſchylus (of whom I ſpoke 1) ſo much to thee in my laſt) is ſaid 2) to have diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the three battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. In the ſecond of theſe engagements his younger brother Amynias commanded a ſquadron of ships, and had the firſt prize decreed him after the victory. It was to the reputation of this man that Aeſchylus owed his life. Having been accuſed for ſome bold ſtrokes of impiety in one of his tragedies, the Areopagites were juſt ready to pronounce ſentence. Amynias ſtepped up to the judges in that inſtant, pulled his arm from under his garment, and shewed it in the face of the court without a hand; that having been loſt, as he declared, in the ſervice of his country. The merit of the ſoldier gained the immediate acquittal of the poet; and Aeſchylus was aſhamed of being pardoned, not for his own virtue, but the valour of his brother. A few years after he reſented highly the affront which had been put on him by the judges of the theatre, in permitting Sophocles, who had been formerly his ſcholar, to carry away the palm in tragedy at the feſtival which celebrated the recovery of Theſeus's bones. Cimon gave his ſanction to this determination; and Aeſchylus retired from Athens, after his defeat, to Gela in Sicily; where he arrived while king Hiero was building the city Aetna. He addreſſed himſelf to his new patrons in a play, which bore 3) the name of that town, and was employed in prophetically deſcribing the future commerce, wealth, and grandeur of the place. As he was walking one day in the fields to refreſh himſelf in the air after the fatigue of a rehearſal, an eagle with a tortoiſe in its claws accidentally flew 4) ower his head, and (as the Sicilians relate it) ſoaring high with her prey, and wanting ſome ſtone whereon to break it, miſtook 5) Aeſchylus's bald crown for a flint, and threw 6) it down upon him in ſuch a manner as dashed out his brains. Themiſtocles had ſuch a regard to his performances, that after the death of Aeſchylus, he contracted with Phrynichus for the repreſentation of ſeveral of them.

In the mean time Sophocles improved his credit over all Greece. He was held 7) in eſteem, not only as a tragick writer, but as a counſellor; and the higheſt offices in the ſtate were ſometimes conferred upon him. I have heard 8) him ſpeak of his expedition to Samos in joint commiſſion with Pericles; but that great general ſaid of him, that in his military capacity (whatever he might be in his poetical) he had more perſonal bravery

than conduct. Philemon has a good ſtory of his being one day in company with them in the forum, while they continued together in office, and were talking careleſsly on matters of indifference, an handſome virgin paſſed by them in the middle of the conference. Sophocles took 9) notice of her beauty, and Pericles reproved him, ſaying, "a magiſtrate ſhould obſerve continence with his eyes as well as his hands." Though he is far advanced in years, he continues to apply himſelf to his profeſſion with an unwearied application. I was myſelf preſent at a very extraordinary trial, not many months ago, in which he was concerned, before the court of Areopagus. The ſons of Sophocles deſired the guardianſhip of their father's eſtate, as of one who was grown delirious and conſequently no longer able to manage his affairs. The old gentleman ſpoke 10) in his own defence with a peculiar vivacity and ſtrength of underſtanding. As ſoon as he had cloſed his oration, which fell from him with an uncommon flow of natural eloquence, and grace of pronunciation, he begged leave to read a tragedy which he had juſt finiſhed, and would ſpeedily offer to the publick. It was intitled Oedipus at Colonos, and was deſigned to do honour to his native town. He recited it, and then deſired to know with ſome warmth of temper and quickneſs of expreſſion, whether that piece was the work of a madman or a fool. The judges applauded his wit, diſmiſſed him with the higheſt marks of honour, and actually declared his ſons madmen for accuſing him.

Euripides, another great maſter in the dramatick art, and the rival of Aeſchylus and Sophocles, was brought 11) up by his father to exerciſes of ſtrength and activity, and deſigned for nothing more than a wreſtler in the Olympick games. His inclinations lay another way, and he proved a conſtant diſciple of Anaxagoras in philoſophy, and of Prodicus in rhetorick. Since that he has turned his thoughts to the writing of tragedies, and has one happineſs, to which men of parts are generally ſtrangers, that of being as remarkable for his induſtry as his genius. During the laſt Athenaea I was preſent at his Bellerophon, wherein he hath introduced a wicked man ſeriously preferring lucre to honeſty, in a train of ſtudied arguments. Though, for my own part, I was ſtruck 12) with an averſion to the character and the ſentiments, yet I could not think it right to paſs ſentence on the poet, till the cataſtrophe of the piece. The impatient audience, however, were riſing up with a kind of Bacchanalian fury, to demoliſh both the play and the actor. Euripides came 13) on, and bowed, as if deſirous to ſpeak. His requeſt was granted, and he told 14) us, "he could "not help obſerving, with a ſecret tranſport, the virtue and in"tegrity of that great aſſembly; and ſhould always endeavour to "follow, in his particular capacity, the national example." He added, "that if they would wait quietly to the end of the tra-

"gedy, they would find he hat not failed in expreſſing his ab-"horrence for iniquity, ſince the patron of covetouſneſs would "there meet with the punishment he deſerved." Socrates frequents no plays but thoſe of Euripides. I ſaw 15) him in a corner of the theatre on this occaſion; and while the ſoliloquy was reciting, his face ſeemed compoſed into a ſettled deteſtation of the odious panegyrick; but his features afterwards lighted up again, and he was greatly ſatisfied with the ſpirit and behaviour of his friend Euripides. Archelaus, king of Macedon, had heard ſo much of this great poet, that he ſent 16) him an invitation to his kingdom. In converſation he told Euripides, "he ſhould be very proud if he would compoſe a tragedy "in honour of his character." To which the other replied with great politeneſs, "Pray Heaven, your majeſty may never be the ſubject of a tragedy!" A courtier laughed at him one day for the ſtinking of his breath; "If my breath ſtinks, (replied he,) it "is becauſe ſo many honeſt ſecrets have rotted within me."

The general opinion of the Athenians, on the excellencies of theſe three competitors, ſeems founded in an exact and impartial review of them. Aeſchylus is thought 17) to want neither ſpirit nor ſublimity, but is cenſured as bombaſt and inflated. Sophocles has united the perfections of art to the graces of nature, and has a juſter degree of elevation than his maſter, with more delicacy and ſweetneſs. Euripides is rather fond of elegance and tenderneſs, than ſtrength and grandeur; and has a fine way of interſperſing the reflections of morality, without flattening the dialogue, or relaxing the attention of his audience from the main action.

Comedy had the ſame riſe with tragedy; and though Suſarion and Epicharmus are ſaid to have been the firſt inventors of it, yet Eupolis and Cratinus pretend to a ſhare in the merit. The former was ſeventeen years of age when he entered on the theatre, and raiſed his credit by abuſing both Cimon and Pericles; but the latter honoured Cimon, who was at that time the head of the nobility. The libertiniſm of comedy is very freely indulged by the impudent poet Ariſtophanes, and I dare ſay his ſcandalous licentiouſneſs will at laſt convince the Athenians of the neceſſity of ſome law to reſtrain it. It may be ſaid, however, in favour of tragedy and comedy, that each of theſe writings have their reſpective uſe. The fate of tyranny and anarchy are laid 18) open in the one, and the abſurdities and follies of private life are ridiculed in the other.

I find it a queſtion, Hydaſpes, diſputed among the criticks, of Greece, in which of theſe it is hardeſt to excel; at the ſame time it is univerſally acknowledged, that the tragick and comick excellencies are ſo different, that no man can ever be ſuperior

in both. Wilt thou indulge me, while I give thee a reaſon or two on the ſide of comedy? The firſt and moſt natural which occurs is, that it is eaſier to raiſe our attention by good ſenſe, than to excite our laughter by wit. The plot of tragedy is already wrought 19) to our hands by the hiſtorian; the plot of comedy is derived from the fancy of the poet. The former is converſant in the grave paſſions of publick life, ſuch as avarice, ambition, and ſometimes an heroick love. Theſe are eaſily painted, becauſe great characters are expoſed to the observation of all men. The latter chiefly interferes with the workings of the mind in private life, and the little family-intrigues and inconſiſtencies which occupy ſo conſiderable a ſhare of mankind. Theſe are painted with difficulty, becauſe to gain a thorough knowledge of them requires a very intimate and extenſive acquaintance with the world. Our behaviour in publick muſt depend on ſome virtues and vices, which, though differently blended in different conſtitutions, are always the ſame, and have determined ideas annexed to them. Our behaviour in private will depend on the ficklenes of our temper, our levities and humours, which can never be defined, and are not only various in various perſons, but are hourly jarring and unſettled in the ſame perſon. Theſe levities are the chief ingredients in the compoſition of comedy, as well as they are in that of mankind; and ſo flutter between vice and virtue, that they are hard to be caught 20) and deſcribed. Tragedy is now carried to a degree of perfection which leaves me no expectation from poſterity: but comedy, as by for the moſt difficult, will admit of much alteration and improvement. In ſhort then, to hit off the paſſions of comedy with nature and propriety, to bring them home to every man's own buſineſs and boſom, is a task reſerved for ſome genius in a future age; ſince, I aſſure thee, no one of the preſent is equal to it.

From Athens. C.

1) to ſpeak. 2) to ſay. 3) to bear. 4) to fly. 5) to miſtake. 6) to throw. 7) to hold. 8) to hear. 9) to take. 10) to ſpeak. 11) to bring. 12) to ſtrike. 13) to come. 14) to tell. 15) to ſee. 16) to ſend. 17) to think. 18) to lay. 19) to work. 20) to catch.

Cratippus to Cleander

Some account of the education and domeſtic diſcipline of the Spartans.

By this time, Cleander, I am perſuaded thou conſidereſt the republick of Lacedaemon as an heap of peculiarities; and did 1) not the behaviour of the ſtate itſelf, as well as the teſtimony of all Greece, unite in confirming my account, thou mighteſt be tempted to ſuſpect the credit of it, and perhaps to think the whole a creature of my own imagination. To be ſerious, the Spartan government is ſo remote from the practice of the world, and ſo ſtrongly declaimed againſt by the voice of nature, that were it not for cuſtom, that ſecond nature, no people upon earth would willingly conform to it. The penetrating Lycurgus foreſaw 2) this and from his intimate acquaintance with men and things, wiſely judged it impoſſible to fix the form of government which he gave 3) his countrymen, unleſs he moulded their paſſions to his laws, and interwove 4) an habit of cheerful obedience into their very tempers and conſtitution. To this end he was attentive to their education, beyond what has been recorded of the ancient Perſians, and has diſabled every man from enjoying the privileges of a Spartan, who has not gone 5) through the ſeveral parts of the inſtitution. No one is a citizen, by birth, except his father and mother are of the city; and as ſoon as an infant is born into a family, the elders of the tribe examine it. They determine whether it be of a tender or a vigorous make, and accordingly either expoſe or educate it, without reflecting, that a weak conſtitution often ſettles into a ſtate of health; and that nature ſometimes makes amends for a feeble and deformed body, by the ſtrength and beauty of the underſtanding. If the child be approved, he is aſſigned a lot among the citizens, and pronounced capable of bearing publick offices. They inure them to hardships from the firſt, and the children of the magiſtrates and of private men are clothed and nourished in the ſame manner. At ſeven years old they are put into the claſs of boys, and at the age of eighteen they are numbered among the Ephebi. In the mean time they are taught 6) to go barefoot, live entirely upon fleſh, that they may have large limbs and florid countenances, and are accuſtomed, above all, to the exerciſe of hunting. At a certain time of the year ſome of them are laid 7) upon the altar of Diana Orthia, and ſcourged ſo ſeverely, that they have expired upon the ſpot. But the patience and ſpirit of the boys not only exceed belief, but even the capacity of human nature in all other countries. The goddeſs is ſaid to delight in

blood and cruelty; and Lycurgus appointed annually this barbarous ſacrifice at her ſhrine, as well to appeaſe the vengeful temper of the Deity as to make that ſhrine a monument of Spartan heroiſm. But does it not argue a want of ſenſe, to ſuppoſe any being diſintereſtedly malevolent? Or is it ſo much an exerciſe of courage as enthuſiaſm, to ſuffer quietly the follies and the inſolence of depraved religion? Exclaim then with me, Cleander, at the infamous ſcene, and ſhrink with horror on the very mention of ſuch criminal and ill-natured piety.

There is another cuſtom enjoined by law, and practiſed by the boys, which, though ſingular enough, is yet much freer from exception than the laſt; I mean that of ſtealing. As all things in the hands of private perſons are conſidered as belonging to the ſtate, a dexterity of this kind is ſo far from giving offence, that it raiſes the character of the perſon who excels in it. The boys are encouraged to it, as it habituates them to ſtratagem and military addreſs; and whoever is caught 8) in it is punished, not for the fact, but his want of vigilance and quickneſs. The ſhocking ſtory of him who permitted a fox to tear out his bowels, before he would diſcover the theft, is too well known to be enlarged upon. They are bred 9) up in ſtrict reverence of the oldeſt citizens. It is expected that the latter ſhould reprove them for every fault committed in their ſight, under pain of the ſame penalty. The younger muſt bear theſe reproofs without reſentment, and with modeſty; and it is required, whenever they are ſeen publickly in the ſtreets, that they ſhould keep their eyes fixed upon the ground, and be guilty of no levity. Nor is it unuſual for thoſe in the higher claſſes to chooſe out certain youths for their favourites. The law enacts, that in ſuch caſes the Inamoratos ſhall ſuffer for the treſpaſſes of thoſe whom they protect; and enjoins the reſt, who are not honoured in this manner, to ſuppreſs carefully the riſing of envy. When a lad has been two years among the Ephebi, he is often placed at the head of the claſs of boys, and conducts them in the morning to their martial exerciſes. In the Gymnaſia, the girls contend naked with them in wreſtling, dancing, boxing, and all thoſe ſports which are aſſigned generally to the province of men. No Spartan is indulged in marrying any woman, except he has vanquiſhed her at theſe games. It is owing to this education, ſo contrary to the female ſoftneſs in moſt nations, that the women of Lacedaemon are eſteemed rough, haughty, and aſſuming. Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, was one day asked the reaſon, "Why "the ladies of her country had ſo great a power over the men?" "Becauſe (anſwered ſhe) they alone produce men." It was the opinion of Lycurgus, that the inclinations of the mother have a ſurprizing effect upon the children, as well as her arts of perſuaſion on the husband. So he has contrived to unite their ſentiments with each other's, and the laws of the republick, by

obliging them to a ſimilitude of manners, and training them to warlike exerciſes. Then wonder not that Venus is adored in armour by this people. Every citizen muſt marry at the age of thirty; and whoever has contributed four children to the common ſtock, is diſcharged by law from all painful ſervices. The married ladies wear veils, and the unmarried ones appear without any. The former are ſuppoſed to be contented with their preſent husband, and the latter are deſirous to gain one. Virgins are wedded without a dower, and a temporary exchange of wives is allowed in the city. An old man may make over his wife to a younger, and a new bridegroom muſt viſit his ſpouſe by ſtealth. Theſe are the odd paſſages in the connubial laws of Sparta.

The Ephebi are enjoined many hardſhips, while all who are in the claſs of men are indulged in an honourable tranquillity, and exemption from thoſe toils. Publick lodgings are ſet 10) apart for them; they lie down together on beds of reeds, and are taught never to give way to ſleep from a love of indolence, but merely to refreſh themſelves, and according to the dictates of nature. They uſe no ointments, nor any bath but the river Eurotas. The combats of the Ephebi are extremely fierce; and no man is at liberty to own himſelf conquered. They are forbid 11) to drink, unleſs it be to quench their thirſt; and, in order to force them to ſobriety, it is enacted, that in the darkeſt nights they ſhall go home without torches. Thou mayſt obſerve, Cleander to what low minuteneſſes the care of Lycurgus has deſcended; becauſe he well knew 12) that the manners of a ſtate in trifles are of conſequence to ſupport its ſtrength.

The Spartans eat together in common halls. Each table has a ſelect company; and no man is admitted to any one of them without the general conſent of the membres who frequent it. This is done with a view to prevent any interruption in the converſation, and that no citizen may be uneaſy at the ſeaſons appointed for relaxation. Every man ſends in a monthly contribution for the maintenance of the entertainments; and it is expected he ſhould come thither, without having privately feaſted at his own houſe. One inſtance of ſuch luxury, if brought 13) to light, would be attended with infamy. They ſit down without any diſtinction of age, and are waited on by the boys, to whom they preſcribe ſilence. It is not an uncommon thing at theſe times to put ſubtle queſtions to the youth; and if they fail of returning a ſhort, clear, pertinent, and ready anſwer, they are puniſhed by the head of the claſs. After dinner they make ſome of their ſlaves drunk, with a view to inſtil an abhorrence of that crime into their children. The inhumanity of this practice is more odious, than the deſign of it is commendable. The ordinary table-talk of the Spartans is remarkably improving. Their diſ-

course turns chiefly on virtue, liberty, a contempt of other nations, their own form of government, the character of their lawgiver, and the history of their great men. These subjects are always uppermost in a Spartan's thoughts.

After so many particulars recited at large of this people, I flatter myself, that thy friendship will induce thee to be a little inquisitive after me. Within a few days I shall enter into the class of men, as thou mayst easily guess, very highly to my comfort; and to complete me as a citizen, I am lately become a sharer in the lands of the state, for a Spartan, with whom I had contracted an intimate acquaintance, died since my return from Thebes, without any relations, and left 14) me the heir to his lot. Believe me, Cleander, it was with no reluctance that I exchanged the sumptuous cookery, and the feasts of Asia, for the black broth and the sordid diet of this city. Let me confess to thee, however, that I called up all the powers of dissimulation to my help, in counterfeiting an unwilling approbation of those rough sports, in the Palestrae of their youth, where I have acted by turns the part of the victor and the vanquished. But the king's service bears down every consideration of private convenience in the breast of the faithful Cratippus. And when I reflect on the labours of Lacedaemon in profound peace, I do not wonder at their fondness for the comparative repose of war; nor is it a virtue in those men to despise death, who lead a life of which they have reason to be weary.

C.

1) to do. 2) to foresee. 3) to give 4) to interweave 5) to go. 6) to teach. 7) to lay. 8) to catch. 9) to breed. 10) to set. 11) to forbid. 12) to know. 13) to bring. 14) to leave.

Cleander to Hydaspes.

Some memoirs of the life and character of Aspasia.

Some of my friends here, a few days ago, accidentally fell 1) into a dispute about the comparative excellence of the two sexes. It was occasioned by one who ventured to call in question that natural title to superiority, which we had all along in so peremp-

tory a manner claimed to ourſelves. He maintained, that there was no diſtinction of ſexes in the ſoul; that in both it was equally capable of improvement; and that the viſible pre-eminence on our ſide was entirely to be reſolved into the greater degree of care and culture that had been beſtowed upon us. He made ſome doubt, whether the other ſex were naturally, and before the acquired ſoftneſs which they had derived from education, leſs able to undergo the more hardy and laborious employments, which are now appropriated to us under the name of manly. However, added he, intellectual capacity has plainly no ſort of dependance upon the vigour and weakneſs of the animal conſtitution; ſince in our ſex the greateſt ſtrength of underſtanding is often to be obſerved in bodies of the moſt tender and delicate make. But as example and experience may be ſuppoſed to have much more weight in this matter than any kind of abſtract reaſoning, he ſupported his opinion by the inſtance of the celebrated Aſpaſia; a woman whoſe attainments in the whole circle of ſciences have exceeded the moſt improved geniuſes, in an age and country which think they have made the greateſt advancement in knowledge of any other. As ſhe is yet alive in this city, though age has taken 2) of the bloom of her perſon, and the death of Pericles diminiſhed her intereſt in it, it may not perhaps be a diſagreeable entertainment to acquaint thee with ſome of the more diſtinguiſhing parts of her character, and inform thee of ſuch remarkable circumſtances relating to her, as converſation with herſelf or others may have helped me to the knowledge of.

Aſpaſia is a native of Miletus, more famous than any other city of Ionia for the number of extraordinary perſons it has produced. This doubtleſs cannot ſo probably be accounted for from any efficacy of the climate, as from the aſſiſtance education may beſtow, or the encouragement that arts may receive in one place above another. Her quality I find not altogether ſettled; many of her own ſex dwell with ſome pleaſure on the ſuppoſed obſcurity of her birth, as a circumſtance that throws ſomething of a ſhade over the luſtre of her character; and ſpeak with more certainty than perhaps they ought, of the lowneſs of her deſcent, to take her down from that envied height of greatneſs to which her virtues have raiſed her above the reſt of her contemporaries. Nor is it agreed what was the chief motive of her coming to Athens: ſome ſuggeſt that this was the moſt likely place for her advancement, as a theatre on which her literary qualities might 3) be diſplayed with the moſt ſucceſs. But the ſame reaſon might probably draw her hither which has drawn ſo many others of any curioſity or ambition to excel in knowledge, the deſire of improving herſelf in a place of the moſt allowed reputation for learning. However, all agree to ſpeak of her as one in whom are united the higheſt endowments of mind and

body; the utmoſt brightneſs of parts and beauty of perſon; the one heightened and recommended by all that eaſe and grace which travel and acquaintance with the beſt company beſtow; the other improved by a careful uſe of all thoſe advantages which a free converſe with all the celebrated wits of Greece could give her. Her thoughts were not confined within the narrow province of domeſtick buſineſs, nor laid 4) out in acquiring thoſe more showy and ſuperficial accomplishments, which too often engage the whole attention of that ſex. She had gained an early acquaintance with every part of uſeful literature; but her favourite ſtudies, to which she had devoted more care and pains, were philoſophy and politicks. Anaxagoras, one of the firſt credit for his attainments in natural knowledge, was not eſteemed ſuperior to her in that one point, to which the chief enquiries of a whole life had been directed; and the ableſt ſtateſmen in Athens do not better underſtand the conſtitution of the ſeveral cities of Greece, or more readily diſcern thoſe nice conjunctures and dependencies which make up their reſpective intereſts. She is ſuppoſed to have imitated the manner, and in ſome meaſure to have formed herſelf upon the pattern of Tragelia, her country-woman; one of great art and intrigue, who, by her abilities and addreſs, had inſinuated herſelf into the confidence of many leading men in Greece, learnt their ſentiments in publick matters, and, by diſpoſing many of them by degrees to think more favourably of the deſigns of the great king, attached them at length to his ſervice. But of all her high qualities, what could not fail of recommending her to the greateſt notice and favour under ſuch a government, is, her admirable eloquence, and abſolute command over the opinions and affections of the hearers. No wonder, that one of ſo uncommon a capacity ſhould draw after her, numbers of ſuch an inquiſitive nation, to hear her leſſons of morality, and to be witneſſes of her power of perſuaſion! But is it not wonderful, Hydaſpes! that she, who ſo perfectly knows, and can ſo admirably explain, the excellence of virtue, ſhould be ſo little influenced by it, as she is repreſented to have been in her own conduct? That she, who had ſo entire an aſcendancy over the paſſions of others, ſhould be ſo far wanting in regulating her own? Some of the moſt conſiderable perſons here do not, however, diſdain to pay her a conſtant attendance, for the ſake of their own improvement; and nothing ſurely can give one a more exalted idea of Aſpaſia's accomplishments, than that Socrates, the moſt rational of the Grecian philoſophers, and ſcarcely inferior to our renowned Zerdusht, can learn from her new maxims of wiſdom; than that Pericles the ableſt ſpeaker and moſt conſummate ſtateſman, ſhould apply to her to be further improved in the arts of eloquence, and more perfectly inſtructed in the intereſts of Athens. Theſe qualifications gained ſo far by degrees on the affections of Pericles,

as to give great disturbance to his wife, a woman of some rank and spirit. They agreed therefore to part, that each might be at liberty to make a second choice; for the severer laws of Athens allow not our sex to follow the freer practice that prevails in Persia, and to assert the privilege of a plurality of wives, which is unconfested through all the countries of the East. He was married to her immediately after this separation; and many instances are remembered of the extraordinary love, which he always expressed for her. She had the address constantly to maintain the influence she had over him, but (as it was said) not the honour to make use of it on such occasions only, as were advantageous to his character, or serviceable to his country. I know many persons are of opinion, but I believe without the least foundation, that he was prevailed on by her to engage Athens in a war, in which its interests were no way concerned, in favour of the Milesians against the people of Samos. It is certain, that she attended him hither, and erected some publick monuments in memory of his conquests; and it is supposed (but ridiculously) that she had a share in that celebrated harangue, made in honour of such Athenians as were slain in the first year of the war.

But Pericles was soon after obliged, not only to exert all the powers of his eloquence, but to try the last efforts of his interest and importunity with the judges in her favour, when, upon the complaint of Hermippus, she was publickly accused of impiety, and leading a debauched and dissolute life, by ministering to the pleasures of the young Athenians. The former part of the charge at Athens is by no means, I think, the worst imputation upon her character, since the explication of natural appearances has been understood 5) here to imply a disbelief of the Deity, and it has been dangerous to assert, that the sun, the throne and residence of the radiant Mithras, is a mass of fire no bigger than Peloponnesus.

Aspersions are sometimes cast upon Aspasia's character, as one whose soul is, they pretend, of too elevated a kind to stoop to the common concerns of household affairs, and who has too extensive views to shew any regard to matters of so confined and inferior a nature. But these are the suspicions of such who speak rather from general observation, than any particular knowledge of Aspasia. Many, who know her, affirm, that her great capacity for publick business does not hinder her paying a proper attention to the private duties of domestick life; nor her skill in the movements of the planetary system, give any interruption to the good order and oeconomy of her own family.

After the death of Pericles she married Lysicles, one of mean parts and parentage. Though this circumstance of her

life gives one no very admirable idea of her temper or character, yet it will help to shew thee what uncommon addreſs and incredible dexterity she is miſtreſs of. For her new husband, though, neither recommended by the dignity of his birth, nor his talents for buſineſs, though not ſupported by the ſplendour of his fortune, or the intereſt of his friends, is advanced, by her ſole credit and contrivance, to the higheſt offices and honours in the ſtate. Adie··

C.

1) to fall. 2) to take. 3) to may. 4) to lay. 5) to underſtand

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Hippias to Cleander.

From Epheſus.

Account of the unſucceſsful paſſion of Heliodorus of Epheſus.

The capricious Athenians, among whom thou ſojourneſt, cannot even ſacrifice to the exigencies of the commonwealth, their inſatiable thirſt and unaccountable eagerneſs after news. How often haſt thou heard them in their portico's when their fate and fortunes ſeemed to be in imminent hazard, idly inquiſitive, and prepoſterously ſolicitous about the trivial and domeſtick occurrences of private men and families, hardly worthy the attention of the moſt diſengaged inhabitant of that potent city? And can thy brother then want an excuſe for diverting a while, in this way, the courſe of thy ſage meditations; whoſe humble and obſcure ſtation ſetteth him far below ſuch anxiety for the publick, which in him would be intolerable affectation; while yet the love of his country inſpireth him with the moſt ardent wishes for its proſperity, and engageth him in never-ceaſing ſupplications to the divine Oromaſdes, for the continuance of the health of Artaxerxes, and the ſucceſs of his wiſe and able miniſters? Yet before I turn to the peculiar ſubject of this letter, let me aſſure thee, that thy laſt diſpach of the ſixth day of the preceding moon, was tranſmitted to the noble Gobryas, with the fidelity and expedition which I have ever obſerved, ſince I was honoured with the charge of receiving thy informa-

tions, and forwarding them to the Persian court. The city in which I live, regardless in great measure of the bustle and havock which agitate the opposite coasts of Greece, and only intent on schemes for the improvement of trade and encouragement of arts, hath suffered itself to be called off, for a little while, even from these important contemplations, and is now almost universally taken up in discoursing and debating on a late event, which hath amazed them all; and which, how uninteresting soever it may be to others, is not so to thee, from a long and intimate acquaintance with the persons to whom it relates.

You must remember when you were last at Ephesus, with how much warmth and eagerness of love the young and lively Heliodorus pursued the eldest and fairest of the charming offspring of the venerable Diophanes, the priest of Jupiter. Thou canst not forget with how much inoffensive pleasantry, and genuine Attick wit, thou wast wont to accuse the amorous and gay servant of Apollo, of almost giving up his duty to his passion; and making the cloisters of that temple, in which he constantly resideth, resound much more and oftener with the praises of the beautiful Antiope, than even with those of the far-beaming god, whose altar is day and night illuminated with a thousand burning tapers, in faint and feeble emulation of his enlivening rays, and at the foot of whose resplendent shrine innumerable votaries repose themselves nightly, hoping to obtain from the father of oracles some prophetick impulses concerning their future lives and fortunes. Every one here seemed to wish, and even to augurate success to so well-grounded an affection; and declared by almost an unanimous suffrage and judgment, that the gods themselves had, as it were, designedly formed the charms of Antiope, to bless her agreeable adorer; and the natural gaiety and easy vivacity of Heliodorus to complete the happiness of his beloved mistress. Thou mightest 1) have seen them often together, soon as the radiant Mithras had withdrawn his sultry beam to gladden nations, now pining and sickening at his regretted absence, walking hand in hand along the sacred grove which surroundeth Apollo's Fane; followed by the applauses of multitudes, who were scarcely able to restrain their tongues from crying after them, what their thoughts had often whispered to them in silence, „Go on, ye lovely, loving „pair! Go on and prosper! Enjoy unenvied the natural converse „of each other, with a satisfaction and happiness peculiarly your „own!“ Nor did 2) it appear ever, that the virgin herself was ill pleased with these whispers and rumours, which some one or other was perpetually acquainting her with; whilst her lover discovered by an inexpressible gaiety, which he took 3) no pains to conceal or to excuse, how strongly and how agreeably he was affected with this general destination of so much sweetness and goodness to his arms. His spirits ever cheerful, and raised far

above thoſe of his equals, and familiars, and colleagues, were viſibly and remarkably higher for ſome months. In good humour with himſelf and all about him, he ſeemed to have obtained to himſelf a fore-taſte of the bliſs which all men beſtowed on him; and which he ſeemed deſirous to repay them, by an affability and eaſe which gladdened all who came near him. His converſation, ever ſprightly and flowing, became now in a much greater degree ſo; and what in moſt lovers is wont to drive away their beſt friends, the never-ceaſing recital of the fancied charms and imaginary accompliſhments of their miſtreſſes, (tireſome ſubject to an indifferent ear!) was yet ſo varied and diverſified by the inexhauſtible vein of Heliodorus, that I have heard 4) many profeſs (and I cannot but profeſs the ſame of myſelf) they could hear him with pleaſure deſcanting hours together on the ſame reputed-irkſome topick. His lyre, the exact type of himſelf, was never ſilent. Every charm and grace of Antiope (and thou knoweſt what all Greece ſayeth and thinketh of her matchleſs beauty and wit) furniſhed his fruitful genius with freſh matter for ſome new ode or hymn, which he would come forth and chaunt to his lyre, while the walls of the temple rendered back each harmonious accord in repeating echoes, and the voices of its officers from the higheſt to the loweſt, (ſuch was their love of Heliodorus!) ſtill joined in chorus with the raviſhed author, and in concert with him gave their aſſent and applauſe to each enraptured thought.

Nothing, it was thought, 5) would or could diſconcert their loves. Yet, couldſt thou think it? the cruel fair-one, too fond of emulating the ſilver-ſhafted queen, whoſe worſhip is eſtabliſhed here, and of ſpending her life in devotion and a perpetual attendance on the ſervice of the great Diana in her magnificent temple, hath, within theſe few days, peremptorily forbidden 6) the late ſanguine votary of Phoebus, to entertain any hopes of her ever yielding to his deſires, of which, he now thought it proper to make an open profeſſion. Nor can the grave authority of Diophanes, nor the winning eloquence of her brother Charaxus, whoſe long friendſhip with Heliodorus, and their common employment in the ſervice of the temple, had fixed firmly in his intereſts; no, nor the ſofter and ſweeter perſuaſions of her fair ſiſters, Penelope and Eucharis, the leaſt influence the reſolute and inexorable maid to a change of her romantick and viſionary purpoſe. Thoſe amiable virgins, Cleander, her ſiſters, (far removed from that narrowneſs of ſpirit, which graſps to itſelf all things and draws every body into its own power, and which is the certain and never-failing concomitant of a mean and abject ſoul,) think no ſcorn to recommend earneſtly and warmly the ſlighted lover to their miſguided and ill-directed ſiſter. Senſible of her irreſiſtible charms, which they can praiſe themſelves, and hear praiſed by others,

not with patience only and temper, but with pleasure and satisfaction; and not insensible of the merit and good qualities of one; whom they in no sort think the worse of for not having preferred either of them to their sister; they vouchsafe to employ all the arguments, and all the kind arts they are mistresses of, (and what is the art of which they are not mistresses?) in his behalf, and for his service. Figure to thyself, Cleander, the situation; imagine the alteration which this unexpected and astonishing event has made in the disappointed and thunderstruck youth! Think thou seest the gay, the loud, the talkative, the laughing Heliodorus, sunk 7) in misery, grief, and melancholy! Imagine thou hearest him (for he hath at last broken through the obstinate and sullen silence which he strictly kept 8) for several days) loudly and passionately complaining, not of Antiope, whom he never mentioneth but with transport and unextinguished affection; but of the immortal gods themselves, and their providence! Bold licentious man. Yet *this*, Cleander, is allowed by the principles of Grecian piety. How widely different from those with which the sage Zoroaster hath inspired the enlightened worshippers of the great and glorious Oromasdes. This vain young man is now going to indulge the black humour which governs him at present, and which suggests nothing to his tortured soul but anguish and despair, at a small village many parasangs north of this city; where he some time since obtained (of that noble and generous patron, whose bounty and liberality had before supported him in splendour and plenty at Ephesus, and on whom thou hast often heard him enlarge with rapture, and a natural eloquence which his great subject always gave him) the more humble and retired post of Neocorus to a small temple, reared in the centre of a dark and thick wood (gloomy as his own thoughts) to the tutelar god of that district.

Thus, Cleander, although indeed the virgin-goddess Diana be the great and celebrated divinity of the mistaken Ephesians; yet Venus and her artful son find means, as thou seest, to insinuate their worship here, and to shed their baneful influence over the unhappy and unguarded youth. May the gracious Oromasdes preserve my Cleander from all such infection, and from the dangerous converse of the virgins of Attica! which, however it may at first appear a specious and inviting amusement, is no other, nor better, than a pestilent emanation from the detested Arimanius, the author and source of all human evils. Adieu.

S.

1) to may. 2) to do. 3) to take. 4) to hear. 5) to think. 6) to forbid. 7) to sink. 8) to keep.

Cleander to Alexias, chief Phyſician to Artaxerxes, king of Perſia.

The ſtate of phyſic in Greece. Character of Hippocrates and his works.

According to thy deſire, I have employed an able friend to procure thee a copy of Hippocrates's genuine works, a buſineſs that requires no ſmall judgment; for a great number of ſpurious pieces are published under the name of this famous phyſician. I have likewiſe endeavoured to get thee ſome account of his life and character; for which purpoſe I have made many inquiries of a philoſopher here in Athens, who has applied himſelf more particularly to the ſtudy of phyſick. He informs me, that the practice of this art has long been in the hands of the meaneſt and moſt ignorant of the people. Any, who by chance had got 1) a few receipts, immediately called themſelves phyſicians, and were applied to as ſuch, though they had no general knowledge of the natures and virtues of ſimples, and were wholly ignorant of the ſtructure of the human body; the ſtudy of theſe being kept 2) entirely among the philoſophers. Such was the ſtate of phyſick, when Hippocrates, the ſon of Heraclides, was born 3) in the iſland of Cos. He is deſcended from a long race of phyſicians; being the ſeventeenth in a direct line from Aeſculapius, the deified inventor of healing amongſt the Greeks, whoſe art was profeſſed by all his deſcendants down to Hippocrates. For the Aegyptian cuſtom of inſtructing the children in their parents employment prevails ſo much among the phyſicians here, that their diſciples and followers are always called by a peculiar title, the Sons of the Phyſicians. Beſides the family receipts, which had been handed down from father to ſon, and the collected experience of all his anceſtors, Hippocrates increaſed that knowledge which was his patrimony, by hearing Herodicus, the inventor of gymnaſtick phyſick, which is too ſeverely called by a certain Athenian, "The art of preſerving their lives who ought not to live "and continuing valetudinarians a burden to themſelves and ſo"ciety." His native iſland of Cos afforded him a ſingular advantage, by having in it a temple of Aeſculapius full of votive-tablets, on which were regiſtered many cures, and the means by which they were effected; all which he diligently ſtudied and tranſcribed. He has farther endeavoured to inform himſelf of the practice which obtained whereever he travelled, as he has done into moſt countries, though he has chiefly been confined to Theſſaly. For this the Greek phyſicians are obliged

to do, not only in purſuit of knowledge, and for their improvement but for their employment and ſupport; the ſtates here, unlike our luxurious cities, being unable to maintain a ſettled phyſician. It is hard to ſay, whether he has moſt advanced the knowledge or the uſefulneſs of phyſick, by introducing a practice, which was not common before his time, of conſtantly viſiting the ſick in their beds; by which careful attendance to the whole courſe of the diſtemper, he has not only been able to give a timely aſſiſtance againſt every inconvenient or dangerous accident, but is become ſuperior to all other phyſicians in the knowledge of diſeaſes, and in foretelling their events. From this practice he has got the name of a Clinic phyſician. Nor is he leſs indebted to nature for a found underſtanding, than to fortune and his own induſtry for theſe uncommon opportunities of improving it. No wonder, therefore, that he ſoon found 4) himſelf at the head of his contemporary practitioners. But this glory was too little for Hippocrates; he ſaw 5) with regret, that part of his province was invaded by the philoſophers; and reſolved to take it out of their hands. With this view he applied himſelf to Heraclitus of Epheſus, to Gorgias the Sophiſt, and Democritus of Abdera. Of them he not only learned the reaſons and foundations of his practice, but was alſo enabled to write with method and elegance; which has juſtly gained him the reputation of being the firſt who collected the ſcattered precepts of phyſick into an art, and delivered them in a clear and eloquent manner. He has taken great pains to ſecure to the phyſicians ſo much of the ſtudy of nature as they are concerned with, diſtinct from the other parts of philoſophy, and has in all probability ſeparated the two profeſſions for ever. If his philoſophy makes him far ſuperior to the common practiſers of phyſick, his practice makes him no leſs excel the ſpeculative ſtudents of it. On the one hand, he is preſerved from the uſeleſs refinements of theoriſts; as on the other, from the groſs errors and ſuperſtitions of vulgar empiricks; both which my friend, with his uſual candour, acknowledges, that he frequently rallies with great good ſenſe; telling the ſpeculative philoſophers, that "their viſionary inquiries about the principles and formation of the human body, would be of as much uſe to a painter in drawing "its form, as to a phyſician in curing its diſeaſes." And as for the empiricks upon occaſion of their calling the epilepſy a ſacred diſtemper, he ſays, "that this was firſt conſecrated by them, in "order that its divinity might be an aſylum for their ignorance "and inability to cure it; ſince it gave them a pretence to attack it with charms and expiations; and if theſe did not ſucceed, the gods only were to be blamed." My philoſophical acquaintance aſſures me, that this is the true merit of Hippocrates; and that for all beyond it, he is indebted to the common vanity in diſciples, of magnifying their maſter, and to that

humour of mankind, which will not let them ſit down contented with any thing moderate. He frequently expreſſes his apprehenſions, that the extravagant character which ſome have given him may do a great deal of miſchief, if it makes men reſt in what he has done, and refer every thing to his authority. For though (my friend continued) he is ſomewhere ſo ſanguine as to aſſert, that the whole of phyſick is now found out; yet in reality the art is but ſtill in its infancy, and this great man has only begun 6) what cannot be perfected without the accurate obſervations of many ages. In particular, he is not maſter of a ſufficient number of ſimples for all the various purpoſes of phyſick, and does not perhaps fully underſtand the true uſes and qualities of thoſe he has; for too much ſtreſs ſeems to be laid 7) on ſome ineffectual ones, while others, more violent in their effects, are uſed with too little caution. The ſtudy of anatomy is ſtill leſs advanced, all that is known of it is derived, either comparatively from the animals that are ſacrificed, or from the Aegyptian embalmers of human bodies; and I much doubt, whether Hippocrates ever ſaw a human body diſſected. However, he has endeavoured to ſupply, from fancy and conjecture, his imperfect knowledge of the ſtructure and true uſe of the parts; but, as is uſual where this is done, his accounts are generally improbable, often ridiculous and inconſiſtent. He has farther often lamented to me, when I have thrown this ſubject in his way, that Hippocrates has endeavoured to dazzle the world with a ſpecious ſhew of knowledge, where there is great reaſon to believe that he is wholly ignorant, in attempting to unfold the cauſes and hidden nature of diſtempers; "which (ſaid my "friend) he had much better have let alone, and confined him-"ſelf to (what is the only valuable part of his works) a faithful "hiſtory of diſeaſes, though even here he is juſtly ſuſpected of "aſſerting more than he was ever authoriſed from obſervation "and experience; as when he ſays, that forty times ſeven days "have a peculiar influence over the birth of a child; that diſtem-"pers kill men chiefly on the odd day; and that the remarkable "ſtruggles of nature towards a criſis are regulated by the num-"ber ſeven; all which his diſciples firmly believe, though the "more knowing took upon it as a fantaſtical application of Py-"thagoraſ's myſtick philoſophy. In other matters he has been "too haſty in forming his axioms, and in reducing to a certain "rule things depending on too many circumſtances to be fixed „ by the obſervations of one man, if not too uncertain to be ever "fixed at all."

Indeed I could not help thinking myſelf, that the common ſtories which are told of him are very idle; and that there is nothing ſo miraculous in this great phyſician, when I amuſed myſelf one day, ſince his works have been in my houſe for you,

in computing how many patients he ſaved out of thoſe whoſe hiſtories he gives in his Epidemicks, for it appears that out of forty-two, only ſeventeen eſcaped. Do not wonder at his mentioning, as I find he does, ſuch food as the fleſh of aſſes, horſes, dogs, and foxes; for theſe are eaten without any ſcruple in Greece. Among the many ſtories I cannot help mentioning to thee one, which is often told as an inſtance of his extraordinary ſagacity. He was ſent 8) for to Perdiccas, the preſent king of Macedonia, who languiſhed under a ſort of conſumption, that was attended with very uncommon ſymptoms. Hippocrates obſerved his patient change colour and ſuffer much diſorder, whenever Phila, the late king's miſtreſs, entered the chamber. Upon which he immediately found out, and diſcovered to Phila, that a paſſion for her was the true cauſe of his illneſs. The love-ſick prince was treated accordingly, and the ſucceſs verified our phyſicians judgment. I dare ſay, thou wilt ſmile at the romantick air of this relation, and think with me, that if the dexterous management of ſuch an affair was the proper teſt of a phyſician, the old chief eunuch Bagoas would have a much fairer title to be reputed one than Hippocrates. As to morality, his reputation is very high: he is ſuperior to a love of money and freely communicates his art for the relief of the neceſſitous and ſtrangers. Perſia is well acquainted with the love he bears his country, which made him prefer the life of a wanderer to the dignity of that exalted ſtation which thou ſo deſervedly enjoyeſt. For which, and his many eminent ſervices, he has been made free of Athens, and initiated in the Eleuſinian myſteries: and a maintenance in the Prytaneum, at the publick charge, is decreed to him and his poſterity. The oath which he enjoins his followers before he teaches them his art, muſt give thee a great opinion of his ſtrict integrity; it forbids them to procure abortions, to adminiſter poiſon, to make any ill uſe of the free acceſs they have to houſes, or betray the confidence repoſed in them. All which he inſiſts upon their ſwearing, to obſerve by Apollo, Aeſculapius, Hygeia, Panacea, and all the other gods and goddeſſes; and that they may ſo proſper in their profeſſion as they keep this oath. However, he has given offence to ſome grave men by a rule of health which he delivers, that a man ought to drink twice a month to ſome exceſs. It were to be wiſhed that he could as eaſily anſwer a worſe crime that he is charged with, in relation to a young ſlave who danced and ſung at the theatre. She was a great favourite of the publick and brought 9) her miſtreſs in very conſiderable ſums of money; for the Athenians ſet ſo high a value on theſe accompliſhments that the celebrated performers not only make a part at all great feaſts, but even a ſelect company of philoſophers will break off their conver-

ſation on the moſt important points, to attend to theſe diverſions. The miſtreſs of this famous dancer one day made a diſcovery of her being pregnant, and was very uneaſy to think that all her gain would ſoon be over, if this was ſuffered to go on. She therefore applied to Hippocrates, who owns that at her requeſt he procured an abortion, though in direct contradiction to his oath. I remember likewiſe to have heard 11) him accuſed of ſetting fire to Aeſculapius's temple at Cos, and the library at Cnidus, after he had tranſcribed their regiſters; but theſe are generally looked upon as groundleſs calumnies.

May the lights, which thou receiveſt from this celebrated Coan enable thee to fulfil the ardent wiſhes of Perſia, that Artaxerxes may live for ever!

E.

1) to get. 2) to keep. 3) to bear. 4) to find. 5) to ſee. 6) to begin. 7) to lay. 8) to ſaid. 9) to bring. 11) to hear.

Cleander to Smerdis.

Recites a diſcourſe of Socrates on the immortality of the ſoul, in a viſit to a ſick friend.

Thou mayeſt remember, venerable Mage, that in the account which I gave thee of a converſation I had with Socrates on the banks of the river Iliſſus, I expreſſed ſome regret, that I could not then engage him in a deeper diſcuſſion of one principle, which he aſſerted with an air of the fulleſt perſuaſion, that of the immortality of the ſoul. I need not tell thee, with what impatience I waited for an opportunity to learn his intire ſentiments upon a ſubject of ſuch impor-

tance. This ſatisfaction I obtained yeſterday upon a very ſolemn occaſion; and his diſcourſe has filled my mind with ſo agreeable a proſpect of futurity, that it would be ungenerous to confine within my own breaſt the light he has diffuſed over a doctrine, which it is ſo highly the intereſt of every good man, as well as ſo worthy the attributes of the great Oromaſdes, ſhould be true.

Axiochus a friend of mine, conſiderable for his rank in this city, but ſtill more ſo for his integrity and amiable qualities, being ſeized with a very dangerous diſtemper, I went 1) to pay him a viſit; and, to my great ſurprize, found 2) his mind as diſordered as his body, from the apprehenſion of inſtant death, which, under the confuſion of thought occaſioned by the ſeverity of his diſeaſe, appeared to him nothing leſs than the abſolute extinction of his being. In this view, even the conſciouſneſs of a long courſe of years ſpent 3) in the practice of the moſt diffuſive benevolence, could give him no adequate conſolation; and the dread of ſinking into nothing, to which human nature has a natural and unconquerable reluctance, rendered this laſt ſcene of the good man's life very unſuitable to the ſerenity and beauty of all the former.

Clinias, his ſon, moved with this diſtreſs, requeſted Socrates to viſit his father, and to ſhew the advantage of true philoſophy in a circumſtance, which, of all others, moſt requires the ſolid ſupports of reaſon. Socrates entered ſoon after I came to Axiochus, and began 4) to diſpel his fears of death, as of the final period of our exiſtence, with an uncommon force of argument, and energy of expreſſion. "The „powers and perfections of the human ſoul (ſaidhe) are an „invincible demonſtration of its divine and immortal nature. „For it could not have raiſed itſelf to ſuch an exalted height „in executing the greateſt affairs, ſo as to deſpiſe the ſtrength „even of brute creatures, though far ſuperior to our own, „to paſs over ſeas, build cities, found commonwealths, con„template the heavens, view the revolutions of the ſtars, the „courſes of the ſun and moon, their riſings and ſettings, their „eclipſes and immediate reſtoration to their former ſtate, the „equinoxes and ſolſtices, the ſignifications of the pleiades „concerning winter and ſummer, the winds and deſcents of „ſhowers, and the unſeaſonable ſtorms and whirlwinds; and „to foretel for ever, by certain rules, what ſhall happen in „the natural world: theſe things, I ſay, the ſoul could never „do, unleſs it were really poſſeſſed of a divine ſpirit, by „which it can extend its knowledge to ſo amazing a degree, „and comprehend within its view the whole compaſs of na-

„ture. It is impoſſible, therefore, that ſuch a being, allied „to, and reſembling the Deity itſelf, ſhould ceaſe to exiſt, „by any change made in the body, or even by the total „diſſolution of it. No, Axiochus, you will not ſink into „the abyſs of oblivion and non-exiſtence, but be raiſed to a „ſtate of immortality; nor will any of your rational delights „be taken from you, but you will enjoy them more per„fectly. Your pleaſures will have no tincture of this mortal „body, but always continue pure and unallayed. When you „are diſengaged from this priſon, you will be tranſlated to „a world, where there is neither labour, nor ſorrow, nor „the infirmities and decays of age. You will enjoy there a „ſtate of tranquillity and Freedom from all evil; and be „enabled to contemplate nature, and ſtudy philoſophy, not „for the ſake of the multitude and the publick, but out of „regard to truth alone, and the ſatisfaction reſulting from „the purſuit of it."

Axiochus, ſtruck with the charms of this diſcourſe, cried out, "You have drawn me over, Socrates, to your „opinion. I am now diſengaged from my former weakneſs, and „am become a new man. I am now no longer fearful of „death, but ambitious of it, and impatient for it."

"I congratulate you, (replied Socrates,) upon your „conviction of this noble principle; of the higheſt advantage „to us through all the circumſtances of life, but moſt eminent„ly ſo in the ſituation you are in. And now, if you have „the curioſity to hear a more particular deſcription of the „other ſtate, I will give it you, as it was repreſented to me by „Gobryas the Mage. He told me, that, at the time of „Xerxes's expedition into Europe, his grand father, who „was of the ſame name with himſelf, being ſent 5) to Delos, „in order to ſecure that iſland, learned there, from certain „books of braſs, brought 6) by Opis and Ecaergus from „the Hyperboreans, that the ſoul, after it is freed from the „body, goes into an inviſible place beneath the earth, the „realm of Pluto. The Porch of Life, which leads to the „palace of the monarch, is fortified with iron bolts and bars, „beyond which ſe the rivers Acheron and Cocytus; and „beyond them the Plain of Truth, where ſit the judges Mi„nos and Rhadamanthus. Theſe examine every one who „comes, what manner of life he has led 7) in this mortal „ſtate; and it is impoſſible for him to return a falſe anſwer. „Whoever therefore has followed the impulſes of his good

„genius in this life, is placed in the ſeats of the good and „pious. Here the air is always tempered with the gentle „beams of their own ſun, the ſeaſons produce all their ſtores „with unbounded profuſion. Here the mountains flow with „the moſt limpid ſtreams, the meadows ſmile with all the „variety of beautiful flowers. Here are ſchools of philoſo„phers, theatres of poets, and the moſt elegant concerts of „muſick and dancing. In ſhort, here are all the bliſsful „ſcenes of immortal happineſs, and undiſturbed eaſe and tran„quillity. But, on the other hand, whoever has led a vicious „life, is hurried away by the furies through Tartarus into „Erebus and Chaos. There is the ſeat of the impious, the „pitchers of Danaus's daughters, which are never filled, „the everlaſting thirſt of Tantalus, Tityus with his „bowels ever conſuming, Siſyphus rolling up the ſtone „with endleſs and unavailing labour. In a word, here the „wicked are tortured with all the forms of puniſhment to „all eternity. This is the account which I heard from Go„bryas: you, Axiochus, may paſs what judgment you pleaſe „upon it. For I only know this from the unerring princi„ples of reaſon, that the ſoul is immortal; and that the good „habits which it has contracted in this world, will prove the „ſource of the moſt refined happineſs to it in the future. „Reſt therefore aſſured, my friend, that whether you are „placed above or below you muſt be happy, ſince you have „lived virtuouſly." "How, Socrates, ſhall I expreſs my „gratitude (rejoined Axiochus)? Thou haſt more than re„ſtored me to life; thou haſt raiſed me to immortality. I ſhall „now wait with pleaſure that criſis, which you have taught 8) „me to conſider as the birth of a new and nobler ſtate of „exiſtence."

Venerable Smerdis, I returned home full of adoration of the ſupreme wisdom and goodneſs of Oromasdes; who has endowed human nature with powers and faculties capable of perpetual improvement through an infinite duration, while every new object, in the boundleſs ſyſtem of the univerſe, will prove to it an inexhauſtible fund of the moſt exquiſite ſatisfaction. Since therefore the inſtincts, the deſires, and the expectations, interwoven in our very frame, and the dictates of the moſt cultivated reaſon, ſhew me, that I am neceſſarily to exiſt to eternity; and ſince I feel, that the happineſs of every intelligent being in every point of its exiſtence depends upon the rectitude of its diſpoſition; I am reſolved, from this moment, to govern myſelf in a manner ſuitable to the importance of theſe motives. By this means I ſhall enjoy all the preſent advantages of a right conduct; and ſoften the uneaſy circumſtances to

which my peculiar ſituation as well as the general condition of mankind expoſe me, with this aſſurance, that virtue ſtands upon an everlaſting baſis, ſecure in its own nature, as well as from the immediate protection of the allpowerful Oromasdes. Farewel.

B.

*) *to loſe.* 1) *to go.* 2) *to find.* 3) *to ſpend.* 4) *to begin.* 5) *to ſend.* 6) *to bring.* 7) *to lead.* 8) *to teach.*

Cleander to Hydaſpes.

Celebration of the games. The different incidents and other particulars relating to them.

The games, which raiſed ſo great expectation, and drew 1) together ſuch a multitude of ſpectators, are now over; and I believe moſt of thoſe, who were preſent, are employed like me in giving an account to their abſent friends, of the remarkable circumſtances that attended them. On the day appointed for the opening of the games, the whole aſſembly had early taken their places in the ſtadium of Olympia. The ſpot, where the combatants engage, is in the form of an arena or pit, and covered with ſand. The ſeats riſe round it one above another. The two firſt days out of the five allotted for the celebration of this ſolemnity, were appointed for the wreſtling and boxing. The names of the candidates for the prize in thoſe exerciſes, were read over before the people by an herald. Then a ſilver urn was produced, containing a number of balls equal to that of the combatants, and each pair was matched together, who drew out two balls, on which the ſame letters of the alphabet were inſcribed. After the competitors had rendered their bodies firm and ſupple by rubbing and pouring oil upon them, they beſmeared them with fine ſand, to give the better hold for grappling. Several matches went forward at the ſame time. To obtain the victory it is requiſite to give two falls, and renew the combat three times. If a wreſtler, who is thrown, pulls his adverſary down with him, they muſt grappletogether upon the ground, till one of them getting uppermoſt conſtrains the other to aſk for mercy. Then the acclamations of the ſpecta-

tors, which continue with various interruptions whilſt the trial of ſkill laſts, are redoubled. The Hellanodicae preſent the victor with the crown of olive, a branch of palm, and a robe, on the very ſpot where he was engaged. In this equipage, preceded by a herald, he croſſes the ſtadium amidſt the ſhouts and praiſes of that innumerable concurſe of people. His name and country are proclaimed by ſound of trumpet; flowers, girdles, money, and other preſents of that nature, are thrown upon him as he paſſes along. An odd accident happened to Milo of Crotona. That famous wreſtler preſented himſelf, but found no antagoniſt; upon which the preſidents of the games called him to preſent him with the crown, but as he advanced forwards to receive it, he fell 3) down: The people immediately cried out, that one, who could not keep himſelf upon his legs, did not deſerve the honours due to a conqueror. The old man looked round, and anſwered with a great deal of ſpirit, "T'is true I have got one accidental fall, „but I would willingly ſee any man amongſt you, who could „give me a ſecond." When theſe matches were over, the ſtadium was left clear for the boxers. They were armed for this rude encounter with the caeſtus, a leathern gauntlet, which folds round the fingers and upper part of the hand, and is faſtened at the wriſt, and ſtrengthened on the outſide with plates of iron or lead. I muſt own, though the agility and ſuppleneſs of the wreſtlers, and their various artifices to give or avoid a fall, afforded me ſome pleaſure, I could not behold without a ſecret horror the rough blows, which the boxers ſo unmercifully dealt 4) on each other. It is no uncommon thing at theſe matches to ſee a contuſion raiſed in the face, an eye ſtruck out, or a jaw-bone cracked, by the tremendous blows of the caeſtus. Androlichus, one of the boxers appeared like an object who intended to excite the charity rather than the applauſes of the aſſembly. He loſt 5) an eye at Piſa, his foreteeth at Nemea, had his noſe flattened at Delphi and was carried off for dead here. That thou mayeſt the better judge, how diſagreeable the ſpectacle muſt be to one, in whom cuſtom has not effaced the ſoft impreſſions of humanity, I will tell thee a remarkable incident, to which I was myſelf an eye-witneſs. Two boxers, Creugas and Damoxenes, agreed, on the point of engaging, to give each other notice of every blow. The agreement was ill-kept; for Damoxenes having bid his adverſary lift up his hand, ſtruck him on the ſide with ſuch violence, that partly with the force of the blow, partly the ſharpneſs of his nails, he pierced his belly, and tore out 6) his entrails. Creugas expired on the ſpot. The crown was decreed him, though dead, and Damoxenes was puniſhed for his barbarity with perpetual baniſhment. The boxer who ſhewed

moſt ſkill, was Theagenes of Syracuſe. He had acquired, ſuch a ſtrength in his wriſts, that merely by parrying the blows of his competitor and holding him at arm's length, he obliged him, out of wearineſs, to reſign the victory.

The Pancratiaſts, Pentathloi, and the Throwers of the Diſcus made their appearance on the third day. The performance of the firſt is a mixture of wreſtling and boxing; it borrows from the one thoſe violent contortions of the limbs and ſhakes of the body, from the other, the art of ſtriking and avoiding a blow. It is one of the roughest and moſt dangerous exerciſes, of which we had an inſtance in Arachion of Sparta. That brave Pancratiaſt having received ſo violent a ſqueeze from his antagoniſt, that he was on the point of being ſtrangled, had ſtrength enough remaining to break the other's jaw, and obliged him to aſk for mercy, though the victor himſelf expired the moment after. The Hellanodicae ordered Arachion to be crowned, as he lay dead on the ſtadium. The expreſſions of joy and ſatisfaction in the aſſembly at the brave action of the Spartan are not to be deſcribed.

The Pentathloi are a particular ſet of combatants, who have acquired ſuch a maſtery at wreſtling, boxing, throwing the diſcus, running, and caſting the javelin, as to perform in each the ſame day. They make it a rule never to match a Pentathlos with another who has made one of theſe exerciſes alone his employment; as they ſuppoſe very reaſonably, that a perſon who has divided his time between ſo many different occupations, cannot be equal to one who has applied his whole time to be perfect in a ſingle exerciſe.

The diſcus is a huge maſs of iron of a roundiſh ſhape, and poliſhed ſurface. Thoſe who throw it, lean the whole weight of their body upon one of their legs, which they ſtep forwards; they whirl the diſcus round horizontally, and caſt it from them with their utmoſt force. He who throws fartheſt obtains the prize.

The fourth day was taken up with runners on foot, and the racehorſes. The ſtadium for the former is compoſed of three parts: the entrance, which is marked by a barrier of wood; the middle, which is a riſing ground, where the crowns are placed in ſight of their competitors; and the goal, which is diſtinguiſhed by a large tree or poſt. There are two ſorts of racers: thoſe who run naked; and thoſe who are armed with a light helmet, a target, and a ſort of buſkin. There are likewiſe three ſorts of courſes: the courſe of the ſtadium,

which is only from the barrier to the goal; the diaulos, which is much longer than either. Dolichus of Tarsus in Cilicia won 7) the prize; and a poet has made an epigram, the turn of which is, that the "barrier and the goal are the only places „where the young Cilician is seen; for no one can say, he „was ever perceived in the middle of the course."

In the afternoon we removed to the hippodrome or horse-course, which was laid out by the architect Cleatas, and is looked upon as one of the curiosities of Greece. That part of it called the barrier, where the horses and cars assemble before they enter the lists, by the disposition of the ground and buildings round it, resembles the prow of a ship. It grows narrower towards the end, and forms a kind of beak just at the place where it opens into the course. In the midst of the barrier is an altar; on the top stands a brazen eagle, which is made to raise itself, and extend its wings as a signal for the races to begin. On the sides are vaulted buildings, which serve for stands to the horses and chariots, till they proceed to take their places as the lots determine them. The course itself is divided into two parts: a terrace, and a hill that rises gently from the plain. There are two goals: at the one is a statue of Hippodamia holding a chaplet to crown Pelops; at the other, an altar to the genius Taraxippus. It is observed, that at this altar the horses take such a sudden fright, as frequently to overthrow their riders. The superstitious Greeks attribute it to a divine impulse, and therefore make vows to obtain the favour of Taraxippus. In the horse-races I particularly admired some expert riders, who, being upon the back of one horse, and leading a second, would leap from one to the other with surprizing agility. Nor is the address of a mare belonging to Phidolas of Corinth to be left unmentioned. Though her master fell off in the beginning of the race, she continued her course in the same manner, as if he had kept 8) his seat, turned round the goal, redoubled her vigour at the sound of the trumpet, and came in the first. The Hellanodicae ordered Phidolas to be crowned, who has obtained permission from the Eleans to erect a statue to the memory of his mare Aura.

The fifth and last day was taken up in the chariot-courses, which I thought 9) were much the finest part of the sight. The splendor of the equipages, as they were drawn out in a long line before the lists, the neighing of the horses, the cries of the charioteers, and the applauses of the vast concourse of spectators, formed a very cheerful and agreeable entertainment. Each chariot was drawn by four horses all in front; the two best are always outermost. The chariot-race

was as usual full of a great many incidents. The car of Admetus the Corinthian broke 10) down in turning round the goal, and two others, which followed behind, ran 11) foul upon it, and overturned their drivers. My friend Philocles's horses, which were very mettlesome, flew 12) out so furiously at the altar of Taraxippus, that with the violence of the shock he had nearly lost his seat. He kept it with some difficulty; but a chariot of Alcibiades had an opportunity to pass by him, and obtain the second prize. That young Athenian, who had no less than seven chariots which entered the lists, won the first, second, and fourth prizes. Philocles came in for the third.

On the evening of the day on which this solemnity ended, the Hellanodicae made a supper, according to custom, in the Prytaneum of Olympia, for the victors at the different exercises.

Alcibiades entertained the whole assembly the next day, in a manner answerable to the magnificence wherein he had appeared at the games. Empedocles of Agrigentum gave us the most extraordinary regale. As he is a Pythagorean, both fish and flesh are absolutely forbidden by the doctrines of his sect; and therefore he had an ox made of paste, composed of myrrh, frankincense, and spices, which he distributed by pieces to all who presented themselves.

The different dispositions of my five companions have rendered the pleasure arising from the company and diversions of Olympia peculiar to each. The pious and humane Philemon renews those long-contracted friendships, which war claims a right of interrupting for a time; and is never more happy, than in trying to infuse sentiments of peace, and a friendly disposition towards Athens, in his Spartan and Corinthian acquaintance. Clinias has complained to me with some concern, that the learned performances repeated here, do not equal those he remembers formerly, when Pindar charmed the ears of Greece by his odes, and Herodotus excited their attention to his history. The polite Chlorus boasts, that he was the first man who congratulated Alcibiades upon gaining three prizes at the chariot-course, and was in return, the first of the assembly invited to supper the next evening by that magnificent Athenian. Hippias is not so far lost to his business as a merchant, amidst the pleasures of the place, but he has found time to drive advantageous bargains. As to Philocles, he thinks himself arrived at the highest pitch of happiness and glory to which a mortal can attain. For the Greeks, potent lord, hold their countrymen who conquer at

these games in no small degree of esteem; they are not only maintained at the publick charge for the rest of their lives, but exempted from the burden of taxes and civil employments. Thou wilt, I believe, agree with me in concluding, that though such exercises as give a graceful appearance to the body, and form it for military service, should be cultivated in all wise states; yet those ought to be discountenanced, which tend only to breed up a set of idle persons, who, by making the art of maiming the limbs of their fellow-creatures their only employment, are in effect rendered fit for nothing else. However, one cannot help admiring that passionate love of glory, which urges on the Greeks to contend so earnestly for the crown of olive. It brings to my mind a generous saying of Tigranes the Mede: Being informed that the formidable invasion of Xerxes had not interrupted the Olympick games, and told at the same time in what the reward consisted, he cried out in raptures, even in the presence of his sovereign, "Heavens, Mardonius against what men are „we come to fight, who do not make wealth the object of their „contention, but Fame?" Adieu From Olympia.

P.

1) to draw. 2) to go. 3) to fall. 4) to deal. 5) to lose. 6) to tear out. 7) to win. 8) to keep. 9) to sink. 10) to break. 11) to run. 12) to fly.

Hydaspes to Cleander.

Character of Nehemiah the Iew, and account of the Iewish nation.

During your stay at Susa, some years ago, you must have seen Nehemiah, the king's cup-bearer. Though it did not fall in your way to make an acquaintance with him, or to hear any account of him, that might engage your attention, yet I will venture to affirm, if you knew as much of him as I do, you would give him a very honourable place both in your esteem and your affections. He is by nation a Iew, and the son of one Hachaliah, who, notwithstanding the encouragement shewn to that province by our monarch and his predecessors, chose 1) rather to dwell in Susa, than with

his countrymen in the land inhabited by their anceſtors. It was by means of the old man's continual reſidence in this city, and the humility of his deportment, that his ſon was raiſed by degrees to a conſiderable office near the king's perſon, and enjoyed a large ſhare of the royal favour. The queen's intereſt, joined to Nehemiah's, after a faithful attendance at court, procured him a commiſſion of great importance to the diſtreſſed people of Iudaea, which inveſted him with a power of rebuilding the walls of Ieruſalem, ſettling the citizens in tranquillity, reſtoring their commerce, regulating the abuſes that had crept 2) into the cuſtoms enjoined them by their law; in ſhort, of making them ſatisfactory amends for a long and haraſſing captivity. Thus the indolence of the father, though complained of by his country, proved of real ſervice to it, as it opened a way to the activity of the ſon to exert itſelf in re-eſtabliſhing the ſingular and boaſted policy of the Iews. So true is it, that Oromaſdes works by methods unknown to men, to ends as unforeſeen by them.

For many years Nehemiah was looked upon as a crafty and finiſhed courtier, much attached to the intereſts of his nation, and, as thoſe who hated him ſaid, not a little to his own. For the gracious Artaxerexes heaped on him great wealth, which was pretended to have been either illegally extorted by the ſale of offices in his gift, or to have been cunningly procured from the king by every abject art of flattery and diſſimulation. I, who knew him better, always ſaw him in an amiable light, but till lately never ſaw him in a ſtriking one. Since his laſt return from Paleſtine, I have had frequent converſations with him, and find, on examining into the ſtate and hiſtory of the Iews, that I have hitherto received imperfect information concerning them; and, notwithſtanding the more perfect information I have now received, I confeſs, Cleander, my delicacy is ſcarcely reconciled to them, either prejudice or common ſenſe ſticks ſo cloſe to me.

Nehemiah is buſy in ſoliciting a renewal of the powers formerly granted to him, which are juſt expired. During his government he adminiſtered juſtice with fidelity, and ſupported the authority of his maſter with unuſual magnificence. He lived among his people twelve years, and executed all, or even more than could be expected from the moſt dextrous. Animated by his preſence, they fortified and rebuilt Ieruſalem, inſomuch that, it vies with Sardis in grandeur: and to defend themſelves from the incurſions of their enemies, while

they carried on the works, held 3) their ſwords in one hand, and their trowels in the other. His table was open every day to an hundred and fifty chiefs among the Iews, and hoſpitably admitted ſtrangers, who came from all parts to be witneſſes of the thriving condition of his province. Whoever appeared in the city of any figure, was invited to the governor's houſe, received with courteſy, and entertained with liberality. There were conſtantly provided in his kitchen one ox and ſix choice ſheep, and he treated his gueſts with the various wines of the Eaſt, and the coan of the Greeks. Theſe expences he bore 4) out of his own revenues, not only without laying any new tax on Iudaea but without accepting the regular income, by which thoſe who had gone before him in that office were ſupported. This ſhews the ſpirit and temper of the man. The bounty of the king had enriched him; and he, from a ſenſe of gratitude to his prince, and a love to his country, is well pleaſed with beſtowing thoſe riches to the honour, and in the ſervice of both.

The Iews (a nation the moſt ſtubbornly bigotted to themſelves) tell you, that when they were proſperous and independent, their conſtitution was founded on the narrow-minded ſcheme of ſeparation from the converſe of their neighbours, and a total excluſion from the arts and manners of other countries. They ſpeak in the higheſt terms of their lawgiver, who was either an inſpired prophet, a deſigning knave, or a warm-headed enthuſiaſt; and being reputed the ſon of a king of Aegypt's daughter, though deſcended from a Iew, was educated in the ſchools of Aegypt learning and legislation. Pretending to be ſuperhaturally aſſiſted, he reſcued his fellows in a moſt unexampled manner from a ſtate of intolerable ſlavery under the tyrant Salatis. He conducted them by very painful marches into the land where they ſettled, and laid out the plan of a commonwealth for them, which is of a novel and peculiar caſt. After his death they engaged in ſeveral unſucceſsful wars, and were at laſt reduced to an ignominious bondage in Babylon, where they ſubmitted to the meaneſt employments. The mercy of Cyrus releaſed them, Xerxes confirmed them in their privileges, and many of them followed his arms into Greece. Much, however, was wanting to complete their reſtoration, when Nehemiah, in that genius of ancient policy which has long left 5) the world, put himſelf at the head of large numbers returning into their country, redreſſed their grievances, emulated the fame of their firſt leader, and gained glory to himſelf, and ſtrength to his people.

Believe me, O Cleander, the man muſt be actuated by a great ſoul, who, for the ſake of a perverſe nation, can deſpiſe the pleaſures of retirement, the ſplendors of a court, and the ſmiles of his prince, to encounter the violence of the raſh and the caution of the timorous, the whiſpers of the envious and the clamours of the factious, the abſurdities of the weak and the opinions of the wiſe, in the capacity of a reforming ſtatesman.

C.

1) to chooſe. 2) to creep. 3) to hold. 4) to bear. 5) to leave.

Cleander to Orſames.

From Athens. The Eleuſinian Myſteries deſcribed.

How agreeably do your letters, moſt noble Orſames, lead my imagination through, all the mazes of Aegyptian learning. How awful is the form of ſcience, concealed beneath the veil of ſacred rites! But how rational is the delight ſhe gives us, when diveſted of her hieroglyphick dreſs, and ſtripped of that diſguiſe which gains her the veneration of the ignorant and admiring multitude! Upon this principle, the Eleuſinian myſteries are calculated to inſpire a reverential curioſity, which makes the mind more deeply attentive to thoſe truths, the knowledge of which it has with much difficulty attained. But why do I talk of truths, when all I cantell you is of outward ſhews? For I have not been admitted myſelf to a participation of theſe ceremonies; and yet methinks, if I am not widely miſtaken in my gueſs, whoever is an hearer of the divine Socrates, cannot be entirely ignorant of the doctrines taught 1) in them, though he himſelf has hitherto refuſed the initiation, even to his diſcredit; perhaps to avoid a more dangerous ſuſpicion of diſcovering out of treachery what he has already learned by the inſpiration of an excellent nature. But of this hereafter. I imagine you will not be diſpleaſed

with a particular account of the external ceremonies, of which I have lately been a ſpectator. They begin on the fifteenth of the month Βοηδρομιών, by a general aſſembly of the candidates for initiation, who on the ſecond purify themſelves in the ſea, and are employed on the third in offering ſacrifices of little pomp, and therefore not worth deſcribing. The fourth day is diſtinguiſhed by a ſolemn proceſſion, in which the holy baſket of Ceres is carried in a conſecrated car, drawn by four milk-white oxen, whoſe necks and horns are wreathed with garlands of corn and poppies. They paſs along amidſt the acclamations of the multitude, who reſound the praiſes of Ceres; and are followed by a train of beautiful young women, repreſenting the companions of Proſerpine. Their garments are gaily embroidered with all ſorts of wild flowers and on their heads they bear the myſtick baſkets, which are concealed from every eye beneath long veils of purple. "Ye however your curioſity may be excited by this „concealment, ſaid the young Alcibiades to me, believe me, „who am an initiate, the veils cover nothing half ſo much „worth ſeeing, as thoſe faces to which they give a becoming „ſhade." On the fifth evening is commemorated the ſearch of Proſerpine, when Ceres, ſnatching with a torch the flames of Aetna, ran 2) with uncertain ſteps to ſeek her daughter. The air is illuminated with the blaze of ten thouſand torches, and great is the conteſt, who ſhall conſecrate the largeſt to the ſervice of the goddeſs. The moſt remarkable of all the ceremonies was that of the ſixth day, when the ſtatue of Iacchus, the ſon of Iupiter and Ceres, is carried in proceſſion from Athens to Eleuſis. It ſets out from the Ceramicus, and is accompanied with muſick, ſongs, and ſymphonies of ſounding braſs, to which the dancers feet keep time, who, as well as the ſtatue, are crowned with myrtle garlands. Thus they uſed to paſs in feſtive pomp along the way from thence called ſacred, and, after reſting twice, enter Eleuſis by the myſtick gate; but ever ſince the beginning of the war they have been forced to conduct their proceſſion by water. The ſea is almoſt covered with the multitudes of ſhining veſſels, which are ready to convey the joyful crowds who are received at Eleuſis in a magnificent temple, capable of containing, with eaſe, more than thirty thouſand perſons. The loud notes of the trumpets and clarions are reflected with a ſofter echo from the waves; and with theſe the ſacred bards join hymns of praiſe to Ceres, Proſerpine, and Iacchus. The dancers with a nimble bound ſkip from one bark to another, and with a thouſand antick geſtures expreſs their mimick raptures. I followed in the crowd of boats with Socrates and Alcibiades. Of the three remaining

days that precede the initiation, the firſt is paſſed in games, wherein the victors are rewarded with a meaſure of barley, that grain being firſt ſown in Eleuſis, the next in admitting perſons to the initiation of the leſſer myſteries; and the laſt is called Plemochoai, from a libation made 3) out of two earthen veſſels placed towards the eaſt and weſt, which, after the repetition of certain words, are thrown down, and their wine ſpilt upon the earth. And here what are properly called the myſteries begin: the happy initiates are conducted by the hierophant, who has attended them through all the ceremonies from the very firſt day, into the temple of Ceres, and the impenetrable gates of ſecrecy are ſhut againſt the profane. For a ſtranger, though but by accident, to be preſent at theſe ſecret rites is inevitable death; for an initiate to reveal them, death with infamy. Thus far, however, may be innocently known of them, that beſides the hierophant, whoſe buſineſs through life it is to preſide at them, they are attended by five publick officers, the chief of whom is one of the archons, bears the title of king, and the day following the myſteries, has the care of aſſembling the ſenate, to take notice of any irregularities that have been committed there. The other four are choſen 4) by the people, and called curators. The hierophant, or myſtagogue, has alſo three aſſiſtants of an higher, and ten of a lower rank, who are chiefly employed about the ſacrifices. Beyond this we know little but from conjecture; but thus much all the conjectures that I have ever heard, agree in, that the ſecret of theſe myſteries cannot conſiſt in ſhews alone, in viſions, in frightful noiſes, and appearances, calculated to aſtoniſh women and children indeed, but little capable of anſwering the raiſed expectations of the brave and wiſe, who all are ambitious of being admitted to them. Even in the leſſer myſteries many doctrines are inculcated of the higheſt importance, and conducive to virtue; yet theſe are but a preparation for the greater and to them no one is admitted, whoſe character is blemiſhed with any crime. On this initiation are ſuppoſed to depend the favour of the gods and the happineſs of a future ſtate. Shall we ſuppoſe then, that this degree of happineſs and merit is attained by merely beholding a number of ſtrange cermonies, by attending to the ſounds of ſolemn muſick, by being in a blaze of light, and on a ſudden in total darkneſs, by anſwering a few queſtions of courſe, aſked by the hierophant, about their previous preparations? Or is it by liſtening to a ſacred doctrine, that ſhall unfold the ſublimeſt truths of religion, by clearing from their minds the miſts of vulgar prejudice, and forming in them juſt notions of the Deity, the one ſupreme director of the world, ſuch as he is adored in Perſia, ſuch as he is taught in the more

publick Cretan myſteries, whence that people pretend theſe and all others to be derived. Such doctrines as theſe are thought to require the cloſeſt ſecrecy, as being too oppoſite to a uſeful popular belief. Such doctrines as theſe deſerve indeed the pomp with which theſe myſteries are introduced, as thoſe of all others the moſt venerable, as thoſe of all others the moſt important, as thoſe which alone can open the mind to true knowledge, and give a juſt and conſtant principle of action. Whether this be the myſtery revealed to the initiates or not, let us rejoice, who are in poſſeſſion of ſuch valuable knowledge; and if we conduct our lives in a manner ſuitable to it, we need not be perplexed by thoſe fears, with which many are terrified into the initiation, that merely wanting the name of initiates ſhall condemn us to eternal wretchedneſs; or indeed that thoſe who have only the name of it ſhall claim any ſuperiority over us in the juſt determinations of a future ſtate. Farewel.

T.

1) to teach. 2) to run. 3) to make. 4) to chooſe.

Cleander to Orſames.

From Salamis.

State of philoſophy in Greece. Account of the Ionick ſect.

I would endeavour, noble ſatrap, to equal, if not the agreeable and lively ſtile, which embelliſhes thy letters, at leaſt that judicious choice of materials in them, which joins ſo artfully inſtruction to ornament; and I imagine, that a ſhort ſurvey of the preſent ſtate of Grecian philoſophy will not be an unentertaining ſpeculation to one of thy improved and extenſive curioſity. Beſides the general uſe of an inquiry, which lays before us a kind of hiſtory of human reaſon, of the diſcoveries it is capable of making, the exalted heights to which it can attain, and the gradual and regular ſteps by which it proceeds in the ſearch of uſeful truth, I pleaſe myſelf

with thinking, that a particular advantage, with regard to thee, will attend my diſcuſſing this ſubject. For as Aegypt may be called the parent ſoil of ſcience, from whence the Greek philoſophers tranſplanted many doctrines taught 1) in the colleges of the prieſts, to cultivate them afterwards in their own ſchools; it is probable, that a view of the chief tenets maintained in the latter will further thy inquiries into the more myſterious learning of the former, which muſt reciprocally throw in light upon ſome obſcurities in the conduct and notions of thoſe who, by their long ſtay in Aegypt, received no ſmall tincture of the manners of their inſtructors. The Greek philoſophy is at preſent divided into two principal ſects, the Ionic, which was founded by Thales the Mileſian, and the Italic, which owes its riſe to Pythagoras. Thales was born in the 35 th olympiad, and is remarkable for being the firſt Grecian who taught a regular ſyſtem of philoſophy, and left 2) a ſucceſſion of diſciples behind him to eſtabliſh and maintain it. In the earlier part of his life he travelled into Aegypt and during a reſidence of ſeveral years there applied himſelf with ſuch genius and induſtry to the ſciences, under the direction of the prieſts that he became able at laſt even to inſtruct his maſters; and, it is ſaid, ſhewed them how to meaſure the height of the pyramids. He was afterwards employed in the ſervice of Croeſus king of Lydia; and contrived to make the river Halys fordable for the army of that prince, by drawing off the water into trenches. On his return to Greece, he lived in a learned retirement, dividing his time between the culture of his favourite ſtudies, geometry and aſtronomy, and the inſtruction of his followers, who held 3) him in the utmoſt veneration. He has left ſeveral moral precepts on record; but is moſt celebrated for his knowledge of nature. He taught, that water was the principle out of which the Supreme Being created all things; that the univerſe is filled with inviſible ſpirits, who inſpect the actions of men; that the earth is ſituated in the middle of the world, and moves round its own center. He was the firſt among the Greeks who calculated eclipſes of the ſun and moon, and made obſervations on the motions of the celeſtial bodies. It is owing to him, that thoſe wonderful phaenomena, which by the ignorant and ſuperſtitious are looked upon as omens of approaching calamity, and tokens of the Divine wrath, appear to the philoſophic eye as the ſimple and regular operations of beneficent and various nature; a diſcovery which alone ought to recommend his name to the eſteem of poſterity. He died in the ninety-ſecond year of his age, whilſt he was preſent at the Olympic games, and Anaximander, ſucceeded him in the Ionic ſchool. There is little known of this philo-

ſopher, except that in ſome points he did not adhere to the doctrine of his maſter; particularly he held, that there was nothing in the univerſe but an immenſe matter endowed with an infinite motion; and that in the fruitful boſom of the immenſe matter every thing was produced by an eternal revolution of form. By eſtabliſhing this ſyſtem, he excluded, at leaſt tacitly, the exiſtence of a ſupreme intelligent firſt cauſe. Anaximenes, his ſucceſſor, aſcribed the origin of all things to the air, and exerted his mechanical ſkill in the invention of a ſun-dial, which was firſt ſet up at Lacedæmon, to the no ſmall admiration of that warlike but unpoliſhed people. The ſchool of Thales was tranſported by Anaxagoras from Miletus, where till his time it had flouriſhed, to Athens, as a more conſpicuous theatre for his talents to diſplay themſelves in. This philoſopher was of a noble family in Ionia; but renounced all pretenſions to a ſhare in the government of his country, and the inheritance of conſiderable eſtate, in order to apply himſelf with leſs interruption to the ſtudy of wiſdom and the ſearch of truth. Whilſt he reſided at Athens, he had the honour of reckoning Pericles amongſt his diſciples; and it is generally believed, that the ſtatesman owed no ſmall part of his political as well as natural knowledge to the lectures of the ſpeculative ſage. The enemies of the former, unable to ruin his credit with the people, reſolved to attack him in the perſons of his friends, and accuſed Anaxagoras of degrading the ſun from the number of the gods by defining it to be a maſs of fiery matter. The Athenians, who, by an odd contradiction, expreſs frequently a warm zeal for the honour of their deities, when injured, as they imagine, by the philoſophers, though they ſuffer them to be expoſed with the low buffoonery of the comic poets, condemned him to death; but he avoided the ſentence, by retiring to Lampſacus, where he died ſoon after. His diſciples erected two altars to his memory, and dedicated the one to the eternal mind, and the other to truth.

Anaxagoras always declared himſelf againſt the notion of the world's being formed by chance, and attributed the order and life which are obſervable in it to the direction of an infinitely wiſe and powerful mind. He held that there is no vacuum in nature; that every body is diviſible in infinitum, and compoſed of little particles of a ſimilar nature, as blood, for inſtance, of particles of blood, water of particles of water, etc. But I need not tire thy patience, with enlarging further on the lives and tenets of the philoſophers of this ſect: what I have already ſaid is ſufficient to give thee a tolerable idea of them; and thou haſt judgment enough to perceive,

that many of their opinions, being only founded on the probable assertions of system, instead of proofs drawn from nature herself, must be left for confirmation, or rejection, to the more accurate inquiries of future ages. I shall only add, that the Ionic school under Archelaus, its present chief, has produced a disciple who seems likely to eclipse the fame, not only of his master, but of every philosopher who has yet arisen in Greece. His name is Socrates, and he applies himself wholly to the moral part of philosophy neglecting the natural, as a science too fanciful and uncertain. I must refer thee to another letter for an account of the Italic sect, and of Pythagoras its great founder, since this is already swelled to a greater length than I intended it should. If I indulge too far the honour thou hast granted me of thy correspondence, be persuaded, generous Orsames, that it is not owing to any impertinent affectation of informing thee, or any want of respect to thy quality, but to that early taste I perceive in thee for useful literature, and my ardent desire to share in that rational plan of education which thou hast laid down, of blending the elegant accomplishments of Grecian arts with the manly severities of the ancient discipline of Persia. Adieu.

B.

1) to teach. 2) to leave. 3) to hold.

Cleander to Orsames.

Account of the Italic sect and Pythagoras its Founder.

I have now found 1) leisure, noble Orsames, to complete my design of giving thee a cursory view of the present state of philosophy in Greece; and however imperfect the execution of it proves, let me venture to hope, that by taking my share in this literary correspondence, I make the most suitable return to the letters thou hast lately favoured me with, on the hieroglyphical learning of the Aegyptians; a subject on which, it might be easily imagined, that the acuteness of thy

judgment, and the elegance of thy ſtyle, would both diſplay themſelves to advantage.

In our philoſophical progreſs we have already gone through the ſect of Thales, and are next to paſs through that of Pythagoras. This celebrated philoſopher, born in the fourth year of the 43d olympiad, was (according to the general opinion) the ſon of a ſculptor at Samos; but the meanneſs of his parentage did not hinder him from being educated under one of the greateſt men of his time, Pherecydes of Syrus, who firſt taught the immortality of the ſoul. Upon his death, Pythagoras determined to trace ſcience as it were up to its fountain-head, and to ſupply himſelf with freſh ſtores of it in thoſe parts of the world where it ſeems to have ariſen. Animated by this deſire of knowledge, he ſubmitted that tedious and diſcouraging courſe of preparatory diſcipline, which is neceſſary to obtain the benefit of Aegyptian initiation. When he had made himſelf a thorough maſter of the ſciences, which are cultivated in the ſacerdotal colleges of Thebes and Memphis, he purſued his travels through the Eaſt, converſing with the Magi and Indian Brachmans, and mixing their doctrines with thoſe he had learnt in Aegypt. He afterwards ſtudied the laws of Minos at Crete, and thoſe of Lycurgus at Sparta. Having ſpent the earlier part of his life in this uſeful manner, it is no wonder if he returned to Samos well acquainted with every thing curious, either in nature or art, in foreign countries, improved with all the advantages proceeding from a regular and laborious courſe of learned education, and adorned likewiſe with that knowledge of mankind which is neceſſary to gain the aſcendant over them. Pythagoras, accuſtomed to freedom, diſliked the arbitrary government of Polycrates, then tyrant of Samos, and retired to Crotona in Italy, where he opened a ſchool of philoſophy; and by the gravity and ſanctity of his manners, the importance of his tenets, and the peculiarity of his inſtitutions, ſoon ſpread his fame and influence over Italy and Greece. Among other projects, which he uſed to create reſpect and gain credit to his aſſertion, he concealed himſelf in a cave, and cauſed it to be reported that he was dead; then after ſome time he came abroad, and pretended that the intelligence which his friends gave him in his retreat, of the tranſactions of Crotona, was collected during his ſtay in the other world among the ſhades of the departed. He formed the diſciples, who came from all parts to put themſelves under his direction, into a kind of republic, where none were admitted till a ſevere probation had ſufficiently exerciſed their patience and docility. He afterwards divided them into the eſoteric and exoteric claſſes: to the

former he entruſted the more ſublime and ſecret doctrines, to the latter the more ſimple and popular. This great man found himſelf able to unite the character of the legiſlator to that of the philoſopher, and to rival Lycurgus and Orpheus in the one, Pherecydes and Thales in the other; following, in this particular, the patterns ſet him by the Aegyptian prieſts his inſtructors, who are not leſs celebrated for ſettling the civil than the religious oeconomy of their nation. In imitation of them, Pythagoras gave laws to the republic of Crotona, and brought 2) the inhabitants from a ſtate of luxury and diſſoluteneſs, to be eminent for order and ſobriety. Whilſt he lived, he was frequently conſulted by the neighbouring republicks, as the compoſer of their differences, and the reformer of their manners; and ſince his death (which happened about the fourth year of the 70th olympiad, in a tumult raiſed againſt him by one Cylon) the adminiſtration of their affairs has generally been intruſted to ſome of his diſciples, amongſt whom, to produce the authority of their maſter for any aſſertion, is ſufficient to eſtabliſh the truth of it without further inquiry. The moſt celebrated of the philoſophical notions of Pythagoras, are thoſe concerning the nature of the Deity, the transmigration of ſouls into different bodies, (which he borrowed from the Brachmans,) and the ſyſtem of the world. As to the former, he held that God was diffuſed through all parts of the univerſe, like a kind of univerſal ſoul, pervading every particle of matter, and animating every living creature, from the moſt contemptible reptile to mankind themſelves, who ſhare a larger portion of the divine ſpirit. The metempſychoſis was founded on this maxim, that as the ſoul was of coeleſtial origin, it could not be annihilated, and therefore, upon abandoning one body neceſſarily removed into another; and frequently did penance for its former vicious inclinations, in the ſhape of a beaſt or an inſect, before it appeared again in that of a human creature. He pretended that he had a particular faculty given him by the gods, of remembering the various bodies his own ſoul had paſſed through, and confounded cavillers by referring them to his own experience. In his ſyſtem of the world, the third doctrine which diſtinguiſhes his ſect, was a ſuppoſition, that the ſun was at reſt in the centre, and that earth, the moon, and the other planets moved round it in different orbits. He pretended to have great ſkill in the myſterious properties of numbers, and held that ſome particular ones contained a peculiar force and ſignificancy; but whether theſe were his own whimſical fancies, or the refinements of his followers, I know not. It is certain he was a great geometrician, and inveſtigated a famous problem,

which goes by his name; nor was he leſs ſkilled in the knowledge of nature, though I give no credit to the miraculous ſecrets he is ſuppoſed to be maſter of, neither will I tire thee by mentioning ſuch idle fables. This remarkable circumſtance may ſerve to conclude my account of him, that he was the firſt who called himſelf by the modeſt title Philoſopher, a lover of wiſdom only; whereas the ſages, his predeceſſors, ſtiled themſelves Sophoi, the wiſe, arrogantly aſſuming a name, which the voice of mankind alone has a right to beſtow, and ſuppoſing they poſſeſſed what moſt of them all their lives purſued without obtaining.

There are few particulars known concerning Ariſtæus, who ſucceeded him in the Italic School, or Mnemarchus his ſon, who had next the honour to be advanced to his father's place. Empedocles of Agrigentum is at preſent the moſt celebrated philoſopher of this ſect: there are ſeveral wonderful ſtories told 3) of him. He ſeems, like Pythagoras, to be an able naturaliſt, exalted into a magician by the ignorant and ſuperſtitious. According to him, the four elements are the firſt principles of all things, which continue in a perpetual flux and agitation, occaſioned by two different qualities, an uniting and a ſeparating one, which, as they prevail, vary the productions and effects of nature. Democritus of Abdera (with whom I will conclude this account of the Greek philoſophers) has made himſelf famous, by maintaining the atomical ſyſtem; of which I ſhall only ſay, that it excludes the exiſtence of a Deity, and aſcribes the formation of the world to the fortuitous concourſe of unperiſhable atoms endowed with motion. The ſtrange humour and temper of the man is not unſuitable to ſo ſtrange a doctrine, he finds occaſion for laughter in every incident of human life; a funeral or a triumph, an aſſembly of ſenators or a company of fools contribute equally to his mirth; juſt the contrary character to Heraclitus of Epheſus, who finds occaſion for tears in the ſame actions which excite laughter in the other. Theſe are the chief ſyſtems of philoſophy prevailing at preſent in Greece; and the profeſſors of them, while they outwardly conform to the religion of the country, are not only tolerated, but meet with public honours and encouragement. Thou mayſt eaſily judge from the differences, which are allowed in the moſt important points, as the nature of the gods, the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate, that the religion of the Greeks conſiſt rather in a variety of ceremonies and rites, adapted to the particular powers and attributes of their local deities, than in points of belief, and eſtabliſhed doctrines in theological matters. Thou wilt likewiſe obſerve, on what unſtable

foundations the knowledge of nature is at preſent built, whilſt every ſect frames a peculiar hypotheſis, (which has no relation, either in the general principles, or particular branches of it, to any of the reſt,) and then endeavours to balance the want of reaſons by the weight of numbers; as if the only point to be conſidered was, how to perplex mankind by the variety of oppoſite tenets, inſtead of enlightening their underſtandings; to overbear them by poſitive aſſertions, inſtead of convincing them by ſolid arguments. Till thoſe happy times ſhall come, when Nature may perhaps deign to unfold her ſecrets to the ſearches of inquiſitive mortals, let us be contented to gratify our curioſity in theſe ſpeculations, without expecting from them much real improvement in ſcience. Farewel.

P.

1) *to find.* 2) *to bring.*

Cleander to Smerdis.

Character of the Grecian ſages compared with Zoroaſter.

In a former letter I told thee of an extraordinary philoſopher, who hath appeared within theſe few years in the town of Athens. And as thy attention muſt of courſe be raiſed to hear that ſo much learning exiſts among the Greeks, it is my deſign in the preſent, to give thee an account of ſome, who have been eſteemed in this part of the world for the ſuperiority of their wiſdom, and the remarkable ſanctity of their manners. To ſay nothing of the Ionic and Italic ſchools, which in their turns have produced perſons of great eminence and abilities, I ſhall entirely confine myſelf to ſpeak of the ſeven ſage contemporaries of Greece.

Thales of Miletus, who is generally counted in the number, was founder of the Ionic ſect: the reſt are Bias and Cleobulus of Caria, Chilon and Myſon of Laconia

Solon of Athens, and Pittacus of Mitylene. They were ſo highly reſpected by their countrymen, as to be diſtinguiſhed by the honourable title which I have juſt now mentioned. Nor indeed is it to be wondered at, if ſuch ſingular regard was paid to them, ſince however deficient their doctrines may ſeem in more enlightened times, yet methinks a natural reverence is due to thoſe who firſt opened the avenues to philoſophy, and were the earlieſt improvers of human reaſon. The particular accident which is ſaid to have been the occaſion that this title was beſtowed on them, is thus related by the Grecian annaliſts. Some Mileſian fiſhers having taken a ſilver tripod in one of their nets, were not able to agree among themſelves to whom the property of it ſhould belong, and therefore referred the matter in diſpute to the oracle at Delphi. The oracle pronounced it ſhould be given to the wiſeſt man. Accordingly it was ſent 1) to Thales who modeſtly declined accepting it; and ſo it paſſed from one to another of theſe philoſophers, till it was at laſt dedicated by Solon to the god Apollo. When it was brought 2) to Myſon, the perſons charged with it were received by him in the habit of a menial ſlave working on his own grounds. Happy times of primitive ſimplicity, when a wiſe man was known by no other token than his virtue!

I proceed to Thales. He was born in the firſt year of the thirty-fifth olympiad, and was the moſt celebrated geometrician, naturaliſt, and aſtronomer of the age he lived in. But I ſhall not preſent him to thee, Smerdis, in any one of theſe regards; and chuſe rather to conſider him in the capacity of a moral teacher. For as thou, in the character of a religious inſtructor, art more verſed in precepts for the conduct of life, than the idle reſearches of ſcience; ſo thou art better pleaſed with the profeſſors of the former than the latter. Thales, having received ſeveral queſtions from Amaſis the king of Aegypt, ſent him the following anſwer to each of them: "Wouldſt thou be informed what is oldeſt? „It is God, becauſe he is a being from eternity. Wouldſt „thou know, what is greateſt? It is ſpace, becauſe the world „contains all things. but that contains the world. Wouldſt „thou be ſatisfied, what is faireſt? It is the earth, becauſe it „is exquiſitely contrived and diſpoſed. Wouldſt thou be told, „what is wiſeſt? It is time, becauſe it diſcovers the moſt ſecret „tranſactions. Wouldſt thou be acquainted, what is common „to all men? It is hope, for when every poſſeſſion is gone, „that abides with us. Doſt thou aſk, what is beſt? It is „virtue, for it ſweetens the enjoyments of life. Doſt thou „aſk, what is worſt? It is vice, for it corrupts every good.

„Doſt thou inquire, what is ſtrongeſt? It is neceſſity, becauſe „that alone is invincible. Doſt thou inquire, what is moſt agreeable? „It is to obey the dictates of nature, and purſue the ends „ſhe has marked out.' As he had ſpent 3) the beſt part of his paternal fortune in literary purſuits, his friends reprimanded him one day ſeverely for his neglect of it; but he told them, that a wiſe man was always rich, while a rich man had ſeldom the happineſs to be wiſe. And upon their aſking him, what advantage he had reaped from his acquirements in knowledge? he anſwered, he would ſoon give them a remarkable inſtance of it. In ſhort, having foreſeen by ſome phyſical obſervations, that it would be a fruitful year, he bargained with the inhabitants of Miletus for the produce of their olive-trees in the enſuing ſeaſon. From theſe he extracted a large quantity of oil, the profits of which proved a conſiderable revenue to him. When his acquaintance came to congratulate him on this ſucceſs, he generouſly diſtributed his gains to the neceſſitous; adding, that it was the duty of a philoſopher to eſteem money at a low rate. They tell of him, that in a conference which he held 4) with a philoſopher of Priene, relating to his extraordinary method of calculating the proportion that the ſun's body bears to the orbit he deſcribes in his annual courſe, the Prienaean admiring the acuteneſs of Thales, and the beauty of the invention, intreated him to command any reward which it lay in his power to beſtow on him; but Thales made him this anſwer; "I „require no other reward from you, than that you ſhould „not arrogate to yourſelf the credit of the invention; but if „ever you impart it to others, inform them of the true author. „The wiſeſt men are by no means contemners of glory; much „leſs ſhould I, who am very far from the poſſeſſions of „wiſdom, be pleaſed with any man, who would unjuſtly „uſurp to himſelf the honour of thoſe diſcoveries, which might „otherwiſe redound to my own reputation." A queſtion was one day put to him, whether it were poſſible for a man to conceal his action from the gods? "Impoſſible" ſaid he, "becauſe they are even acquainted with our thoughts." He uſed to thank Providence for three things; that he was born a reaſonable being, and not a brute; a man, and not a woman; a Greek, and not a Barbarian. His love of liberty and independence was ſuch, that during his reſidence in the palace of Amaſis, he made himſelf obnoxious to the miniſters, by the freedom and boldneſs of his converſation. In particular, he expreſſed his abhorrence of tyranny ſo ſtrongly, that it gave offence to the king, who could never be eaſy till he had ſent him away with ſome notable marks of his diſpleaſure. The reflection which chiefly enraged them was this: "That of

„all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, and of all tame beaſts a flatterer." Thus was Thales an excellent philoſopher, but a bad courtier! This however happened fortunately for Greece, ſince by that means he was forced back into his native country, which he enriched with thoſe invaluable treaſures of learning that he brought from Aegypt.

Bias was deſcended of a noble family in Priene. He had a natural talent for eloquence, which he improved by practice, that his name as an orator grew famous over all Greece. To tell a pleader, that he had performed at the bar of a court of juſtice like Bias of Priene; was for many years thought 5) the higheſt compliment that could have decently been paid to any one. The moſt remarkable ſtory, that is told of him, I find to be this: When Ardus, who ſucceeded Gyges on the throne of Lydia, took 6) the city of Priene by ſtorm, and was juſt preparing to give it up to the plunder of his ſoldiers, the inhabitants were diligently employed in removing their effects. In the midſt of this general conſternation, Bias alone appeared not concerned for the event; and being admoniſhed by ſome of his acquaintance to follow their example, he immediately anſwered them, "You „are miſtaken, if you think I am unmindful of my affairs; „for all that is mine I carry with me." There is one recept of his, which bears hard upon his character, viz. "That „we ſhould ever behave towards an enemy, as if he might „become our friend; and towards a friend, as if he might „become our enemy." The firſt part of it, which regards our conduct to an enemy, is a wiſe and rational reflection; but the laſt part, that regards our conduct to a friend, ſeems deſtructive of ſocial happineſs, and the pleaſure reſulting from the unreſerved overflowings of affection. The different circumſtances and caſualties of my life, venerable Smerdis, (and ſurely various are the trials I have undergone,) never gave me occaſion, I confeſs to thee, to believe it a neceſſary maxim. This concluſion, however, thou wilt naturally draw from it; that the philoſopher who imparted this ſevere advice to the world, muſt have entruſted the ſecrets of his heart to a man, who proved afterwards perfidious; and the rather, becauſe one would imagine that nothing could have extorted it from him, but his own fatal experience of the corruption and fickleneſs of human nature. How much better is the generous principle of his countryman Cleobulus, that "Enemies are to be reclaimed by a gentle forbearance, and „friends to be preſerved by a cordial benevolence!" The life of this philoſopher was not diſtinguiſhed by any intereſting events. It is known of him in general, that he lived happily

in the office of principal magiſtrate in his city, and was bleſſed by Providence with an extraordinary daughter. She was a celebrated compoſer of aenigmas, many of which ſhe ſent into Aegypt to be ſolved by the ſagacity of the learned. Though her father was very attentive to the management of his paſſions, yet ſhe was of great ſervice to him in moderating thoſe unguarded ſtarts of anger, which were apt to break from him; a circumſtance the more agreeable to Cleobulus, as it was accompanied with all the amiable ſimplicity of real tenderneſs and duty!

Chilon poſſeſſed the dignity of an Ephorus in Lacedaemon. Being aſked by Aeſop the fabuliſt, what he thought moſt difficult, he replied, "to keep a ſecret and not bear an „injury." He wrote 7) a letter to Periander of Corinth, in which he told him, that, "it was impoſſible for a tyrant „to be ſafe; and he might eſteem himſelf ſingularly fortunate, „if he died peaceably in his bed." In his old age he declared among his intimates, that he was not conſcious he had ever done any thing inconſiſtent with his duty, except that in a conteſt between one whom he loved, and another whom he had no regard for, he was unwilling to determine either againſt his friend or the law, and ſo perſuaded him to appeal to a different tribunal, where he might hope to be acquitted. How few are there who, like Chilon, at the cloſe of a long life, can accuſe their judgment but once of being warped by partiality?

Myſon was an inhabitant of the town of Chaena. Notwithſtanding his father was governor of the place, he ſeems to have neglected thoſe honours to which his birth and rank did naturally call him, and to have retired from the noiſe of publick buſineſs to his little farm, confining himſelf to the culture of his lands, and the improvement of his own mind.

I come now to Solon. Were I to give thee a particular account of his inſtitutions, this letter would ſwell into a volume; nor will I endeavour to deſcribe to thee the rapturous veneration which the Athenians pay to his memory, ſince an attempt of that ſort could only preſent thee with a faint idea of it. Beſides, thou mayeſt perceive it is no part of my deſign to conſider him as a wiſe law-giver or a ſuperior politician, but as he ſtands on an equality with the reſt of theſe ſpeculative philoſophers. Having met 8) with innumerable croſſes, which uſually diſturb a good man in republican governments, Solon was rather forced by the neceſſity of the times, than tempted by his curioſity, to travel into Aegypt.

However, while he ſtaid there, he made himſelf well acquainted with the knowledge of the country. On his return to Athens, he found Piſiſtratus inveſted with the ſupreme authority; and though he was his neareſt relation, yet he vigorouſly oppoſed each of his arbitrary meaſures. He told his countrymen, that "in aſſerting their common liberties, he thought „himſelf wiſer than ſome among them, and braver than others; „wiſer than thoſe who ſuſpected not the intentions of Piſiſtratus, and braver than thoſe who ſuſpected them, but „timorouſly concealed their ſentiments." He uſed to ſay, "that „laws are like cobwebs, they entangle the weak and men of „low condition, but the rich and the powerful break through „them. The ſtory of his conference with Croeſus on the ſubject of happineſs, is well known, from the large account of it that hath been lately publiſhed in the Clio of Herodotus. I imagine a copy of that excellent hiſtory muſt have penetrated into Bactria; and therefore will not trouble thee with a tedious repetition of what is there recited, nor ſpoil its beauty by contracting it. Solon, in order to prevent the abuſes, which might ariſe from the extenſive power of the people, created a council of four hundred to be choſen out of the tribes, who were to examine every propoſition, before it was offered to the general aſſembly for their determination. On this head Anacharſis, the Scythian ſage, made a lively remark to him: "Methinks, (ſaid he), it is a „ſtrange diſpoſition of your affairs, that you ſhould ſuffer „wiſe men to debate, and leave it to fools to decide."

Pittacus was a man of remarkable ſteadineſs in his conduct. He killed the tyrant who oppreſſed his country, and for that gallant action the people of Mitylene ſubmitted themſelves of their own accord to his authority. He governed them for ten years with ſurprizing lenity; and when they begun 9) to grow weary of him, he abdicated the regal office. He would frequently exclaim, "How difficult it is for „a great man to be honeſt?" Without doubt, he had experienced, that the life of a prince was one miſerable round of diſſimulation; and that it was ſometimes more neceſſary to ſatisfy the exigencies of ſtate-policy, than the dictates of conſcience. He exhorted his friends to ſecure a retreat within their own boſoms, and to fly from the troubleſome crowd of flatterers, which ſurrounded them, to that engaging ſolitude. He ordered a wheel to be placed in the temple at Mitylene as an emblem of the uncertain courſe of fortune and viciſſitude of things.

I have now laid before thee, venerable Smerdis, ſuch material particulars, as I have been able to collect, relating

to the lives and characters of the wiſe men. Nor can it have eſcaped thy penetration, that in the maxims, which I have cited from them in the courſe of my letter, they have touched upon thoſe leſſons of wiſdom, which are the moſt improving, and conveyed them to the underſtanding of others with the cleareſt brevity. At the ſame time it muſt be owned, that the ſentences I ſpeak of, though they are certainly very precious remains of their opinions, are yet far from compoſing any regular and conſiſtent ſcheme of philoſophy. Hence is it, that the doctrines of the Grecian ſages ſwarm with various contradictions, while ſome have rejected with diſdain, what others ſupported with obſtinacy. How little then can any or all of them be compared with the inſpired prophet of the Eaſt! If theſe had the happineſs to be bleſſed with any faint dawnings of the light of reaſon; Zoroaſter enjoyed it in its full force and luſtre. If theſe laid down any rational principles of conduct in human life; Zoroaſter underſtood the relations of duty, and revealed a noble ſyſtem of morality. If theſe were eminent among their citizens for philoſophical auſterities; Zoroaſter may be conſidered as a perfect pattern of virtue. If theſe inveſtigated any truths in the knowledge of nature; Zoroaſter was acquainted with all her ſecret wonders and mighteſt operations. If theſe, when they worſhipped that immortal power, who is the provident artiſt, and wiſe governor of the univerſe, confined themſelves to the petty limits of a temple made with hands, and offered ſacrifices on altars of their own erecting; Zoroaſter taught, 10) that the temple of Oromasdes was infinite ſpace, that his altar was the earth, the air, and the heavens. If theſe were of ſervice to one corner of mankind, to their native cities, and the narrow diſtricts of their own communities; the religion of Zoroaſter was not fixed to one place or ſociety of men; it has made its way through innumerable nations of the world. To conclude, the philoſophers, like the gods of Greece, were partial in their knowledge, ſelfiſh in their purſuits, unſettled in their conduct, contentious in their natures, mean in their affections: Zoroaſter, like his own deity, the great Oromasdes, was boundleſs in knowledge, extenſive in benevolence, uniform in his conduct, undiſturbed in his nature, refined in his affections. In a word, the former were only fitted to perplex the reaſon, and divide the hearts of their countrymen; while the latter was born to clear and improve the one to enlarge and unite the other. Adieu.

C.

1) to ſend. 2) to bring. 3) to ſpend. 4) to hold. 5) to think. 6) to take. 7) to write. 8) to meet. 9) to begin. 10) to teach.

The character of Marius.

The birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of the age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardineſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made 1) him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger, thought 2) him the only man fit to be truſted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and deſperate war: and, in truth, he twice delivered them from the moſt deſperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the obſervation of his martial talent, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave 3) a kind of prophetic teſtimony of his future glory; for being aſked by ſome of his officers, who were ſupping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in caſe of any accident to himſelf? That man replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the moſt favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his meaſures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inſpired his ſoldiers with a confidence of victory; ſo that his enemies dreaded him as ſomething more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulſe and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accompliſhment of learning, which he openly affected to deſpiſe; ſo that Arpinum had the ſingular felicity to produce the moſt glorious contemner, as well as the moſt illuſtrious improver of the arts and eloquence of Rome. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of ſuſtaining his authority in the city, than by cheriſhing the natural jealouſy between the ſenate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might 4) always be at the head of the other; whoſe favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the ſtatesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private intereſt and glory. In ſhort, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly ſerviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever ſeeking oc-

caſions to mortify them, and ready to ſacrifice the republic which he had ſaved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life ſpent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domeſtic wars, he died at laſt in his bed in a good old age, and in his ſeventh conſulſhip; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

1) to make. 2) to think. 3) to give. 4) I may.

The character of Sylla.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorſhip, and reſtored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatneſs of mind, lived many months as a private ſenator, and with perfect ſecurity, in that city where he had exerciſed the moſt bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that during the three years in which the Marians were maſters of Italy, he neither diſſembled his reſolution of purſuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, firſt to chaſtiſe a foreign enemy, before he took 1) his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his anceſtors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almoſt ſunk 2) into obſcurity, till he produced it again into light, by aſpiring to the honours of the ſtate. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully inſtituted himſelf in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondneſs for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleaſure; ſo that when he was ſent quaeſtor to Marius, in the Iugurthine war, Marius complained, that in ſo rough and deſperate a ſervice chance had given him ſo ſoft and delicate a quaeſtor. But, whether rouſed by the example, or ſtung 3) by the reproach of his general, he behaved himſelf in that charge with the greateſt vigour and courage, ſuffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himſelf equal and familiar even to the loweſt of the ſoldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money: ſo that he ſoon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and

ſkilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himſelf, baniſhed and proſcribed, into that very province, where he had been contemned by him at firſt as his quaeſtor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his paſſions and purpoſes; and was ſo different from himſelf in different circumſtances, that he ſeemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory: none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practiſed the ſame art that he had ſeen ſo ſucceſsful to Marius, of raiſing a kind of enthuſiaſm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auſpices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little ſtatue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had reſolved to give battle, uſed to embrace it in ſight of the ſoldiers, and beg the ſpeedy confirmation of its promiſes to him. From an uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſs and proſperity, he aſſumed a ſurname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, ſays Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title drawn from the blood and oppreſſion of his country; for which poſterity would think him more unfortunate, even than thoſe whom the had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himſelf, of being the only man in hiſtory, in whom the odium of the moſt barbarous cruelties, was extinguiſhed by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cauſe, yet deteſted the inhumanity of his victory, and never ſpeaks of him with reſpect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a maſter of three moſt peſtilent vices, „luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the firſt of his family whoſe dead body was burnt; for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehenſive of the ſame inſult upon his own, if left to the uſual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the ſum of which was, "that „no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his „friends, or hurt to his enemies."

1) to take. 2) to find. 3) to fling.

The character of Pompey.

Pompey had early acquired the ſurname of the Great, by that ſort of mer. which, from the conſtitution of the republic, neceſſarily made him great; a fame and ſucceſs in war, ſuperior to what Rome had ever known in the moſt celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three ſeveral times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Aſia, Africa; and by his victories had almoſt doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found 1) the leſſer Aſia the boundary, but left 2) it the middle of their empire. He was about ſix years older than Caeſar; and while Caeſar immerſed in pleaſures, oppreſſed with debts, and ſuſpected by all honeſt men, was hardly able to ſhew his head, Pompey was flouriſhing in the height of power and glory; and, by the conſent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poſt that his ambition ſeemed to aim at, to be the firſt man in Rome, the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himſelf the maſter of it without any riſk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at leaſt, had not reſtrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to ſeize by force; and, by fomenting the diſorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the neceſſity of creating him dictator. It is an obſervation of all the hiſtorians, that while Caeſar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or uſurped, whether over thoſe who loved, or thoſe who feared him; Pompey ſeemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any deſire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leiſure he found from his wars, he employed in the ſtudy of polite letters, and eſpecially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded ſeveral cauſes with applauſe, in the defence of his friends and clients; and ſome of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his ſentiments juſt; his voice ſweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he obſerved the ſame diſcipline, a perpetual modeſty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and ſtriking. His perſon was extremely graceful, and imprinting reſpect; yet with an air of reſerved haughtineſs, which became the general better than the citizen.

His parts were plauſible, rather than great; ſpecious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief inſtrument of governing was diſſimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real ſentiments. As he was a better ſoldier than a ſtatesman, ſo what he gained in the camp he uſually loſt 3) in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent oppoſition of the ſenate drove 4) him to that alliance with Craſſus and Caeſar, which proved fatal both to himſelf and the republic. He took 5) in theſe two; not as the partners, but the miniſters rather of his power; that by giving them ſome ſhare with him, he might make his own authority uncontroulable: he had no reaſon to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; ſince neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raiſe them above the laws; a ſuperior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cheriſhing Caeſar, and drawing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at laſt too ſtrong for himſelf, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly diſſuaded both his union and his breach with Caeſar; and after the rupture, as warmly ſtill, the thought of giving him battle: if any of theſe counſels had been followed, Pompey had preſerved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural ſuperſtition, and attention to thoſe vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruſpices: he had ſeen the ſame temper in Marius and Sylla, and obſerved the happy effects of it: but they aſſumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they uſed it to animate their ſoldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, againſt all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He ſaw 6) his miſtakes at laſt, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharſalia, was forced to confeſs, that he had truſted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and ſeen farther into things than he. The reſolution of ſeeking refuge in Aegypt finiſhed the ſad cataſtrophe of his great man; the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and reſtoration to his kingdom: and the ſon had ſent a conſiderable fleet to his aſſiſtance in the preſent war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whoſe politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the eſtabliſhment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipſed by the admiſſion of Pompey. How happy had it been for

him to have died in that ſickneſs, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his ſafety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharſalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died ſtill glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reſerved for an example of the inſtability of human greatneſs, he, who a few days before commanded kings and conſuls, and all the nobleſt of home, was ſentenced to lie by a council of ſlaves; murdered by a baſe deſerter; caſt out naked and headleſs on the Aegyptian ſtrand; and when the whole earth, as Vellelus ſays, had ſcarce been ſufficient for his victories, could not find a ſpot upon it at laſt for a grave. His body was burnt 7) on the ſhore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fiſhing-boat; and his aſhes, being conveyed to Rome, were depoſited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his alban villa. The Aegyptians however raiſed a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of braſs, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almoſt in ſand and rubbiſh, was ſought out, 8) and reſtored by the emperor Hadrian.

1) *to find.* 2) *to leave.* 3) *to loſe.* 4) *to drive.* 5) *to take.* 6) *to ſee.* 7) *to burn.* 8) *to ſeek out.*

The character of Iulius Caeſar.

Caeſar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearleſs in action; and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond meaſure to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, ſcarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred; 1) and Quinctilian ſays, that he ſpoke 2) with the ſame force with which he fought; 3) and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of

the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, where ſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs; yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought 4) Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth; ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary, to acquire and to ſupport power, ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other; with money therefore he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince, nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the firſt citizens of Rome; but, diſtaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it: and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought 5) his reign to a violent end.

1) to breed. 2) to ſpeak. 3) to fight. 4) to think. 5) to bring.

Life of Cicero.

The ſtory of Cicero's death continued freſh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after it; and was delivered down to poſterity, with all its circumſtances, as one of the moſt affecting and memorable events of their hiſtory: ſo that the ſpot on which it happened, ſeems to have been viſited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The odium of it fell 1) chiefly on Antony; yet it left 2) a ſtain of perfidy and ingratitude alſo on Auguſtus; which explains the reaſons of that ſilence, which is obſerved about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not ſo much as mentioned either by Horace or Virgil. For though his character would have furniſhed a glorious ſubject for many noble lines, yet he was no ſubject for court poets, ſince the very mention of him muſt have been a ſatire on the prince, eſpecially while Antony lived; among the ſycophants of whoſe court it was faſhionable to inſult his memory, by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay, Virgil on an occaſion that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, inſtead of doing juſtice to his merit, choſe 3) to do an injuſtice rather to Rome itſelf, by yielding the ſuperiority of eloquence to the Greeks, which they themſelves had been forced to yield to Cicero.

Livy, however, whoſe candour made Auguſtus call him a Pompeian, while, out of complaiſance to the times, he ſeems to extenuate the crime of Cicero's murder, yet after a high encomium of his virtues, declares, that to praiſe him as he deſerved, required the eloquence of Cicero himſelf. Auguſtus too, as Plutarch tells us, happening one day to catch his grandſon reading one of Cicero's books, which, for fear of the emperor's diſpleaſure, the boy endeavoured to hide under his gown, took 4) the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave 5) it back again, and ſaid, "This was a learned man, my child, „and a lover of his country."

In the ſucceeding generations, as the particular envy to Cicero ſubſided, by the death of thoſe whoſe private intereſts and perſonal quarrels had engaged to hate when living, and defame him when dead, ſo his name and memory began 6) to ſhine out in its proper luſtre; and in the reign even of Tiberius when an eminent ſenator and hiſtorian, Cremutius Cordus, was condemned to die for praiſing Brutus, yet Paterculus could not forbear breaking out into the following

warm expoſtulation with Antony on the ſubject of Cicero's death: "Thou haſt done nothing, Antony; haſt done nothing, „I ſay, by ſetting a price on that divine and illuſtrious head, „and by a deteſtable reward procuring the death of ſo great „a conſul and preſerver of the republic. Thou haſt snatched „from Cicero a troubleſome being, a declining age, a life „more miſerable under thy dominion than death itſelf; but ſo „far from diminiſhing the glory of his deeds and ſayings, „thou haſt increaſed it. He lives, and will live in the me„mory of all ages; and as long as this ſyſtem of nature, „whether by chance or what way ſo ever formed, which he „alone of all the Romans comprehended in his mind, and „illuſtrated by his eloquence, ſhall remain intire, it will draw „the praiſes of Cicero along with it: and all poſterity will „admire his writings againſt thee, curſe thy act againſt „him."

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or hiſtorians, ſeem to vie with each other in celebrating the praiſes of Cicero, as the moſt illuſtrious of all their patriots and the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence; who had done more honour to his country by his writings, than all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond thoſe of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the claſs of their inferior deities; a rank which he would have preſerved to this day, if he had happened to live in papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as Erasmus ſays, from the innocence of his life, of obtaining the honour and title of a ſaint.

As to his perſon, he was tall and ſlender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preſerving a comelineſs and dignity to the laſt, with a certain air of chearfulneſs and ſerenity, that imprinted both affection and reſpect. His conſtitution was naturally weak, yet was ſo confirmed by his management of it, as to enable him to ſupport all the fatigues of the moſt active, as well as the moſt ſtudious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, conſiſted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refreſhment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the ſummer, he generally gave it himſelf the exerciſe of a journey, to viſit his ſeveral eſtates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal inſtrument of health was diet and temperance: by theſe he preſerved himſelf from all violent

diſtempers; and when he happened to be attacked by any ſlight indiſpoſition, uſed to inforce the ſeverity of his abſtinence, and ſtarve it preſently by faſting.

In his cloaths and dreſs, which the wiſe have uſually conſidered as an index of the mind, he obſerved, what he preſcribes in his book of *Offices*, a modeſty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanlineſs, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of ſingularity, and avoiding the extremes of a ruſtic negligence and foppiſh delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal contempt of it, the other a childiſh pride and oſtentation of proclaiming our pretenſions to it.

In his domeſtic and ſocial life his behaviour was very amiable: he was a moſt indulgent parent, a ſincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous maſter. His letters are full of the tendereſt expreſſions of love for his children; in whoſe endearing converſation, as he often tells us, he uſed to drop all his cares, and relieve himſelf from all his ſtruggles in the ſenate and the forum. The ſame affection, in an inferior degree, was extended alſo to his ſlaves, when by their fidelity and ſervices they had recommended themſelves to his favour. We have ſeen a remarkable inſtance of it in Tiro, whoſe caſe was no otherwiſe different from the reſt, than as it was diſtinguiſhed by the ſuperiority of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," ſays he, "to „write: and my mind indeed is ſomewhat ruffled at preſent; „for Socitheus, my reader, is dead; a hopeful youth; which „has afflicted me more than one would imagine the death of „a ſlave ought 2) to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendſhip, and of its excellent uſe and benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illuſtrated in his entertaining treatiſe on that ſubject: where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendſhips in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deſerting, or even ſlighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or eſteemed an honeſt man. It was his delight to advance their proſperity, to relieve their adverſity; the ſame friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was moſt wanted, and his ſervices the moſt diſintereſted; looking upon it not as a friendſhip, but a ſordid traffic and merchandize of benefits, where good offices are to be weighed by a

nice eſtimate of gain and loſs. He calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it the moſt capital of all duties; and uſes the words grateful and good as terms ſynonymous, and inſeparably united in the ſame character. His writings abound with ſentiments of this ſort, as his life did with the examples of them; ſo that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a requeſt, obſerves to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a ſufficient excuſe for it; ſince he had eſtabliſhed ſuch a cuſtom, of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requeſted, but claimed a right to command him.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greateſt injuries, upon the ſlighteſt ſubmiſſion; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himſelf, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he ſought 3) out reaſons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his moſt inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous inſtances in his hiſtory. He declared nothing to be more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability; and laid down for a natural duty, to moderate our revenge, and obſerve a temper in puniſhing; and held 4) repentance to be a ſufficient ground for remitting it: and it was one of his ſayings, delivered to a public aſſembly, that his enmities were mortal, his friendſhips immortal. His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, ſplendid and noble: his houſe was open to all the learned ſtrangers and philoſophers of Greece and Aſia; ſeveral of whom were conſtantly entertained in it as a part of his family, and ſpent 5) their whole lives wit him. His levee was perpetually crouded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himſelf not diſdaining to freequent it. The greateſt part came 6) not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of buſineſs to the ſenate or the forum; where upon any debate or tranſaction of moment they conſtantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when theſe morning viſits were over, as they uſually were before ten, he retired to his books, and ſhut himſelf up in his library without ſeeking any other diverſion but what his children afforded to the ſhort intervals of his leiſure. His ſupper was the greateſt meal; and the uſual ſeaſon with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night. Yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light; and never uſed to ſleep again at

noon, as all others generally did, and as it is commonly practiſed in Rome to this day.

But though he was ſo temperate and ſtudious, yet when he was engaged to ſup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid 7) aſide his rules and forgot the invalid; and was gay and ſprightly, and the very ſoul of the company. When friends were met, 8) together, to heighten the comforts of ſocial life, he thought 9) it inhoſpitable not to contribute his ſhare to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churliſh reſervedneſs. But he was really a lover of chearful entertainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and ſingularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great ſervice to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adverſary; relieve the ſatiety of a tedious cauſe; divert the minds of the judges; and mitigate the rigour of a ſentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expence of the accuſer.

The uſe of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials: but in private converſations he was charged ſometimes with puſhing his raillery too far; and through a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his laſhes inflicted. Yet of all his ſarcaſtical jokes, which are transmitted to us by antiquity, we ſhall not obſerve any but what were pointed againſt characters, either ridiculous or profligate; ſuch as he deſpiſed for their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the ſpleen, and quicken the malice of his enemies, more than was conſiſtent with a regard to his own eaſe, yet he never appears to have hurt or loſt 10) a friend or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jeſting.

It is certain, that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, that ſeveral ſpurious collections of his ſayings were handed about in Rome in his life-time, till his friend Trebonius, after he had been conſul, thought it worth while to publiſh an authentic edition of them, in a volume which he addreſſed to Cicero himſelf. Caeſar likewiſe, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the Apophthegms, or memorable ſayings of eminent men, gave ſtrict orders to all his friends who uſed to frequent Cicero, to bring him every thing of that ſort, which happened to drop from him in their company. But Tiro, Cicero's freedman, who ſerved him chiefly in his ſtudies and literary affairs, publiſhed after his

death the moſt perfect collection of his Sayings, in three books; where Quintilian however wiſhes, that he had been more ſparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them. None of theſe books are now remaining nor any other ſpecimen of the jeſts, but what are incidently ſcattered in different parts of his own and other people's writings; which, as the ſame judicious critic obſerves, through the change of taſte in different ages, and the want of that action or geſture, which gave the chief ſpirit to many of them, could never be explained to advantage, though ſeveral had attempted it. How much more cold then and inſipid muſt they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular characters and ſtories to which they relate, as well as the peculiar faſhions, humour, and taſte of wit in that age? Yet even in theſe, as Quintilian alſo tells us, as well as in his other compoſitions, people would ſooner find what they might reject, than what they could add to them.

He had a great number of fine houſes in different parts of Italy; ſome writers reckon up eighteen; which, excepting the family ſeat at Arpinum, ſeem to have been all purchaſed, or built by himſelf. They were ſituated generally near to the ſea, and placed at proper diſtances along the lower coaſt, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples; and for the elegance of ſtructure, and the delights of their ſituation, are called by him the eyes, or the beauties of Italy. Thoſe in which he took the moſt pleaſure, and uſually ſpent ſome part of every year, were his Tuſculum, Antium, Auſtura, Arpinum; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolan, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous gueſts; many of whom, of the firſt quality, uſed to paſs ſeveral days with him in their excurſions from Rome. But beſides theſe that may properly be reckoned ſeats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had ſeveral little inns as he calls them, or baiting-places on the road, built for his accommodation in paſſing from one houſe to another.

His Tuſculan houſe had been Sylla's, the dictator; and in one of its apartments had a painting of his memorable victory near Nola, in the Marſic war, in which Cicero had ſerved under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable proſpect of the city, and the country around it,

with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large ſtream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of Tuſculum. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour from the fatigues of the bar or the ſenate, to breathe a little freſh air, and divert himſelf with his friends or family: ſo that this was the place in which he took the moſt delight and ſpent the greateſt ſhare of his leiſure; and for that reaſon improved and adorned it beyond all his other houſes.

When a greater ſatiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, diſpoſed him to ſeek a calmer ſcene, and more undiſturbed retirement, he uſed to remove to Antium or Aſtura. At Antium he placed his beſt collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that paſſed in the city. Aſtura was a little iſland, at the mouth of a river of the ſame name, about two leagues farther towards the ſouth, between the promontories of Antium and Circaeum, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purpoſes of ſolitude, and a ſevere retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into ſhady walks, in which he uſed to ſpend the gloomy and ſplenetic moments of his life.

In the height of ſummer, the manſionhouſe at Arpinum, and the little iſland adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and caſcades, afforded the beſt defence againſt the inconvenience of the heats; where, in the greateſt that he had ever remembered, we find him refreſhing himſelf, as he writes to his brother, with the utmoſt pleaſure, in the cool ſtream of his Fibrenus. His other villas were ſituated in the more public parts of Italy, where all the beſt company of Rome had their houſes of pleaſure. He had two at Formioe, a lower and upper villa; the one near the port of Cajeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. He had a third on the ſhore of Baioe, between the lake Avernus and Puteoli, which he calls his Puteolan: a fourth on the hills of Old Cumoe, called his Cuman villa: and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its ſoil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan houſe was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the ſame uſe of philoſophical conferences. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antiſtius Vetus, who repaired and improved it; when a ſpring of warm water which happened to burſt out in one part of it, gave occaſion to the following

epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero's freedmen.

"Where groves, once thine, now with fresh verdure bloom
„Great Parent of the eloquence of Rome,
„And where thy Academy, favourite seat,
„Now to Antistius yields its sweet retreat.
„A gushing stream bursts out, of wond'rous pow'r,
„To heal the eyes, and weaken'd sight restore.
„The place, which all its pride from Cicero drew,
„Repays this honour to his memory due,
„That since his works throughout the world are spread,
„And with such eagerness by all are read,
„New springs of healing quality shall rise,
„To ease the increase of labour to the eyes."

Plin. Hist. nat. 31.

The furniture of his houses was suitable, to the elegance of his taste, and the magnificence of his buildings; his galleries were ardorned with statues and paintings of the best Grecian masters; and his vessels and moveables were of the best work and choicest materials. There was a cedar table of his remaining in Pliny's time, said to be the first which was ever seen in Rome, and to have cost him eighty pounds. He thought it the part of an eminent citizen to preserve an uniformity of character in every article of his conduct, and to illustrate his dignity by the splendor of his life. This was the reason of the great variety of his houses, and of their situation in the most conspicuous parts of Italy, along the course of the Appian road; that they might occur at every stage to the observation of travellers, and lie commodious for the reception and entertainment of his friends.

The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on what the old writers have said on mediocrity of his paternal estate, will be at a loss to conceive whence all his revenues flowed, that enabled him to sustain the vast expence of building and maintaining such a number of noble houses; but the solution will be easy, when we recollect the great opportunities that he had of improving his original fortunes. The two principal funds of wealth to the leading men of Rome, were first, the public magistracies, and provincial commands; secondly, the presents of kings, princes, and foreign states, whom they had obliged by their services and protection; and though no man was more moderate in the use of these advantages than Cicero, yet to one of his prudence, oeconomy, and contempt of vicious

pleaſures, theſe were abundantly ſufficient to anſwer all his expences; for in his province of Cilicia, after all the memorable inſtances of his generoſity, by which he ſaved to the public a full million ſterling, which all other governors had applied to their private uſe, yet at the expiration of his year, he left in the hands of the publicans in Aſia near twenty thouſand pounds, reſerved from the ſtrickt dues of his government, and remitted to him afterwards at Rome. But there was another way of acquiring money, eſteemed the moſt reputable of any, which brought large and frequent ſupplies to him, the legacies of deceaſed friends. It was the peculiar cuſtom of Rome, for the clients and dependants of families, to bequeath at their death to their patrons, ſome conſiderable part of their eſtates, as the moſt effectual teſtimony of their reſpect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that while he governed Aſia as proconſul, many great eſtates were left to him by will: and Nepos tells us in praiſe of Atticus, that he ſucceeded to many inheritances of the ſame kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than on his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero had his full ſhare of theſe teſtamentary donations, as we ſee from the many inſtances of them mentioned in his letters; and when he was falſely reproached by Antony, with being neglected on theſe occaſions, he declared in his reply, that he had gained from this ſingle article about two hundred thouſand pounds, by the free and voluntary gifts of dying friends; not the forged wills of perſons unknown to him, with which he charged Antony.

His moral character was never blemiſhed by the ſtain of any habitual vice; but was a ſhining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the moſt licentious and profligate. His mind was ſuperior to all the ſordid paſſions which engroſs little ſouls; avarice, envy, malice, luſt. If we ſift his familiar letters, we cannot diſcover in them the leaſt hint of any thing baſe, immodeſt, ſpiteful, or perfidious, but an uniform principle of benevolence, juſtice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inſpiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people's envy more ſeverely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praiſing and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adverſary; celebrating merit wherever it was found, whether in the ancients or his contemporaries; whether in Greeks or Romans; and verifying a

maxim, which he had declared in a ſpeech to the ſenate, that no man could be envious of another's virtue, who was conſcious of his own.

His ſprightly wit would naturally have recommended him to the favour of the ladies, whoſe company he uſed to frequent when young, and with many of whom of the firſt quality, he was oft engaged in his riper years to conſer about the intereſts of their huſbands, brothers, or relations, who were abſent from Rome; yet we meet with no trace of any criminal gallantry or intrigue with any of them. In a letter to Paetus, towards the end of his life, he gives a jocoſe account of his ſupping with their friend Volumnius, an epicurean wit of the firſt claſs, when the famed courteſan, Cytheris, who had been Volumnius's ſlave, and was then his miſtreſs, made one of the company at table: where, after ſeveral jokes on that incident, he ſays, that he never ſuſpected ſhe would have been of the party; and though he was always a lover of chearful entertainments; yet nothing of that ſort had ever pleaſed him when young, much leſs now, when he was old. There was one lady, however, called Caeſellia, with whom he kept up a particular familiarity and correſpondence of letters; on which Dio abſurdly grounds ſome little ſcandal, though he owns her to have been ſeventy years old. She is frequently mentioned in Cicero's letters as a lover of books and philoſophy, and on that account as fond of his company and writings: but while out of complaiſance to her ſex, and a regard to her uncommon talents, he treated her always with reſpect; yet by the hints which he drops of her to Atticus, it appears that ſhe had no ſhare of his affections, or any real authority with him.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; ſuch as flowed from his conſtitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be too ſanguine in proſperity, too deſponding in adverſity: and apt to perſuade himſelf in each fortune, that it would never have an end. This is Pollio's account of him, which ſeems in general to be true: Brutus touches the firſt part of it in one of his letters to him: and when things were going proſperouſly againſt Antony, puts him gently in mind, that he ſeemed to truſt too much to his hopes: and he himſelf allows the ſecond, and ſays, that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worſt,

rather than hoping the beſt, he was the man; and if that was a fault, confeſſes himſelf not to be free from it: yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was ſuch, he tells us, as ſhewed itſelf rather in foreſeeing dangers, than in encountering them: an explication which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could ſuſtain with greater courage and reſolution.

But the moſt conſpicuous and glaring paſſion of his ſoul was, the love of glory and thirſt of praiſe: a paſſion that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and ſometimes, as he himſelf confeſſes, to a degree even of vanity. This often gave his enemies a plauſible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardneſs that he ſhewed to celebrate his own merits in all his public ſpeeches, ſeemed to juſtify their cenſures: and ſince this is generally conſidered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly underſtood, it will be proper to lay open the ſource from which the paſſion itſelf flowed, and explain the nature of that glory, of which he profeſſes himſelf ſo fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is a wide and illuſtrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind: it is not, he ſays, the empty blaſt of popular favour, or the applauſe of a giddy multitude, which all wiſe men had ever deſpiſed, and none more than himſelf; but the conſenting of all honeſt men, and the incorrupt teſtimony of thoſe who can judge of excellent merit, which reſounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice; and ſince it is the general companion of good actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That thoſe who aſpired to this glory were not to expect eaſe or pleaſure, or tranquillity of life for their pains, but muſt give up their own peace, to ſecure the peace of others; muſt expoſe themſelves to ſtorms and dangers for the public good; ſuſtain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and ſome even with the powerful: in ſhort, muſt behave themſelves ſo, as to give their citizens cauſe to rejoice that they had ever been born. 11) This is the notion that he inculcates every where of true glory; which is

ſurely one of the nobleſt principles that can inſpire a human breaſt; implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it: and always found the ſtrongeſt in the beſt and moſt elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that hiſtory has to offer us through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an inſtance, ſays Cicero, of a man's exerting himſelf ever with praiſe and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to poſterity. Give me a boy, ſays Quintilian, whom praiſe excites, whom glory warms: for ſuch a ſcholar was ſure to anſwer all his hopes, and do credit to his diſcipline. "Whether „poſterity will have any reſpect for me," ſays Pliny, "I „know not, but I am ſure that I have deſerved ſome from „it; I will not ſay by my wit, for that would be arrogant; „but by the zeal, by the pains, by the reverence which I „have always paid to it."

It will not ſeem ſtrange, to obſerve the wiſeſt of the ancients puſhing this principle to ſo great a length, and conſidering glory as the ampleſt reward of a well-ſpent life, when we reflect, that the greateſt part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even thoſe who believed a ſtate of happineſs to the good, yet entertained it with ſo much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wiſh than a well-grounded hope, and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which ſeemed to be within their reach; a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applauſe of poſterity. This, by a pleaſing fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of exiſtence; and had no ſmall comfort in imagining, that though the ſenſe of it ſhould not reach to themſelves, it would extend at leaſt to others; and that they ſhould be doing good ſtill when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but conſidered his acts as ſeeds ſown in the immenſe univerſe, to raiſe up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a ſucceſſion of infinite ages; nor has he been fruſtrated of his hope, or diſappointed of his end; but as long as the name of Rome ſubſiſts, or as long as learning, virtue, and liberty preſerve any credit in the world he will be great and glorious in the memory of all poſterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity, drawn from his boaſting ſo frequently of him-

ſelf in his ſpeeches both to the ſenate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings: yet if we attend to the circumſtances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we ſhall find it not only excuſable, but in ſome degree even neceſſary. The fate of Rome was now brought to a criſis, and the contending parties were making their laſt efforts either to oppreſs or preſerve it: Cicero was the head of thoſe who ſtood 12) up for its liberty, which entirely depended on the influences of his counſels; he had many years, therefore, been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the ſtate; and while theſe were generally ſupported by the military power of the empire, he had no other arms or means of defeating them but his authority with the ſenate and people, grounded on the experience of his ſervices, and the perſuaſion of his integrity; ſo that to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factions, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counſels, in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, againſt the intrigues of thoſe who were employing all arts to ſubvert them. "The frequent com-„memoration of his acts," ſays Quintilian, "was not made „ſo much for glory as for defence; to repel calumny, and „vindicate his meaſures when they were attacked:" and this „is what Cicero himſelf declared in all his ſpeeches, "That no „man ever heard 15) him ſpeak of himſelf but when he was „forced to it: that when he was urged with fictitious crimes, „it was his cuſtom to anſwer them with his real ſervices: „and if ever he ſaid any thing glorious of himſelf, it was not „through a fondneſs of praiſe, but to repel an accuſation: that „no man who had been converſant in great affairs, and „treated with particular envy, could refute the contumely of „an enemy, without touching upon his own praiſes; and „after all his labours for the common ſafety, if a juſt in-„dignation had drawn from him, at any time, what might „ſeem to be vain-glorious, it might reaſonably be forgiven „to him; that when others were ſilent about him, if he could „not then forbear to ſpeak of himſelf that indeed would be „ſhameful; but when he was injured, accuſed, expoſed to „popular odium, he muſt certainly be allowed to aſſert his „liberty, if they would not ſuffer him to retain his dignity."

This then was the true ſtate of the caſe, as it is evident from the facts of his hiſtory; he had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirſt of praiſe: was pleaſed, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more ſtill with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a paſſion

which, for the reaſons already hinted, had always the greateſt force on the greateſt ſouls: but it muſt needs raiſe our contempt and indignation, to ſee every conceited pedant, and trifling declaimer, who knew little of Cicero's real character, and ſtill leſs of their own, preſuming to call him the vaineſt of mortals.

But there is no point of light in which we can view him with more advantage or ſatisfaction to ourſelves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the ſurpriſing extent of his knowledge. This ſhines ſo conſpicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even leſſens the dignity of his general character: while the idea of the ſholar abſorbs that of the ſenator; and by conſidering him as the greateſt writer, we are apt to forget, that he was the greateſt magiſtrate alſo of Rome. We learn our Latin from him at ſchool; our ſtile and ſentiments at the college; here the generality take their leave of him, and ſeldom think of him more but as of an orator, a moraliſt, or philoſopher of antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures: we cannot judge well of a ſingle part, without ſurveying the whole, ſince the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the reſt; while in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, conſidered ſeparately, will appear admirable; yet much more ſo, when it is found in the poſſeſſion of the firſt ſtatesman of a mighty empire. His abilities as a ſtatesman are glorious; yet ſurpriſe us ſtill more when they are obſerved in the ableſt ſcholar and philoſopher of his age: but an union of both theſe characters exhibits that ſublime ſpecimen of perfection, to which the beſt parts, with the beſt culture, can exalt human nature. No man, whoſe life had been wholly ſpent in ſtudy, ever left us more numerous, or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of ſcience, and the politer arts; in oratory, poetry, philoſophy, law, hiſtory, criticiſm, politics, ethics; in each of which he equalled the greateſt maſters of his time; in ſome of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a ſmall part of what he really publiſhed, and though many of theſe are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are juſtly eſteemed the moſt precious remains of all antiquity, and, like the Sybylline books, if more of them had periſhed, would have been equal ſtill to any price.

His induſtry was incredible, beyond the example, or even

conception of our days; this was the ſecret by which he performed ſuch wonders, and reconciled perpetual ſtudy with perpetual affairs. He ſuffered no part of his leiſure to be idle, or the leaſt interval of it to be loſt: but what other people gave to the public ſhews, to pleaſures, to feaſts, nay even to ſleep, and the ordinary refreſhments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of buſineſs, when he had any thing particular to compoſe, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he uſed to dictate his thoughts to his ſcribes who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light; and ſome from the ſenate; others from his meals; and the crowd of his morning levee.

No compoſitions afford more pleaſure than the epiſtles of great men; they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent ſcholars, eminent ſtatesmen, are all eſteemed in their ſeveral kinds: but there never was a collection that excelled ſo much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of ſtile, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the perſons concerned in them. We have above a thouſand ſtill remaining, all written after he was forty years old; which are a ſmall part not only of what he wrote 14) but of what were actually publiſhed after his death by his ſervant Tiro. For we ſee many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are utterly loſt; as the firſt book of his Letters to Licinius Calvus; the firſt alſo to Q. Axius; a ſecond book to his ſon; a ſecond alſo to Corn. Nepos; a third book to I. Caeſar; a third to Octavius; a third alſo to Panſa; an eighth book to M. Brutus; and a ninth to A. Hirtius. Of all which, excepting a few to I. Caeſar and Brutus, we have nothing more left 15) than ſome ſcattered phraſes and ſentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes theſe letters ſtill more eſtimable is, that he had never deſigned them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when Atticus was making ſome enquiry about them, he ſent him word, that he had made no collection; and that Tiro had preſerved only about ſeventy. Here then we may expect to ſee the genuine man, without diſguiſe or affectation; eſpecially in his letters to Atticus, to whom he talked with the ſame frankneſs as to himſelf: opened the riſe and progreſs of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice; ſo that theſe may be

conſidered as the memoirs of his times; containing the moſt authentic materials for the hiſtory of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it: and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on thoſe times ſo ſuperficial, as well as erroneous; while they chuſe 16) to tranſcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later Greek hiſtorians, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the firſt that occurred from common uſe, and the language of converſation. Whenever he was diſpoſed to joke, his wit was eaſy and natural; flowing always from the ſubject, and throwing out what came uppermoſt; nor diſdaining even a pun, when it ſerved to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, ſome of which were addreſſed to the greateſt men who ever lived, his inclination to pleaſe is expreſſed in a manner agreeable to nature and reaſon, with the utmoſt delicacy both of ſentiment and diction, yet without any of thoſe pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern cuſtom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falſely ſtamped with the name of politeneſs; though they are the real offspring of barbariſm, and the affects of degeneracy both in taſte and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foreſees the danger, and fortells the miſchief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counſels; of which there were ſo many inſtances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time obſerved to him, his prudence ſeemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet. But none of his letters do him more credit than thoſe of the recommendatory kind: the others ſhew his wit and his parts, theſe his benevolence and his probity: he ſolicits the intereſt of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was maſter; and alledges generally ſome perſonal reaſon for his peculiar zeal in the cauſe, and that his own honour was concerned in the ſucceſs of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that ſort, which remain to us from free Rome. They breathe the laſt words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been

written in the very criſis of its ruin, to rouſe up all the virtue that was left in the honeſt and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumſtance, will eaſily be obſerved by comparing them with the epiſtles of the beſt and greateſt, who flouriſhed afterwards in Imperial Rome. Pliny's letters are juſtly admired by men of taſte: they ſhew the ſcholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but obſerve a poverty and barrenneſs through the whole, that betrays the awe of a maſter. All his ſtories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counſels: he had born all the ſame offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a ſuperior power and adminiſtered by a ſuperior will; and with the old titles of conſul and proconſul, we want ſtill the ſtatesman, the politician, and the magiſtrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with ſupreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durſt not venture to repair a bath, or to puniſh a fugitive ſlave, or incorporate a company of maſons, till he had firſt conſulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His hiſtorical works are all loſt: the Commentaries of his Conſulſhip in Greek; the Hiſtory of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verſe; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he publiſhed on Natural Hiſtory, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewiſe a general hiſtory of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory alſo to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a ſpecies of writing, which of all others was at that time the leaſt cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leiſure to execute ſo great a taſk; yet he has ſketched out a plan of it, which, ſhort as it is, ſeem to be the beſt that can be formed for the deſign of a perfect hiſtory.

"He declares it to be the firſt and fundamental law of „hiſtory, that it ſhould neither dare to ſay any thing that was „falſe, or fear to ſay any thing that was true, nor give any „juſt ſuſpicion either of favour or diſaffection; that in the „relation of things, the writer ſhould obſerve the order of „time, and add alſo the deſcription of places; that in all great „and memorable tranſactions he ſhould firſt explain the councils,

„then the acts, laſtly the events; that in councils he ſhould „relate not only what was done, but how it was done; in „the events ſhould ſhew, what ſhare chance, or raſhneſs, or „prudence had in them; that in regard to perſons, he ſnould „deſcribe not only their particular actions, but the lives and „characters of all thoſe who bear an eminent part in the „ſtory; that he ſhould illuſtrate the whole in a clear, eaſy, „natural ſtile, flowing with a perpetual ſmoothneſs and equa- „bility, free from the affectation of points and ſentences, or „the roughneſs of judicial pleadings."

We have no remains likewiſe of his poetry, except ſome fragments occaſionally interſperſed through his other writings; yet theſe, as I have before obſerved, are ſufficient to convince us, that his poetical genius, if it had been cultivated with the ſame care, would not have been inferior to his oratorial. The two arts are ſo nearly allied, that an excellence in the one ſeems to imply a capacity for the other, the ſame qualities being eſſential to them both; a ſprightly fancy, fertile invention, flowing and numerous diction. It was in Cicero's time, that the old ruſticity of the Latin muſe firſt began to be poliſhed by the ornaments of dreſs, and the harmony of numbers; but the height of perfection to which it was carried after his death by the ſucceeding generation, as it left no room for a mediocrity in poetry, ſo it quite eclipſed the fame of Cicero. For the world always judges of things by compariſon, and becauſe he was not ſo great a poet as Virgil and Horace, he was decried as none at all; eſpecially in the courts of Antony and Auguſtus, where it was a compliment to the ſovereign, and a faſhion conſequently among their flatterers, to make his character ridiculous wherever it lay open to them; hence flowed that perpetual raillery which ſubſiſts to this day, on his famous verſes:

Cedant arma togae, concedat laurea linguae,
O fortunatam natam me Conſule Romam.

And two bad lines picked out by the malice of enemies, and tranſmitted to poſterity as a ſpecimen of the reſt, have ſerved to damn many thouſands of good ones. For Plutarch reckons him among the moſt eminent of the Roman Poets; and Pliny the younger was proud of emulating him in his poetic character; and Quintilian ſeems to charge the cavils of his cenſurers to a principle of malignity. But his own verſes carry the ſureſt proof of his merit, being written in the beſt manner of that age in which he lived, and in the ſtile of Lucretius, whoſe poem he is ſaid to have revi[illegible]d

and corrected for its publication, after Lucretius's death. This however is certain, that he was the conſtant friend and generous patron of all the celebrated poets of his time; of Accius, Archias, Chilius, Lucretius, Catullus, who pays his thanks to him in the following lines, for ſome favour that he had received from him: —

Tully, moſt eloquent by far
Of all, who have been or who are,
Or who in ages ſtill to come
Shall riſe of all the ſons of Rome,
To thee Catullus grateful ſends
His warmeſt thanks, and recommends
His humble muſe, as much below
All other poets he, as thou
All other patrons doſt excel,
In power of words and ſpeaking well.

Catull. 47.

But poetry was the amuſement only, and relief of his other ſtudies; eloquence was his diſtinguiſhed talent, his ſovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his ſoul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever ſurpaſſed; ſo that, as a polite hiſtorian obſerves, Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praiſe; none whom it could admire. Demoſthenes was the pattern by which he formed himſelf; whom he emulated with ſuch ſucceſs, as to merit what St. Jerom calls that beautiful eloge: Demoſthenes has ſnatched from thee the glory of being the firſt: thou from Demoſthenes, that of being the only orator. The genius, the capacity, the ſtile and manner of them both were much the ſame; their eloquence of that great, ſublime, and comprehenſive kind, which dignified every ſubject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that roundneſs of ſpeaking, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrenched: their perfections were in all points ſo tranſcendent, and yet ſo ſimilar, that the critics are not agreed on which ſide to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the moſt judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerves, the energy or, as he himſelf calls it, the thunder of Demoſthenes, he excelled him in the copiouſneſs and elegance of his diction, the variety of his ſentiments, and, above all, in the vivacity of his wit, and

smartneſs of his raillery. Demoſthenes had nothing jocoſe or facetious in him; yet, by attempting ſometimes to jeſt, ſhewed, that the thing itſelf did not diſpleaſe, but did not belong to him: for, as Longinus ſays, wherever he affected pleaſant, he made himſelf ridiculous: and if he happened to raiſe a laugh, it was chiefly upon himſelf. Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and ridicule, had the power always to pleaſe, when he found himſelf unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cauſe to be afraid of their ſeverity; ſo that, by the opportunity of a well-timed joke, he is ſaid to have preſerved many of his clients from manifeſt ruin.

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another ſet of orators at the ſame time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the firſt quality; who, while they acknowledged the ſuperiority of his genius, yet cenſured his diction, as not truly attic or claſſical: ſome calling it looſe and languid, others timid and exuberant. Theſe men affected a minute and faſtidious correctneſs, pointed ſentences, ſhort and conciſe periods, without a ſyllable to ſpare in them, as if the perfection of oratory conſiſted in a frugality of words, and in crowding our ſentiments into the narroweſt compaſs. The chief patrons of this taſte were M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Aſinius, Pollio, and Salluſt, whom Seneca ſeems to treat as the author of the obſcure, abrupt, and ſententious ſtile. Cicero often ridicules theſe pretenders to attic elegance, as judging of eloquence not by the force of the art, but their own weakneſs: and reſolving to decry what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they could imitate; and though their way of ſpeaking, he ſays, might pleaſe the ear of a critic or a ſcholar, yet it was not that ſublime and ſonorous kind, whoſe end was not only to inſtruct, but to move an audience; an eloquence, born for the multitude; whoſe merit was always ſhewn by its effects of exciting admiration and extorting ſhouts of applauſe: and on which there never was any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that prevailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived: his were the only ſpeeches that were reliſhed or admired by the city; while theſe attic orators, as they called themſelves, were generally deſpiſed, and frequently deſerted by the audience, in the midſt of their harangues.

But after Cicero's death and the ruin of the republic, the Roman orator, ſunk of courſe with its liberty, and a falſe ſpecies univerſally prevailed; when inſtead of that elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which launched out freely into every ſubject, there ſucceeded a guarded, dry, ſententious kind, full of laboured turns and ſtudied points; and proper only for the occaſion on which it was employed, the making panegyrics and ſervile compliments to their tyrants. This change of ſtile may be obſerved in all their writers, from Cicero's time to the younger Pliny; who carried it to its utmoſt perfection, in his celebrated panegyric on the emperor Trajan; which, as it is juſtly admired for the elegance of diction, the beauty of ſentiments, and delicacy of its compliments, ſo it is become in a manner the ſtandard of fine ſpeaking to modern times, where it is common to hear the pretenders to criticiſm, deſcanting on the tedious length and ſpiritleſs exuberance of the Ciceronian periods. But the ſuperiority of Cicero's eloquence, as it was acknowledged by the politeſt age of free Rome, ſo it has received the moſt authentic confirmation that the nature of things can admit, from the concurrent ſenſe of nations: which neglecting the productions of his rivals and contemporaries, have preſerved to us his ineſtimable remains, as a ſpecimen of moſt perfect manner of ſpeaking, to which the language of mortals can be exalted: ſo that as Quintilian declared of him even in that early age, he has acquired ſuch fame with poſterity, that Cicero is not reckoned ſo much the name of a man, as of eloquence itſelf.

Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely: but was the proper end of ſuch a life, which muſt have been rendered leſs glorious, if it had owed its preſervation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumſtances to which he was reduced, what he ſeems even to have wiſhed, For he, who had before been timid in dangers and deſponding in diſtreſs, yet from the time of Caeſar's death, rouſed by the deſperate ſtate of the republic, aſſumed the fortitude of a hero: diſcarded all fear; deſpiſed all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preſerve. Thus, like a great actor on the ſtage, he reſerved himſelf as it were for the laſt act; and after he had played his part with dignity, reſolved to finiſh it with glory.

1) to give. 2) to owe. 3) to ſeek out. 4) to hold. 5) to ſpend. 6) to come. 7) to lay. 8) to meet. 9) to think. 10) to loſe. 11) to bear. 12) to ſtand. 13) to leave. 14) to write. 15) to leave 16) to chooſe.

Character of Elizabeth.

There are few great perſonages in hiſtory who have been more expoſed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is ſcarce any whoſe reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous conſent of poſterity. The unuſual length of her adminiſtration, and the ſtrong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers ſomewhat their panegyricks, have at laſt, in ſpite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animoſities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her conſtancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the higheſt praiſe, and appear not to have been ſurpaſſed by any perſon who ever filled a throne. A conduct leſs vigorous, leſs imperious; more ſincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requiſite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, ſhe controuled all her more active and ſtronger qualities, and prevented them from running into exceſs. Her heroiſm was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendſhip from partiality, her active ſpirit from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herſelf with equal care, or equal ſucceſs from leſſer infirmities; the rivalſhip of beauty, the deſire of admiration, the jealouſy of love, and the ſallies of anger.

Her ſingular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herſelf, ſhe obtained an uncontrouled aſcendant over her people; and while ſhe merited all their eſteem by her real virtues, ſhe alſo engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few ſovereigns of England ſucceeded to the throne in more difficult circumſtances; and none ever conducted the government with ſuch uniform ſucceſs and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true ſecret for managing religious factions, ſhe preſerved her people, by her ſuperior providence, from thoſe confuſions in which theological controverſy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the moſt powerful princes in Europe, the moſt active, the moſt enterprizing, the leaſt ſcrupulous, ſhe was able by her vigour to make deep impreſſions on their ſtate; her own greatneſs meanwhile untouched and unimpaired.

The wiſe miniſters and brave warriors, who flouriſhed during her reign, ſhare the praiſe of her ſucceſs; but inſtead of leſſening the applauſe due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were ſupported by her conſtancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue aſcendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, ſhe remained equally miſtreſs. The force of the tender paſſions was great over her, but the force of her mind was ſtill ſuperior; and the combat which her victory viſibly coſt her, ſerves only to diſplay the firmneſs of her reſolution, and the loftineſs of her ambitious ſentiments.

The fame of this princeſs, though it has ſurmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies ſtill expoſed to another prejudice, which is more durable, becauſe more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we ſurvey her, is capable either of exalting beyond meaſure, or diminiſhing the luſtre of her character. This prejudice is founded in conſideration of her ſex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ſtruck with the higheſt admiration of her great qualities and extenſive capacity; but we are apt alſo to require ſome more ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, ſome greater lenity of temper, ſome of thoſe amiable weakneſſes by which her ſex is diſtinguiſhed. But the true method of eſtimating her merit is, to lay aſide all thoſe conſiderations, and conſider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and entruſted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a miſtreſs; but her qualities as a ſovereign, though with ſome conſiderable exceptions, are the object of an undiſputed applauſe and approbation.

Character of Charles I.

The character of this prince, as that of moſt men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly ſpeaking, his imperfections; for ſcarce any of

his faults arose 1) to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw 2) him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince; but for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his pro-

ſeſſions and declarations, we ſhall avow that probity and honour ought juſtly to be numbered among his moſt ſhining qualities. In every treaty, thoſe conceſſions which he thought in conſcience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or perſuaſion be induced to make.

And though ſome violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; thoſe are more to be aſcribed to the neceſſity of his ſituation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely preſence; of a ſweet and melancholy aſpect; his face was regular, handſome, and well complexioned, his body ſtrong, healthy, and juſtly proportioned; and being of middle ſtature, he was capable of enduring the greateſt fatigues. He excelled in horſemanſhip and other exerciſes; and he poſſeſſed all the exterior, as well as many of the eſſential qualities, which form an accompliſhed prince.

1) to ariſe. 2) to throw.

The Character of Mary Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmoſt elegance of external form, Mary added thoſe accompliſhments which render their impreſſion irreſtible. Polite, affable, inſinuating, ſprightly, and capable of ſpeaking and of writing with equal eaſe and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; becauſe her heart was warm and unſuſpicious. Impatient of contradiction, becauſe ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No ſtranger, on ſome occaſions, to diſſimulation; which, in that perfidious court where ſhe received her education, was reckoned among the neceſſary arts of government. Not inſenſible to flattery, or unconſcious of that pleaſure, with which almoſt every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents, that we admire; ſhe was an

agreeable woman rather than an illuſtrious queen. The vivacity of her ſpirit, not ſufficiently tempered with ſound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the reſtraint of diſcretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To ſay that ſhe was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almoſt uninterrupted ſucceſſion of calamities which befel her; we muſt likewiſe add, that ſhe was often imprudent. Her paſſion for Darnly was raſh, youthful, and exceſſive. And though the ſudden tranſition to the oppoſite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, inſolence, and brutality; yet neither theſe, nor Bothwell's artful addreſs and important ſervices, can juſtify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy paſſion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous ſcene, which followed upon it, with leſs abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt ſome to impute her actions to her ſituation, more than to her diſpoſition; and to lament the unhappineſs of the former, rather than accuſe the perverſeneſs of the latter. Mary's ſufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, thoſe tragical diſtreſſes which fancy has feigned to excite ſorrow and commiſeration; and while we ſurvey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with leſs indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were ſhed for a perſon who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's perſon, a circumſtance not to be omitted in writing the hiſtory of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in aſcribing to Mary the utmoſt beauty of countenance and elegance of ſhape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the faſhion of that age, ſhe frequently wore 1) borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquiſitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to ſhape and colour. Her ſtature was of a height that roſe 2) to the majeſtic. She danced, ſhe walked, and rode 3) with equal grace. Her taſte for muſic was juſt, and ſhe both ſung and played upon the lute with uncommon ſkill. Towards the end of her life ſhe began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldneſs of the houſes in which ſhe was impriſoned, brought 4) on a rheumatiſm which deprived her of the uſe of her limbs. No man,

ſays Brantome, ever beheld 5) her perſon without admiration and love, or will read her hiſtory without ſorrow.

1) to wear. 2) to riſe. 3) to ride. 4) to bring. 5) to behold.

The Character of Francis I. with ſome Reflections on his Rivalſhip with Charles V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the laſt day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalſhip ſubſiſted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars proſecuted with more violent animoſity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumſtances contributed to both. Their animoſity was founded in oppoſition of intereſt, heightened by perſonal emulation, and exaſperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal inſults. At the ſame time, whatever advantage one ſeemed to poſſeſs towards gaining the aſcendant, was wonderfully balanced by ſome favourable circumſtance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with abſolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he ſupplied the want of authority by addreſs: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterpriſing; thoſe of the latter better diſciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they poſſeſſed, and contributed no leſs to prolong the conteſt between them. Frankis took 1) his reſolutions ſuddenly, proſecuted them at firſt with warmth, and puſhed them into execution with a moſt adventurous courage; but being deſtitute of the perſeverance neceſſary to ſurmount difficulties, he often abandoned his deſigns, or relaxed the vigour of purſuit from impatience, and ſometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolneſs; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible

obſtinacy, and neither danger nor diſcouragement could turn him aſide from the execution of it. The ſucceſs of their enterpriſes was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often diſconcerted the emperor's beſt-laid ſchemes: Charles, by a more calm, but ſteady proſecution of his deſigns, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled, or repulſed his moſt vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war or of a campaign broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he ſaw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had loſt, but made new acquiſitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conqueſt, whatever promiſing aſpect they might wear at firſt, were conducted to an happy iſſue; many of the emperor's enterpriſes, even after they appeared deſperate and impracticable, terminated in the moſt proſperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the ſplendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the proſpect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a ſtrict ſcrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial conſideration of the greatneſs and ſucceſs of their undertakings; and Francis is one of thoſe monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This preeminence he owed to many different circumſtances. The ſuperiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preſerved through the remainder of his reign, was ſo manifeſt, that Francis's ſtruggle againſt his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by moſt of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally ariſes from thoſe who gallantly maintain an unequal conteſt, but with the favour due to one who was reſiſting a common enemy, and endeavouring to ſet bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, eſpecially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, nothwithſtanding the many errors conſpicuous in his foreign policy and domeſtic adminiſtration, was nevertheleſs humane, beneficent, generous. He poſſeſſed dignity without pride: affability free from meanneſs, and courteſy exempt from deceit. All who had acceſs to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) reſpected and loved him. Captivated with his perſonal qualities, his ſubjects forgot 2) his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the moſt accompliſhed and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-adminiſtration,

which in a prince of leſs engaging diſpoſitions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, muſt have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who beſtowed it; the illuſion ariſing from his private virtues muſt have ceaſed, and poſterity would have judged of his public conduct with its uſual unpartiality; but another circumſtance prevented this, and his name hath been tranſmitted to poſterity with increaſing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progreſs in France. They were juſt beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only ſeat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himſelf in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he converſed with them familiarly, he employed them in buſineſs; he raiſed them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the reſpect to which they fancy themſelves entitled, than apt to be pleaſed when treated with the diſtinction which they conſider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to ſuch a benefactor, ſtrained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their deſcriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, beſtowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory ſacred among hiſtorians, and they ſeem to have regarded it as a ſort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithſtanding his inferior abilities, and want of ſucceſs, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he poſſeſſed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praiſe, than have been beſtowed upon the extenſive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but leſs amiable rival.

1) to take. 2) to forget.

The character of Charles V.

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent 1) the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch that, of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in

the field, no minister in the cabinet; no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory: and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve

as a juſtification of it. Francis and Henry ſeldom acted but from the impulſe of their paſſions, and ruſhed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's meaſures being the reſult of cool reflection, were diſpoſed into a regular ſyſtem, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Perſons who act in the former manner naturally purſue the end in view, without aſſuming any diſguiſe, or diſplaying much addreſs. Such as hold the latter courſe, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their deſigns, to employ ſuch refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

1) to bend.

The Character of Martin Luther.

While appearances of danger daily increaſed, and the tempeſt which had been ſo long a-gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence againſt the proteſtant church, Luther was ſaved by a ſeaſonable death from feeling or beholding its deſtructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining ſtate of health, and during a rigorous ſeaſon, to his native city of Eiſleben, in order to compoſe, by his authority, a diſſenſion among the counts of Mansfield, he was ſeized with a violent inflammation in his ſtomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the ſixty third year of his age. — As he was raiſed up by Providence to be author of one of the greateſt and moſt intereſting revolutions recorded in hiſtory, there is not any perſon, perhaps, whoſe character has been drawn with ſuch oppoſite colours. In his own age, one party, ſtruck 1) with horror and inflamed with rage, when they ſaw 2) with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held 3) to be ſacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a daemon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought 4) he merited, as the reſtorer of light and liberty to the Chriſtian church, aſcribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which ſhould be paid only to thoſe who are guided by the immediate in-

spiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of contemporaries, which ought 5) to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left 7) the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all this operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions broke out, 8) on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But theſe indecencies of which Luther was guilty, muſt not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with thoſe maxims, which, by putting continual reſtraint on the paſſions of individuals, have poliſhed ſociety, and rendered it agreeable; diſputes of every kind were managed with heat, and ſtrong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reſerve or delicacy. At the ſame time, the works of learned men were all compoſed in Latin; and they were not only authoriſed, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to uſe their antagoniſts with the moſt illiberal ſcurrility: but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear leſs ſhocking than in a living language, whoſe idioms and phraſes ſeem groſs, becauſe they are familiar.

In paſſing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age not by thoſe of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the ſame, manners and cuſtoms vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear moſt culpable, gave no diſguſt to his contemporaries. It was even by ſome of thoſe qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accompliſhing the great work which he undertook 9). To rouſe mankind, when ſunk 10) in ignorance or ſuperſtition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmoſt vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to exceſs. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. A ſpirit, more amiable, but leſs vigorous than Luther's would have ſhrunk back from the dangers which he braved and ſurmounted. Towards the cloſe of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declenſion of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increaſed upon him, ſo that he daily grew 11) impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witneſs of his own amazing ſucceſs; to ſee a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to ſhake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mighteſt monarchs had trembled, he diſcovered on ſome occaſions, ſymptoms of vanity and ſelf-applauſe. He muſt have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accompliſhed, he had never felt 12) any ſentiment of this kind riſing in his breaſt.

Some time before his death he felt his ſtrength declining, his conſtitution being worn out 13) by a prodigious multiplicity of buſineſs, added to the labour of diſcharging his miniſterial

function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of conſtant ſtudy, beſides the compoſition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leiſure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did 14) not forſake him at the approach of death: his laſt converſation with his friends was concerning the happineſs reſerved for good men in a future world, of which he ſpoke 15) with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wiſhed to enter ſoon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with exceſſive as well as indecent joy, and damped the ſpirits of all his followers; neither party ſufficiently conſidering that his doctrines were now ſo firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flouriſh, independent of the hand which firſt had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left ſeveral children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who ſurvived him: towards the end of the laſt century, there were in Saxony ſome of his deſcendants in decent and honourable ſtations.

1) to ſtrike. 2) to ſee. 3) to hold. 4) to think. 5) to owe. 6) to become. 7) to leave. 8) to break out. 9) to undertake. 10) to ſink. 11) to grow. 12) to feel. 13) to wear out. 14) to do. 15) to ſpeak.

The Reſignation of the Emperor Charles V.

Charles reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left 1) him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries at Bruſſels, on the twentyfifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed

his ſon, and on the other his ſiſter, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read 2) the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe 3) from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience, and, from a paper which he held 4) in his hand, in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, France four times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken 5) and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy; that inſtead of a ſovereign worn out 6) with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave 7) them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful

ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell 8) on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If, ſays he, I had left you by „my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made ſuch „large additions, ſome regard would have been juſtly due to „my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily „reſign to you what I might ſtill have retained, I may well „expect the warmeſt expreſſions of thanks on your part. With „theſe, however, I diſpenſe; and ſhall conſider your concern „for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your love of them, „as the beſt and moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude „to me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and virtuous ad„miniſtration, to juſtify the extraordinary proof which I this „day give of my paternal affection; and to demonſtrate, that „you are worthy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. „Preſerve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catho„lic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be ſacred „in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of „your people: and, if the time ſhall ever come, when you „ſhall wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you „have a ſon endowed with ſuch qualities, that you can reſign „your ſceptre to him with as much ſatisfaction as I give up „mine to you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk 9) into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity, others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at looſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular works of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an

annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had choſen 10) for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Iuſtus, in the province of Eſtremadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent 11) an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms; four of them in the form of friars cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung 12) with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. In this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power.

1) to leave. 2) to read. 3) to riſe. 4) to hold. 5) to break. 6) to wear out. 7) to give. 8) to fall. 9) to ſink. 10) to chooſe. 11) to ſend. 12) to hang.

Albert-Azo the Second.

The name and character of the Marquis, Albert-Azo the Second, ſhine conſpicuous through the gloom of the eleventh

century. The moſt remarkable features in the portrait are, 1. His Ligurian marquiſate. 2. His riches. 3. His long life. 4. His marriages. 5. His rank of nobility in the public opinion. The glory of his deſcendants is reflected on the founder; and Azo II. claims our attention as the ſtem of the two great branches of the kindred lines of Eſte and Brunſwick.

1. His Ligurian marquiſate.

The fair conjecture that the two Otberts, the father and ſon, commanded at Milan and Genoa with the title and office of Marquis, acquires a new degree of probability for Azo I. and aſcends to the level of hiſtoric truth in the perſon of Azo II. Before the middle of the eleventh century the ruins of Genoa had been reſtored, its active inhabitants excelled in the arts of navigation and trade: their arms had been felt 1) on the African coaſt, and their credit was eſtabliſhed in the ports of Egypt and Greece. Their riches increaſed with their induſtry, and their liberty with their riches. Yet they continued to obey, or at leaſt to revere, the majeſty of the emperors. In an act, as it ſhould ſeem of the year one thouſand and forty-eight, the Marquis Albert-Azo preſides at Genoa in a court of juſtice, and his aſſeſſors, the magiſtrates of the city, are proud to ſtyle themſelves the conſuls and judges of the ſacred palace. The royal dignity of Pavia was gradually eclipſed by the wealth and populouſneſs of Milan, the firſt of the Italian cities that dared to erect the ſtandard of independence. The government of Milan was divided between the two repreſentatives of St. Ambroſe and of Caeſar. The veneration of the flock for the ſhepherd was fortified by the temporal ſtate and privileges of the archbiſhop, and his annual revenue of fourſcore thouſand pieces of gold ſupplied an ample fund for benevolence or luxury. The civil and military powers were exerciſed by the Duke or Marquis of Milan (for theſe titles were promiſcuouſly uſed), and the voice of tradition is clear and poſitive that this hereditary office was veſted in the anceſtors of the houſe of Eſte. Some of the prerogatives which they aſſumed are expreſſive of the rigour of the feudal ſyſtem: they were the heirs of all who died childleſs and inteſtate, and a fine was paid on the

birth of each infant who defeated their claim: their officers levied a tax on the markets, and their minute inquiſition exacted the firſt loaf of bread from each oven, and the firſt log of wood from every cart-load that entered the gates. Yet an old hiſtorian, more forcibly affected with the calamities of his own days, deplores the long loſt felicity of their golden age, which had been equally praiſed by the bleſſings of the feeble and the curſes of the ſtrong. They drew 2) their ſwords for the ſervice of the prince and people: but their reign was diſtinguiſhed by long intervals of proſperity and peace. The diſtant poſſeſſions and various avocations of the Duke or Marquis often diverted him from the exerciſe of this municipal truſt: his powers were devolved on the viſcounts and captains of Milan; theſe ſubordinate tyrants formed an alliance, or rather conſpiracy, with the valvaſſors, or nobles of the firſt claſs; and the people was afflicted by the diſcord or the union of a lawleſs oligarchy. A private inſult exaſperated the patience of the plebeians; they roſe 3) in arms, and their numbers and fury prevailed in the bloody conteſt. The captains and nobles retired; but they retired with a ſpirit of revenge; collected their vaſſals and peaſants of the adjacent country; encompaſſed the city with a circumvallation of ſix fortreſſes, and in a ſiege or blockade of three years reduced the inhabitants to the laſt extremes of famine and diſtreſs. By the interpoſition of the Emperor and the Archbiſhop the peace of Milan was reſtored: the factions were reconciled: they wiſely refuſed a garriſon of four thouſand Germans; but they acquieſced in the civil government of the empire. The Marquis again aſcended his tribunal, and that Marquis is Albert-Azo the Second. A judicial act of the year one thouſand and forty-five atteſts his title and jurisdiction; and as the repreſentative of the emperor, he impoſes a fine of a thouſand pieces of gold. The progreſs of Italian liberty reduced his office to the empty name of Marquis of Liguria, and ſuch he is ſtyled by the hiſtorians of the age. In the next century, his grandſon, Obizo I. is inveſted by the Emperor Frederic I. with the honours of Marquis of Milan and Genoa, as his grandfather Azo held 4) them of the empire; but this ſplendid grand commemorates the dignity, without reviving the power, of the Houſe of Eſte.

2. His riches.

Like one of his Tuſcan anceſtors, Azo the Second was diſtinguiſhed among the princes of Italy by the epithet of the rich. The particulars of his rent-roll cannot now be aſcertained: an occaſional, though authentic deed of inveſtiture enumerates eighty-three fiefs or manors which he held of the empire in Lombardy and Tuſcany; from the marquiſate of Eſte to the county of Luni: but to theſe poſſeſſions muſt be added the lands which he enjoyed as the vaſſal of the church, the ancient patrimony of Otbert (the Terra Obertenga) in the counties of Arezzo, Piſa, and Lucca, and the marriage portion of his firſt wife, which, according to the various readings of the manuſcripts, may be computed either at twenty, or at two hundred thouſand Engliſh acres. If ſuch a maſs of landed property were now accumulated on the head of an Italian nobleman, the annal revenue might ſatisfy the largeſt demands of private luxury or avarice, and the fortunate owner would be rich in the improvement of agriculture, the manufactures of induſtry, the refinement of taſte, and the extent of commerce. But the barbariſm of the eleventh century diminiſhed the income, and aggravated the expence, of the Marquis of Eſte. In a long ſeries of war and anarchy, man and the works of man had been ſwept 5) away; and the introduction of each ferocious and idle ſtranger had been overbalanced by the loſs of five or ſix perhaps of the peaceful induſtrious natives. The miſchievous growth of vegetation, the frequent inundations of the rivers, were no longer checked by the vigilance of labour; the face of the country was again covered with foreſts and moraſſes; of the faſt domains which acknowledged Azo for their lord, the far greater part was abandoned to the wild beaſts of the field, and a much ſmaller portion was reduced to the ſtate of conſtant and productive husbandry. An adequate rent may be obtained from the ſkill and ſubſtance of a free tenant, who fertilizes a grateful ſoil, and enjoys the ſecurity and benefit of a long leaſe. But faint is the hope, and ſcanty is the produce of thoſe harveſts, which are raiſed by the reluctant toil of peaſants and ſlaves, condemned to a bare ſubſiſtence, and careleſs of the intereſts of a rapacious maſter. If his granaries are full, his purſe is empty; and the want of cities or commerce, the difficulty of finding or reaching a market, obliges him to conſume on the ſpot a part of his uſeleſs ſtock, which cannot be exchanged for merchandize or money. The member of a well-regulated ſociety is defended from private wrongs by the laws, and from public injuries by the arms of the ſtate; and the tax which he pays is a juſt equivalent for the protection which he receives. But

the guard of his life, his honour, and his fortune was abandoned to the private ſword of a feudal chief; and if his own temper had been inclined to moderation and patience, the public contempt would have roufed him to deeds of violence and revenge. The entertainment of his vaſſals and ſoldiers, their pay and rewards, their arms and horſes, ſurpaſſed the meaſure of the moſt oppreſſive tribute, and the deſtruction which he inflicted on his neighbours was often retaliated on his own lands. The coſtly elegance of palaces and gardens was ſuperſeded by the laborious and expenſive conſtruction of ſtrong caſtles, on the ſummits of the moſt inacceſſible rocks; and ſome of theſe, like the fortreſs of Canoſſa in the Appenine, were built and provided to ſuſtain a three years ſiege againſt a royal army. But his defence in this world was leſs burthenſome to a wealthy lord than his ſalvation in the next; the demands of his chapel, his prieſts, his alms, his offerings, his pilgramages, were inceſſantly renewed; the monaſtery choſen for his ſepulchre was endowed with his faireſt poſſeſſions, and the naked heir might often complain, that his fathers ſins had been redeemed at too high a price. The Marquis Azo was not exempt from the contagion of the times: his devotion was amuſed and inflamed by the frequent miracles which were performed in his preſence; and the monks of Vangadizza, who yielded to his requeſt the arm of a dead ſaint, were ignorant of the value of that ineſtimable jewel. After ſatisfying the demands of war and ſuperſtition, he might appropriate the reſt of his revenue to uſe and pleaſure. But the Italians of the eleventh century were imperfectly ſkilled in the liberal and mechanic arts: the objects of foreign luxury were furniſhed at an exorbitant price by the merchants of Piſa and Venice; and the ſuperfluous wealth, which could not purchaſe the real comforts of life, was idly waſted on ſome rare occaſions of vanity and pomp. Such were the nuptials of Boniface, Duke or Marquis of Tuſcany, whoſe family was long afterwards united with that of Azo, by the marriage of their children. Theſe nuptials were celebrated on the banks of the Mincius, which the fancy of Virgil has decorated with a more beautiful picture. The princes and people of Italy were invited to the feaſt, which continued three months; the fertile meadows, which are interſected by the flow and winding courſe of the river, were covered with innumerable tents, and the bridegroom diſplayed and diverſified the ſcenes of his proud and taſteleſs magnificence. All the utenſils of ſervice were of ſilver, and his horſes were ſhod 6) with plates of the ſame metal, looſely nailed, and careleſsly dropped, to indicate his contempt of riches. An image of plenty and profuſion was expreſſed in the banquet;

the moſt delicious wines were drawn in buckets from the well; and the ſpices of the Eaſt were ground 7) in water-mills like common flour. The dramatic and muſical arts were in the rudeſt ſtate; but the Marquis had ſummoned the moſt popular ſingers, harpers, and buffoons; to exerciſe their talents on this ſplendid theatre. Their exhibitions were applauded and they applauded the liberality of their patron. After this feſtival, I might remark a ſingular gift of the ſame Boniface to the Emperor Henry III., a chariot and oxen of ſolid ſilver, which were deſigned only as a vehicle for a hogſhead of vinegar. If ſuch an example ſhould ſeem above the imitation of Azo himſelf, the Marquis of Eſte was at leaſt ſuperior in wealth and dignity to the vaſſals of his compeer. One of theſe vaſſals, the Viſcount of Mantua, preſented the German monarch with one hundred falcons, and one hundred bay horſes, a grateful contribution to the pleaſures of a royal ſportsman. In that age, the proud diſtinction between the nobles and princes of Italy was guarded with jealous ceremony: the Viſcount of Mantua had never been ſeated at the table of his immediate lord: he yielded to the invitation of the Emperor; and a ſtag's ſkin, filled with pieces of gold, was graciouſly accepted by the Marquis of Tuſcany as the fine of his preſumption.

3. His long life.

The temporal felicity of Azo was crowned by the long poſſeſſion of honours and riches: he died in the year one thouſand and ninety-ſeven, aged upwards of an hundred years; and the term of his mortal exiſtence was almoſt commenſurate with the lapſe of the eleventh century. The character, as well as the ſituation of the Marquis of Eſte, rendered him an actor in the revolutions of that memorable period: but time has caſt a veil over the virtues and vices of the man, and I muſt be content to mark ſome of the aeras, the mile-ſtones of his life, which meaſure the extent and intervals of the vacant way. Albert-Azo the Second was no more than ſeventeen when he firſt drew 8) the ſword of rebellion or patriotiſm, when he was involved with his grand-father, his father, and his three uncles, in a common proſcription. In the vigour of manhood, about his fiftieth year, the Ligurian Marquis governed the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the

minister of Imperial authority. He was upwards of seventy when he passed the Alps to vindicate the inheritance of Maine for the children of his second marriage. He became the friend and servant of Gregory VII., and in one of his epistles, that ambitious pontiff recommends the Marquis Azo as the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes; as the proper channel through which a king of Hungary might convey his petitions to the apostolic throne. In the mighty contest between the crown and the mitre, the Marquis Azo and the Countess Matilda led 9) the powers of Italy; and when the standard of St. Peter was displayed, neither the age of the one, nor the sex of the other, could detain them from the field. With these two affectionate clients the Pope maintained his station in the fortress of Canossa, while the Emperor, barefoot on the frozen ground, fasted and prayed three days at the foot of the rock: they were witnesses to the abject ceremony of the penance and pardon of Henry IV.; and in the triumph of the church, a patriot might foresee the deliverance of Italy from the German yoke. At the time of this event the Marquis of Este was above fourscore; but in the twenty following years he was still alive and active amidst the revolutions of peace and war. The last act which he subscribed is dated above a century after his birth; and in that act the venerable chief possesses the command of his faculties, his family, and his fortune. In this rare prerogative of longevity Albert-Azo II. stands alone; nor can I recollect in the authentic annals of mortality a single example of a king or prince, of a statesman or general, of a philosopher or poet, whose life has been extended beyond the period of an hundred years. Nor should this observation, which is justified by universal experience, be thought 10) either strange or surprising. It has been found, 11) that of twenty-four thousand new-born infants, seven only will survive to attain that distant term; and much smaller is the proportion of those who will be raised by fortune or genius, to govern or afflict, or enlighten, their age or country. The chance that the same individual should draw the two great prizes in the lottery of life, will not easily be defined by the powers of calculation. Three approximations, which will not hastily be matched, have distinguished the present century, Aurungzeb, Cardinal Fleury, and Fontenelle. Had a fortnight more been given to the philosopher, he might have celebrated his secular festival; but the lives and labours of the Mogul king and the French minister were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year. A strong constitution may be the gift of Nature; but the few who survive their contemporaries must have been superior to the passions and appetites which urge the

speedy decay and diſſolution of the mind and body. The Marquis of Eſte may be preſumed, from his riches and longevity to have underſtood the oeconomy of health and fortune.

4. His marriages.

I remember a Perſian tale of three old men, who were ſucceſſively queſtioned by a traveller as he met 12) them on the road. The youngeſt brother, under the load of a wife and a numerous family, was ſinking into the grave before his time. The ſecond, though much older, was far leſs infirm and decrepid: he had been left 13) a widower and without children. But the laſt and eldeſt of the three brothers ſtill preſerved, at an incredible age, the vigour and vivacity of the autumnal ſeaſon: he had always preferred a life of celibacy. The enjoyment of domeſtic freedom could not however contribute to the longevity of the Marquis Azo: he married three wives; he educated three ſons; and it is doubtful whether chance or prudence delayed his firſt nuptials till he had at leaſt accompliſhed the fortieth year of his age. The nuptials were contracted with Cuniza, or Cunegonda, a German maid, whoſe anceſtors, by their nobility and riches, were diſtinguiſhed among the Suabian and Bavarian chiefs; whoſe brother was inveſted by the Emperor Henry III. with the Dutchy of Carinthia, and the Marquiſate of Verona, on the confines of the Venetian poſſeſſions of the Houſe of Eſte. The marriage of Azo and Cunegonda was productive of a ſon, who received at his baptiſm the name of Guelph, to revive and perpetuate the memory of his uncle, his grandfather, and his firſt progenitors, on the maternal ſide. I have already defined the ample domain which was given as a marriage-portion to the daughter of the Guelphs, but on the failure of heirs male, her fortunate ſon inherited the patrimonial eſtates of the family, obtained the dukedom of Bavaria, and became 14) the founder of the eldeſt, or German branch, of the Houſe of Eſte, from which the Dukes of Brunſwick, the Electors of Hannover, and the Kings of Great Britain, are lineally deſcended. After the deceaſe of Cunegonda, who muſt have departed this life in the flower of her age, the Marquis of Eſte ſolicited a ſecond alliance beyond the Alps: but his delicacy no longer inſiſted on the choice of a virgin; the

widower was contented with a widow; and he excuſed the ambiguous ſtain which might adhere to his bride by a divorce from her firſt huſband. Her name was Garſenda, the daugther, and at length the heireſs of the Counts of Main. She became the mother of two ſons, Hugo and Fulk, and the younger of theſe is the acknowledged parent of the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena. The ſame liberal fortune which had crowned the offſpring of the firſt, ſeemed to attend the children of the ſecond nuptials of the Marquis Azo: but their fortune was hollow and fallacious, and after the loſs of their Gallic inheritance, the ſons of Garſenda reluctantly acquieſced in ſome fragments of their Italian patrimony. Matilda, the third wife of Azo, was another widow of noble birth, ſince ſhe was his own couſin in the fourth degree, but this conſanguinity provoked the ſtern and impartial juſtice of Gregory VII. His friend was ſummoned to appear before a ſynod at Rome: the inflexible prieſt pronounced a ſentence of divorce, and whatſoever idea may be formed of the Marquis's vigour, at the age of ſeventy-eight, he might ſubmit, without much effort, to the cannons of the church. Beſides his three ſons, Azo had a daughter named Adelais, who was educated in the family of the Counteſs Matilda. But the damſel is only mentioned to atteſt the miraculous virtue of Anſelm Biſhop of Lucca: ſhe was relieved in the night from a violent fit of the cholic, by the local application of a pillow, on which the Saint had formerly repoſed his head.

5. His rank of nobility in the public opinion.

A wealthy Marquis of the eleventh century muſt have commanded a proud hereditary rank in civil ſociety. In the judgment of the Pope, the Emperor, and the Public, Albert-Azo was diſtinguiſhed among the princes, and the firſt princes, of the kingdom of Italy. His double alliance in Germany and France may prove how much he was known and eſteemed among foreign nations; and he ſtrengthened his political importance by a domeſtic union with the conquerors of Apulia and Sicily. I ſhall not repeat the ſtory of the Norman adventurers, nor ſhall I again delineate the character

and exploits of Robert Guiscard, which, to the readers of History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are sufficiently familiar. But as Duke Robert had four daughters, the choice of his other three sons in law may serve as a test, a touchstone, of the comparative weight and value of the House of Este. Michael, Emperor of the Greeks, was the first name in the Christian world. Raymond, Count of Barcelona, was the independent sovereign of a warlike people; and the meanest of the three, a French Baron, of military renown, was the cousin of the Kings of France and Ierusalem, the brother in law of the King of Navarre and Arragon. Such were three of the sons, by alliance, of the Norman conqueror, who had previously rejected a proposal for the eldest son of the Emperor Henry IV.: the marriage of a fourth daugther will be most accurately represented in the words of the Apulian poet: "While the hero resided within the walls of the Trojan city, „he received the visit of a certain noble Lombard Marquis, „accompanied by many nobles of his country. Azo was his „name. The object of his journey was to request that the „Dukes daughter might be granted as a wife to Hugo, his „illustrious son. The Duke convened an assembly of his „chiefs, and with their consent and advice, the daughter of „Robert was delivered to the son of Azo. The nuptial rites „were solemnized in due form, and the festival was celebrated „with gifts and banquets. After the consummation of the „marriage, the Duke solicited his Counts and powerful vassals „to bestow a freegift, which might grace the joyful departure „of the bridegroom, and he enforced his demand, by re„minding them that no subsidy whatsoever had been given to „her sister, the Greek Empress. The demand of a tribute „was entertained with a murmur of surprise and discontent; „but all opposition was fruitless, and they presented their „sovereign with mules and horses, and various offerings. He „bestowed them on the husband of his daughter, with an „addition from his own treasures: a fleet was prepared, and „both the father and son were transported with great honour „to their native shores." This evidence of a contemporary poet, or rather historian, who had no temptation to flatter the Princes of Este, would alone be sufficient to establish the nobility and splendour of their family, the family of Brunswick, beyond the distant term of seven hundred years. If the Marquis Azo were the first of his race whose name and memory had been preserved, we might acquiesce in our ignorance, with a just persuasion of the dignity and power of his unknown ancestors. Of these illustrious ancestors, the zeal and diligence of Leibnitz and Muratori have discovered four probable, and four certain degrees. After the exami-

nation of their proofs, a ſcrupulous critic may ſuſpect, that in deriving the Marquiſſes of Eſte from thoſe of Tuſcany, "the aſcent of reaſon has been aided by the wings of imagi-„nation;" but he muſt confeſs, that ſince the beginning of the tenth century, the ſeries of generations flows in a clear and unbrocken ſtream.

1) to feel. 2) to draw. 3) to riſe. 4) to hold. 5) to ſweep. 6) to ſhoe. 7) to grind. 8) to draw. 9) to bind. 10) to think. 11) to find. 12) to meet. 13) to leave. 14) to become.

Beneficial Effects of a Taſte for the Belles Lettres.

Belles Lettres and Criticiſm chiefly conſider Man as a being endowed with thoſe powers of taſte and imagination, which were intended to embelliſh his mind, and to ſupply him with rational and uſeful entertainment. They open a field of inveſtigation peculiar to themſelves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can ſoothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They preſent human nature under a different aſpect from that which it aſſumes when viewed by other ſciences. They bring to light various ſprings of action, which, without their aid, might have paſſed unobſerved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on ſeveral departments of human life.

Such ſtudies have alſo this peculiar advantage, that they exerciſe our reaſon without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abſtruſe. They ſtrew flowers in the path of ſcience; and while they keep the mind bent, in ſome degree, and active, they relieve it at the ſame time from that more toilſome labour to which

it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of Taste.

The cultivation of Taste is further recommended by happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence. Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter.

The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So conſonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wiſe men than to tincture them early with a reliſh for the entertainments of taſte. The tranſition is commonly made with eaſe from theſe to the diſcharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of thoſe whoſe minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of reliſh for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is juſtly conſtrued to be an unpromiſing ſymptom of youth; and raiſes ſuſpicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or deſtined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal purſuits of life.

Improvement of Taſte connected with Improvement in Virtue.

There are indeed few good diſpoſitions of any kind with which the improvement of taſte is not more or leſs connected. A cultivated taſte increaſes ſenſibility to all the tender and humane paſſions, by giving them frequent exerciſe; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

> Theſe poliſh'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
> Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boiſt'rous mind.

The elevated ſentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and hiſtory are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nouriſh in our minds public ſpirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illuſtrious and great.

I will not go ſo far as to ſay that the improvement of taſte and of virtue is the ſame; or that they may always be expected to co-exiſt in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taſte can apply, are neceſſary for reforming the corrupt propenſities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant ſpeculations are ſometimes found to float on the ſurface of the mind, while bad paſſions poſſeſs the interior regions of the heart. At the ſame time this cannot but be

admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifiyng. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

On Style.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style, may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear,

and neat. The Aſiatics, gay and looſe in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuſe. The like ſort of characteriſtical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the Engliſh, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is uſual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a ſpirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expreſſing himſelf: ſo difficult it is to ſeparate theſe two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to diſcourſe; but it will be neceſſary to begin with examining the more ſimple qualities of it, from the aſſemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great meaſure, reſult.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perſpicuity and Ornament. For all that can poſſibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the ſame time, in ſuch a dreſs, as, by pleaſing and intereſting them, ſhall moſt effectually ſtrengthen the impreſſions which we ſeek to make. When both theſe ends are anſwered, we certainly accompliſh every purpoſe for which we uſe Writing and Diſcourſe.

On Perſpicuity.

Perſpicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality ſo eſſential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richeſt ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle inſtead of pleaſing, the reader. This, therefore, muſt be our firſt object, to make our meaning clearly and fully underſtood, and underſtood without the leaſt difficulty. "Diſcourſe, ſays Quintilian, ought always to be obvious, even „to the moſt careleſs and negligent hearer; ſo that the ſenſe „ſhall ſtrike his mind, as the light of the ſun does our eyes, „though they are not directed upwards to it. We muſt ſtudy, „not only that every hearer may underſtand us, but that it „ſhall be impoſſible for him not to underſtand us." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pauſe, and to read over his ſentences a ſecond time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never pleaſe us long. Mankind

are too indolent to reliſh ſo much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have diſcovered his meaning; but they will ſeldom be inclined to take up his work a ſecond time. Authors ſometimes plead the difficulty of their ſubject, as an excuſe for the want of Perſpicuity. But the excuſe can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into diſtinct propoſitions, or to expreſs clearly to others: and upon no ſubject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excuſably, be on ſome ſubjects incomplete or inadequate; but ſtill, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the caſe, perſpicuity in expreſſing them is always attainable. The obſcurity which reigns ſo much among many metaphyſical writers, is for the moſt part, owing to the indiſtinctneſs of their own conceptions. They ſee the object but in a confuſed light; and, of courſe, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perſpicuity in writing, is not to be conſidered as merely a ſort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of poſitive beauty. We are pleaſed with an author, we conſider him as deſerving praiſe, who frees us from all fatigue of ſearching for his meaning; who carries us through his ſubject without any embarraſſment or confuſion; whoſe ſtyle flows always like a limpid ſtream, where we ſee to the very bottom.

On Purity and Propriety.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often uſed indiſcriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A diſtinction, however, obtains between them. Purity is the uſe of ſuch words, and ſuch conſtructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we ſpeak; in oppoſition to words and phraſes that are imported from other Languages, or that are obſolete, or new-coined, or uſed without proper authority. Propriety is the ſelection of ſuch words in the Language, as the beſt and moſt eſtabliſhed uſage has appropriated to thoſe ideas which we intend to expreſs by them. It

implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that uſage, in oppoſition to vulgariſms, or low expreſſions; and to word and phraſes, which would be leſs ſignificant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be ſtrictly Engliſh, without Scotticiſms or Galliciſms, or ungrammatical, irregular expreſſions of any kind, and may, nevertheleſs, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-choſen; not adapted to the ſubject, nor fully expreſſive of the author's ſenſe. He has taken all his words and phraſes from the general maſs of Engliſh Language; but he has made his ſelection among theſe words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being alſo pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, beſides making Style perſpicuous, they alſo render it graceful. There is no ſtandard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the beſt writers and ſpeakers in the country.

When I mentioned obſolete or new coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be eaſily underſtood 1), that ſome exceptions are to be made 2). On certain occaſions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than proſe, with reſpect to coining, or, at leaſt, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty ſhould be uſed with a ſparing hand. In proſe, ſuch innovations are more hazardous, and have a worſe effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and ſhould never be ventured upon, except by ſuch, whoſe eſtabliſhed reputation gives them ſome degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unleſs where neceſſity requires them, ſhould always be avoided. Barren Languages may need ſuch aſſiſtantes; but ours is not one of theſe. Dean Swift, one of our moſt correct writers, valued himſelf much on uſing no words but ſuch as were of native growth: and his Language, may, indeed, be conſidered as a ſtandard of the ſtricteſt Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At preſent we ſeem to be departing from this ſtandard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On ſome occaſions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, alſo, they render it ſtiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, ſo, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally ſtrong and expreſſive with this Latinized Engliſh.

1) *to underſtand.* 2) *to make.*

On Preciſion.

The exact import of Preciſion may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere" to cut off: it imports retrenching all ſuperfluities, and pruning the expreſſion ſo, as to exhibit neither more nor leſs than an exact copy of his idea who uſes it. I obſerved before, that it is often difficult to ſeparate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found 1) ſo in this inſtance. For in order to write with Preciſion, though this be properly a quality of Style, one muſt poſſeſs a very conſiderable degree of diſtinctneſs and accuracy in his manner of thinking. The words, which a man uſes to expreſs his ideas, may be faulty in three reſpects: They may either not expreſs that idea which the author intends, but ſome other which only reſembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may expreſs that idea but not quite fully and completely; or they may expreſs it together with ſomething more than he intends. Preciſion ſtands oppoſed to all theſe three faults; but chiefly to the laſt. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults, ſeems implied. The words which he uſes are proper; that is, they expreſs that idea which he intends, and they expreſs it fully; but to be Preciſe, ſignifies, that they expreſs that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any ſuperfluous, unſeaſonable acceſſory, ſo as to mix it confuſedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object looſe and indiſtinct. This requires a writer to have, himſelf, a very clear apprehenſion of the object he means to preſent to us; to have laid faſt hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it, a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain.

1) *to find.*

On the Uſe and Importance of Preciſion.

The uſe and importance of Preciſion, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and diſtinctly, above one object at a time: If it muſt look at two or three together, eſpecially objects among which there is reſemblance or connection, it finds itſelf confuſed and

embarraſſed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus were any object, ſuppoſe ſome animal, to be preſented to me, of whoſe ſtructure I wanted to form a diſtinct notion, I would deſire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought 1) before me by itſelf, and to ſtand alone that there might be nothing the diſtract my attention. The ſame is the caſe with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you alſo tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumſtances to the principal object; if, by unneceſſarily varying the expreſſion, you ſhift point of view, and make me ſee ſometimes the object itſelf, and ſometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on ſeveral objects at once and I loſe ſight of the principal. You load the animal you are ſhowing me with ſo many trappings and collars, and bring ſo many of the ſame ſpecies before me, ſomewhat reſembling, and yet ſomewhat differing, that I ſe enone of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Looſe Style: and is the proper oppoſite to Preciſion. It generally ariſes from uſing a ſuperfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words to make themſelves underſtood, as they think, more diſtinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are ſenſible of not having caught 2) the preciſe expreſſion, to convey what they would ſignify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very preciſely themſelves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they ſuppoſe, ſupply the defect, and bring you ſomewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it and about it, but never juſt hit the thing. The image, as they ſet it before you, is always ſeen double; and no double image is diſtinct. When an author tells me of his hero's courage in the day of battle, the expreſſion is preciſe, and I underſtand it fully. But if, from the deſire of multiplying words he will needs praiſe his courage and fortitude, at the moment he joins theſe words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to expreſs one quality more ſtrongly; but he is, in truth, expreſſing two. Courage reſiſts danger; fortitude ſupports pain. The occaſion of exerting each of theſe qualities is different; and being led 3) to think of both together, when only one of them ſhould be in my view, my view is rendered unſteady, and my conception of the object indiſtinct.

From what I have ſaid, it appears that an author may, in a qualified ſenſe, be perſpicuous, while yet he is far from

being precise. He uses proper words, and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himself; and so far he is perspicuous; but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are loose and general; and, therefore, cannot be expressed with Precision. All subjects do not equally require Precision. It is sufficient on many occasions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of mistaking the sense of the author, though every word which he uses be not precise and exact.

1) to bring. 2) to catch. 3) to lead.

The Causes of a Loose Style.

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea: but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heigthen and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style.

On the general Characters of Style.

That different ſubjects require to be treated of in different ſorts of Style, is a poſition ſo obvious, that I ſhall not ſtay to illuſtrate it. Every one ſees that Treatiſes of Philoſophy, for inſtance, ought 1) not to be compoſed in the ſame Style with Orations. Every one ſees alſo, that different parts of the ſame compoſition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a ſermon for inſtance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at preſent to remark is, that, amidſt this variety, we ſtill expect to find, in the compoſitions of any one man, ſome degree of uniformity or conſiſtency with himſelf in manner; we expect to find ſome predominant character of Style impreſſed on all his writings, which ſhall be ſuited to, and ſhall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the reſt of his hiſtory. The ſame is the caſe with thoſe in Tacitus: Yet both in Livy's orations, and in thoſe of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the diſtinguiſhing manner of each hiſtorian; the magnificent fulneſs of the one, and the ſententious conciſeneſs, of the other. The "Lettres „Perſanes" and "L'Eſprit de Loix," are the works of the ſame author. They required very different compoſition ſurely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet ſtill we ſee the ſame hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compoſitions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reaſon, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulſe of original genius. As the moſt celebrated painters are known 2) by their hand; ſo the beſt and moſt original writers are known and diſtinguiſhed, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found 3) to hold almoſt without exception.

1) to owe. 2) to know. 3) to find.

On the Auſtere, the Florid and the Middle Style.

The ancient Critics attended to theſe general characters of Style which we are now to conſider. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus divides them into three kinds; and calls them, the Auſtere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Auſtere, he means a Style diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength and firmneſs, with a neglect of ſmoothneſs and ornament: for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Aeſchylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Proſe writers. By the Florid, he means, as thename indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing, and ſweet; reſting more upon members and grace, than ſtrength; he inſtances Heſiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Iſocrates. The Middle kind is the juſt mean between theſe, and comprehends the beauties of both; in which claſs he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets: in Proſe, Herodotus, Demoſthenes, Plato and (what ſeems ſtrange) Ariſtotle. This muſt be a very wide claſs indeed, which comprehends Plato and Ariſtotle under one article as to Style. Cicero and Quinctilian make alſo a threefold diviſion of Style, though with reſpect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by moſt of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the Simplex, Tenue or Subtile; the Grave, or Vehemens; and the Medium, or temperatum genus dicendi. But theſe diviſions, and illuſtrations they give of them, are ſo looſe and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I ſhall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to ſay on this ſubject.

On the Conciſe Style.

One of the firſt and moſt obvious diſtinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what ariſes from an author's ſpreading out his thoughts more or leſs. This diſtinction forms what are called the Diffuſe and the Conciſe Styles. A conciſe writer compreſſes his thought into the feweſt poſſible words; he ſeeks to employ none but ſuch as are moſt expreſſive; he lops off, as redundant, every expreſſion which does not add ſomething material to the ſenſe. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is in-

tended for the ſake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the ſame thought twice. He places it in the light which appearts to him the moſt ſtriking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His ſentences are arranged with compactneſs and ſtrength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmoſt preciſion is ſtudied in them; and they are commonly deſigned to ſuggeſt more to the reader's imagination than they directly expreſs.

On the Diffuſe Style.

A diffuſe writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every poſſible aſſiſtance for underſtanding it completely. He is not very careful to expreſs it at firſt in its full ſtrength, becauſe he is to repeat the impreſſion; and what he wants in ſtrength, he propoſes to ſupply by copiouſneſs. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into ſome length and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of theſe manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciſeneſs becomes abrupt and obſcure; it is apt alſo to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuſeneſs becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of theſe two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him: and under the general character of a conciſe, or of a more open and diffuſe Style, may poſſeſs much beauty in his compoſition.

For illuſtrations of theſe general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not ſo much from detached paſſages, ſuch as I was wont formerly to quote for inſtances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two moſt remarkable examples that I know,

of conciſeneſs carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in ſome caſes farther, are Tacitus the Hiſtorian, and the Preſident Monteſquieu in L'Eſprit de Loix. Ariſtotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever ſo frugal of his words as Ariſtotle; but this frugality of expreſſion frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuſeneſs, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the moſt illuſtrious inſtance that can be given. Addiſon, alſo and Sir William Temple, come in ſome degree under this claſs.

On the Nervous and the Feeble Style.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the ſame import with the Conciſe and the Diffuſe. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuſe writers have, for the moſt part, ſome degree of feebleneſs; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a conciſe expreſſion. This however, does not always hold; and there are inſtances of writers, who, in the midſt of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of ſtrength. Livy is an example; and in the Engliſh language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expreſſiveneſs uncommonly diſtinguiſhed. On every ſubject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiouſneſs; but it is always a torrent of ſtrong ideas and ſignificant expreſſions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundation of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object ſtrongly, he will expreſs it with energy: but, if he has only an indiſtinct view of this ſubject; if his ideas be looſe and wavering; if his genius be ſuch, or, at the time of his writing, ſo careleſsly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us, the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and looſe epithets will be found; his expreſſions will be vague and general; his arrangement indiſtinct and feeble; we ſhall conceive ſomewhat of his meaning, but

our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a conciſe Style, gives us always a ſtrong impreſſion of his meaning; his mind is full of his ſubject, and his words are all expreſſive: every phraſe and every figure which he uſes, tends to render the picture, which he would ſet before us, more lively and complete.

On Harſhneſs of Style.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when purſued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a ſtudy of ſtrength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harſh manner. Harſhneſs ariſes from unuſual words, from forced inverſions in the conſtruction of a ſentence, and too much neglect of ſmoothneſs and eaſe. This is reckoned the fault of ſome of our earlieſt claſſics in the Engliſh Language; ſuch as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his proſe works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of conſiderable note in the days of Queen Eliſabeth, James I. and Charles I. Theſe writers had nerves and ſtrength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and conſtruction of the Latin, in the arrangement of ſentences. Hooker, for inſtance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Eccleſiaſtical Polity with the following ſentence: "Though „for no other cauſe, yet for this, that poſterity may know „we have not looſely, through ſilence, permitted things to „paſs away as in dream, there ſhall be, for men's informa„tion, extant this much, concerning the preſent ſtate of the „church of God eſtabliſhed amongſt us, and their careful en„deavours which would have upheld the ſame." Such a ſentence now ſounds harſh in our ears. Yet ſome advantages certainly attended this ſort of Style; and whether we have gained, or loſt, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a queſtion. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language ſuſceptible of more ſtrength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period.

But however this be, ſuch a Style is now obſolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the cenſure of harſhneſs and affectation. The preſent form which the Language has aſſumed, has, in ſome meaſure, ſacrificed the ſtudy of ſtrength to that of perſpicuity and eaſe. Our arrangement of words has become leſs forcible, perhaps but more plain and natural: and this is now underſtood to be the genius of our Language.

On the Dry Style.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being underſtood, it has not the leaſt aim to pleaſe either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and ſolidity of matter is requiſite; and entire perſpicuity of language. Ariſtotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered ſo rigidly to the ſtrictneſs of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed ſo much inſtruction, without the leaſt approach to ornament. With the moſt profound genius, and extenſive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addreſſes himſelf ſolely to the underſtanding, without making any uſe of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deſerves not to be imitated. For, although the goodneſs of the matter may compenſate the dryneſs or harſhneſs of the Style, yet is that dryneſs a conſiderable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our ſentiments, with diſadvantage, to the reader or hearer.

On the Plain Style.

A Plain Style riſes one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind

and reſts almoſt entirely upon his ſenſe. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, muſical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he ſtudies, however, to avoid diſguſting us, like a dry and a harſh writer. Beſides Perſpicuity, he purſues Propriety, Purity, and Preciſion in his language: which form one degree, and no inconſiderable one, of beauty. Livelineſs too, and force, may be conſiſtent with a very Plain Style: and, therefore, ſuch an author, if his ſentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and ſeems not to know what it is; the latter ſeeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, diſtinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himſelf no trouble about; either, becauſe he thinks it unneceſſary to his ſubject or becauſe his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, becauſe it leads him to deſpiſe it.

This laſt was the caſe with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of thoſe that have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have diſcovered more capacity. He treats every ſubject which he handles, whether ſerious or ludicrous, in a maſterly manner. He knew, almoſt beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Preciſion of the Engliſh Language; and, therefore, to ſuch as wiſh to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the moſt uſeful models. But we muſt not look for much ornament and grace in his Language. His haughty and moroſe genius made him deſpiſe any embelliſhment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his ſentiments in a plain, downright, poſitive manner, like one who is ſure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleaſed or not. His ſentences are commonly negligently arranged; diſtinctly enough as to the ſenſe, but without any regard to ſmoothneſs of ſound; often without much regard to compactneſs or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his ſatire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchſafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embelliſh and illuſtrate, he would rather throw it aſide. Hence in his ſerious pieces, his ſtyle often borders upon the dry and unpleaſing, in his humorous ones, the plainneſs of his manner ſets off wit to the higheſt advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it ſeems native and unſtudied; and while he hardly appears to ſmile himſelf, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of ſuch a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was moſt admirably fitted. Among our philoſophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this claſs; perſpicuous and pure, but

almoſt without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever ſo much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we muſt remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole compoſition, great weight of matter, and great force of ſentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author.

On the Neat Style.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the higheſt or moſt ſparkling kind. A writer of this character ſhews, that he does not deſpiſe the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is ſhewn in the choice of his words, and in graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His ſentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of ſuperfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a ſwelling ſtructure, cloſing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper cloſe. His cadence is varied; but not of the ſtudied muſical kind. His figures, if he uſes any, are ſhort and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by induſtry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing, and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our compoſition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unſuitable to any ſubject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the drieſt ſubject, may be written with neatneſs; and a ſermon, or a philoſophical treatiſe, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleaſure.

On an Elegant Style.

An Elegant Style is a character, expreſſing a higher degree

of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term uſually applied to Style, when poſſeſſing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its exceſſes or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will eaſily be underſtood, that complete Elegance implies great perſpicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination ſpread over Style, as far as the ſubject admits it; and all the illuſtration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleaſes the fancy and the ear, while he informs the underſtanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expreſſion, but not overcharged with any of its miſplaced finery. In this claſs, therefore, we place only the firſt rate writers in the language; ſuch as Addiſon, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now claſs together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the ſcale of Ornament, poſſeſſing nearly the ſame place.

On the Florid Style.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the ſubject: where they return upon us too faſt, and ſtrike us either with a dazzling luſtre, or a falſe brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly uſed to ſignify the exceſs of ornament. In a young compoſer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promiſing ſymptom, in young people, that their Style ſhould incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "In youth," ſays Quinctilian, "I wiſh to ſee luxuriancy of fancy appear. Much of it „will be diminiſhed by years; much will be corrected by ripen„ing judgment; ſome of it, by the mere practice of com„poſition, will be worn away. Let there be only ſufficient „matter, at firſt, that can bear ſome pruning and lopping off. „At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and „pride itſelf in its efforts, though theſe ſhould not, as yet, „be correct. Luxuriancy can eaſily be cured; but for barren-

„eſs there is no remedy." But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their firſt eſſays it muſt not receive the ſame indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, ſhould chaſten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all ſuch ornaments as are redundant, unſuitable to the ſubject or not conducive to illuſtrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinſel ſplendour of language, which ſome writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be aſcribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We ſhould then have ſomething to amuſe us, at leaſt, if we found little to inſtruct us. But the worſt is, that with thoſe frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We ſee a laboured attempt to a ſplendour of compoſition, of which they have formed to themſelves ſome looſe idea; but having no ſtrength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to ſupply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by common-place figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has eſcaped theſe writers, that ſobriety in ornament, is one great ſecret for rendering it pleaſing: and that without a foundation of good ſenſe and ſolid thought, the moſt Florid Style is but a childiſh impoſition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be ſo impoſed on; at leaſt, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at firſt, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good diſpoſitions of the preſent age, than on the public taſte, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had ſo great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always diſplayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on ſome occaſions, appears, juſtly merited applauſe: but the perpetual glitter of expreſſion, the ſwoln imagery, and ſtrained deſcription which abound in them, are ornaments of a falſe kind. I would, therefore, adviſe ſtudents of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compoſitions of a ſerious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope ſays, from ſounds to things, from "fancy to the „heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occaſion to give, and may hereafter, repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers againſt the affected and frivolous uſe of ornament; and, inſtead of that ſlight and ſuperficial taſte in writing, which I apprehend to be at preſent too faſhionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail,

a taste for more solid thought, and more manly simplicity in Style.

On the different Kinds of Simplicity.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

> "Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
> „And keep one equal tenour through the whole.

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Aeneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unsought; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to pursue; within certain bounds very beautiful, but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being recherché, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Loke is a simple, Mr. Hervey, a florid writer; and it is in this sense, that the "simplex," the "tenue, or „subtile genus dicendi," is understood by Cicero and Quinctilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with

the plain or the neat ſtyle, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illuſtration.

But there is a fourth ſenſe of Simplicity, alſo reſpecting Style; but not reſpecting the degree of ornament employed, ſo much as the eaſy and natural manner in which our language expreſſes our thoughts. This is quite different from the former ſenſe of the word juſt now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainneſs: whereas, in this ſenſe, it is compatible with the higheſt ornament. Homer, for inſtance, poſſeſſes this Simplicity in the greateſt perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to conſider, ſtands oppoſed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style: and it is a diſtinguiſhing excellency in writing.

Simplicity appears eaſy.

A writer of Simplicity expreſſes himſelf in ſuch a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the ſame way; Horace deſcribes it,

> "From well-known tales ſuch fictions would I raiſe,
> „As all might hope to imitate with eaſe;
> „Yet, while they ſtrive the ſame ſucceſs to gain;
> Should find their labours and their hopes in vain."

There are no marks of art in his expreſſion; it ſeems the very language of nature; you ſee, in the ſtyle, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expreſſion; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but theſe flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not becauſe he has ſtudied it, but becauſe it is the manner of expreſſion moſt natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, alſo, is not inconſiſtent with this character of Style, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: "Let this Style" ſays Cicero, (Orat. No 77.) "have a certain „ſoftneſs and eaſe, which ſhall characteriſe a negligence, not

„unpleasing in an author who appears to be more solicitous „about the thought than the expression." This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like simplicity of manners, it shows us a man's sentiments and turn of mind laid open without disguise. More studied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this disadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the splendour of dress, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal those peculiarities which distinguish one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like conversing with a person of distinction at home, and with ease, where we find natural manners, and a marked character.

On Naïveté.

The highest degree of this Simplicity, is expressed by a French term to which we have none that fully answers in our language, Naïveté. It is not easy to give a precise idea of the import of this word. It always expresses a discovery of character. I believe the best account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to smile at the person who discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such Naïveté. This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity.

Ancients eminent for Simplicity.

With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark,

that the ancient original writers are always the moſt eminent for it. This happens from a plain reaſon, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful ſimplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Heſiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are all diſtinguiſhed for it. Among the Romans, alſo, we have ſome writers of this character, particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phaedrus, and Julius Caeſar. The following paſſage of Terence's Andria, is a beautiful inſtance of Simplicity of manner in deſcription:

"Mean while the funeral proceeds; we follow;
„Come to the ſepulchre: the body's plac'd
„Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon
„This ſiſter I was ſpeaking of, all wild,
„Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
„There! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
„His well-diſſembled and long-hidden love,
„Runs up, and takes her round the waiſt, and cries,
„O! my Glycerium! what is it you do?
„Why, why endeavour to deſtroy yourſelf?
„Then ſhe, in ſuch a manner that you thence
„Might eaſily perceive their long love,
„Threw herſelf back into his arms, and wept.
„Oh! how familiarly!"

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: they convey a moſt lively pictury of the ſcene deſcribed; while, at the ſame time, the Style appears wholly artleſs and unlaboured.

On the Vehement Style.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet ſpoken of; which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Vehement. This always implies ſtrength; and is not, by any means, inconſiſtent with Simplicity: but, in its predominant character, is diſtinguiſhable from either the ſtrong or the ſimple manner. It has a peculiar

ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whoſe imagination and paſſions are heated, and ſtrongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of leſſer graces, but pours himſelf forth with the rapidity and fulneſs of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is ſpeaking, than from one who is writing in his cloſet. The orations of Demoſthenes furniſh the full and perfect example of this ſpecies of Style.

Directions for forming a Style.

It will be more to the purpoſe, that I conclude theſe diſſertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the ſubject on which we write, or prompted by the heat of genius.

The firſt direction which I give for this purpoſe is to ſtudy clear ideas on the ſubject concerning which we are to write or ſpeak. This is a direction which may at firſt appear to have ſmall relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely cloſe. The foundation of all good Style is good Senſe, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are ſo intimately connected, that as I have ſeveral times hinted, it is frequently hard to diſtinguiſh them. Wherever the impreſſions of things upon our minds are faint and indiſtinct, or perplexed and confuſed, our Style in treating of ſuch things will infallibly be ſo too. Whereas what we conceive clearly and feel ſtrongly, we will naturally expreſs with clearneſs and with ſtrength. This, then, we may be aſſured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think cloſely of the ſubject, till we have attained a full and diſtinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and intereſted in it; then, and not till then, ſhall we find expreſſion begin to flow. Generally ſpeaking the beſt and moſt proper expreſſions are thoſe which a clear view of the ſubject ſuggeſts, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinctilians obſervation, Lib. VIII. c. 1. "The moſt proper words

„for the moſt part adhere to the thoughts which are to be ex„preſſed by them, and may be diſcovered as by their own „light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, and „only to be found in a corner; Hence, inſtead of conceiving „the words to lie near the ſubject, we go in queſt of them „to ſome other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the „expreſſions we have found out."

Practice neceſſary for forming a Style.

In the ſecond place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of compoſing is indiſpenſibly neceſſary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will anſwer the end without exerciſe and habit. At the ſame time, it is not every ſort of compoſing that will improve Style. This is ſo far from being the caſe, that by frequent, careleſs and haſty compoſition, we ſhall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we ſhall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accuſtomed to compoſition at all. In the begining, therefore, we ought to write ſlowly and with much care. Let the facility and ſpeed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "I enjoin," ſays Quinctilian with the greateſt reaſon, L. X. c. 3., "that ſuch as are beginning the practice of compoſition, „write ſlowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great „object at firſt ſhould be, to write as well as poſſible; prac„tice will enable them to write ſpeedily. By degrees matter „will offer itſelf ſtill more readily; words will be at hand; „compoſition will flow; every thing, as, in the arrangement „of a well-ordered family, will preſent itſelf in its proper „place; The ſum of the whole is this; by haſty compoſition, „we ſhall never acquire the art of compoſing well; by writing „well, we ſhall come to write ſpeedily."

Too anxious a Care about Words to be avoided.

We muſt obſerve, however, that there may be an extreme

in too great and anxious a care about Words. We muſt not retard the courſe of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pauſing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occaſions, a glow of compoſition which ſhould be kept up, if we hope to expreſs ourſelves happily, though at the expence of allowing ſome inadvertencies to paſs. A more ſevere examination of theſe muſt be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of compoſition be uſeful, the laborious work of correcting is no leſs ſo: it is indeed abſolutely neceſſary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of compoſition. What we have written ſhould be laid by for ſome little time, till the ardour of compoſition be paſt, till the fondneſs for the expreſſions themſelves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we ſhall diſcern many imperfections which at firſt eſcaped us. Then is the ſeaſon for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of ſentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles: and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and ſupported form. This "Limae Labor" muſt be ſubmitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and ſome practice in it will ſoon ſharpen their eye to the moſt neceſſary objects of attention, and render it a much more eaſy and practicable work than might at firſt be imagined

An Acquaintance with the beſt Authors neceſſary to the Formation of a Style.

In the third place, with reſpect to the aſſiſtance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourſelves well acquainted with the Style of the beſt authors. This is requiſite, both in order to form a juſt taſte in Style, and to ſupply us with a full ſtock of words on every ſubject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention ſhould be given to the peculiarities of their different manners.

I know no exerciſe that will be found more uſeful for

requiring a groper Style, than to translate ſome paſſage from an eminent Engliſh author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for inſtance, ſome page of one of Mr. Addiſon's Spectators, and read it careſully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aſide the book; to attempt to write out the paſſage from memory, in the beſt way we can; and having done ſo, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exerciſe will, by compariſon, ſhew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the ſame thought may be expreſſed, will make us perceive that which is the moſt beautiful.

A ſervile Imitation to be avoided.

In the fourth place, I muſt caution, at the ſame time, againſt a ſervile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a ſtiff manner; and thoſe who are given to cloſe imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or ſpeaker, who has not ſome degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, by adopting any author's noted phraſes, or tranſcribing paſſages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine compoſition. Infinitely better it is to have ſomething that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to ſhine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at laſt, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On theſe heads of compoſing, correcting, reading and imitating I adviſe every ſtudent of oratory to conſult what Quinctilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Inſtitutions, where he will find a variety of excellent obſervations and directions, that well deſerve attention.

Style muſt be adapted to the Subject.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with reſpect to Style, that we always ſtudy to adapt it to the ſubject, and alſo to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to ſpeak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not ſuited to the occaſion, and to the perſons to whom it is addreſſed. It is to the laſt degree awkward and abſurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occaſions when it ſhould be our buſineſs only to argue and reaſon; or to ſpeak with elaborate pomp of expreſſion, before perſons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only ſtare at our unſeaſonable magnificence. Theſe are defects not ſo much in point of Style, as what is much worſe, in point of common ſenſe. When we begin to write or ſpeak, we ought previouſly to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this ſteadily in our view, and to ſuit our Style to it. If we do not ſacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of ſenſe will laugh at us and our Style.

Attention to Style muſt not detract from Attention to Thought.

In the laſt place, I cannot conclude the ſubject without this admonition, that, in any caſe, and on any occaſion, attention to Style muſt not engroſs us ſo much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the Thoughts. "To your expreſſion," ſays the great Roman Critic, "be attentive; „but about your matter be ſolicitous." A direction the more neceſſary, as the preſent taſte of the age, in writing, ſeems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much eaſier to dreſs up trivial and common ſentiments with ſome beauty of expreſſion, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and uſeful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by induſtry, with the help of very ſuperficial parts. Hence, we find ſo many writers frivolouſly

rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in ſentiment. The public ear is now ſo much accuſtomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with ſafety, neglect the ſtudy of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to ſomething beyond it; who does not lay the chief ſtreſs upon his matter; and employ ſuch ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppiſh. "A higher ſpirit," ſays „the writer whom I have ſo often quoted, "ought to animate „thoſe who ſtudy eloquence. They ought to conſult the health „and ſoundneſs of the whole body, rather than bend their „attention to ſuch trifling objects as paring the nails, and „dreſſing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaſte, with„out effeminate gajety, or artificial colouring, let it ſhine „with the glow of health and ſtrength."

On Pronunciation, or Delivery.

I.

How much ſtreſs was laid upon Pronunciation, or Delivery, by the moſt eloquent of all orators, Demoſthenes, appears from a noted ſaying of his related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being aſked, What was the firſt point in oratory? he anſwered, Delivery; and being aſked, What was the ſecond? and afterwards, What was the third? he ſtill anſwered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that, he ſhould have rated that ſo high, and that for improving himſelf in it, he ſhould have employed thoſe aſſiduous and painful labours, which all the Ancients take ſo much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To ſuperficial thinkers, the management of the voice and geſture, in public ſpeaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the caſe. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public ſpeaking, Perſuaſion; and therefore deſerves the ſtudy of the moſt grave and ſerious ſpeakers, as much as of thoſe, whoſe only aim it is to pleaſe.

For, let it be conſidered, whenever we addreſs ourſelves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make ſome

impreſſion on thoſe to whom we ſpeak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and geſtures, interpret our ideas and emotions no leſs than words do; nay, the impreſſion they make on others, is frequently much ſtronger than any that words can make. We often ſee that an expreſſive look, or a paſſionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouſes within them ſtronger paſſions, than can be communicated by the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. The ſignification of our ſentiments, made by tones and geſtures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is underſtood by all; whereas words are only arbitrary, conventional ſymbols of our ideas: and, by conſequence, muſt make a more feeble impreſſion. So true is this, that, to render words fully ſignificant, they muſt, almoſt in every caſe, receive ſome aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery, and he who, in ſpeaking, ſhould employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indiſtinct impreſſion, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, ſo cloſe is the connection between certain ſentiments, and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them, after that manner, can never perſuade us that he believes, or feels, the ſentiments themſelves. His delivery may be ſuch, as to give the lye to all that he aſſerts. When Marcus Callidius accuſed one of an attempt to poiſon him, but enforced his accuſation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earneſtneſs of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accuſed perſon, improved this into an argument of the falſity of the charge, "An „tu, M. Callidi niſi fingeres, ſic ageres?" In Shakeſpear's Richard II. the Dutcheſs of York thus impeaches the ſincerity of her huſband.

> Pleads he in earneſt? — Look upon his Face,
> His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jeſt;
> His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breaſt:
> He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
> We pray with heart and ſoul.

But, I believe it is needleſs to ſay any more, in order to ſhew the high importance of a good Delivery. I proceed, therefore, to ſuch obſervations as appear to me moſt uſeful to be made on this head.

The great objects which every public ſpeaker will natu-

rally have in his eye in forming his Delivery, are firſt, to ſpeak ſo as to be fully and eaſily underſtood by all who hear him; and next, to ſpeak with grace and force, ſo as to pleaſe and to move his audience. Let us conſider what is moſt important with reſpect to each of theſe.

In order to be fully and eaſily underſtood, the four chief requiſites are, A due degree of loudneſs of voice; Diſtinctneſs; Slowneſs and, Propriety of Pronunciation. The firſt attention of every public ſpeaker, doubtleſs, muſt be, to make himſelf be heard by all thoſe to whom he ſpeaks. He muſt endeavour to fill with his voice the ſpace occupied by the aſſembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is ſo in a good meaſure; but, however, may receive conſiderable aſſiſtance from art. Much depends for this purpoſe on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uſes in calling aloud to ſome one at a diſtance. The low is, when it approaches to a whiſper. The middle is, that which he employs in common converſation, and which he ſhould generally uſe in public diſcourſe. For it is a great miſtake, to imagine that one muſt take the higheſt pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great aſſembly. This is confounding two things which are different: loudneſs, or ſtrength of ſound, with the key, or note on which we ſpeak. A ſpeaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we ſhall always be able to give moſt body, moſt perſevering force of ſound, to that pitch of voice, to which in converſation we are accuſtomed. Whereas, by ſetting out on our higheſt pitch or key, we certainly allow ourſelves leſs compaſs, and are likely to ſtrain our voice before we have done. We ſhall fatigue ourſelves, and ſpeak with pain; and whenever a man ſpeaks with pain to himſelf, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice therefore full ſtrength and ſwell of ſound; but always pitch it on your ordinary ſpeaking key. Make it a conſtant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourſelves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within theſe bounds, the other organs of ſpeech will be at liberty to diſcharge their ſeveral offices with eaſe; and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you tranſgreſs theſe bounds; you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is an uſeful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on ſome of the moſt diſtant perſons in the aſſembly, and to conſider ourſelves as

ſpeaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with ſuch a degree of ſtrength, as to make ourſelves be heard by one to whom we addreſs ourſelves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the caſe in common converſation, it will hold alſo in public ſpeaking. But remember, that in public as well as in converſation, it is poſſible to offend by ſpeaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indiſtinct maſſes; beſides its giving the ſpeaker the diſagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel aſſent, by mere vehemence and force of ſound.

In the next place, to being well heard and clearly underſtood, diſtinctneſs of articulation contributes more, than mere loudneſs of ſound. The quantity of ſound neceſſary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller, than is commonly imagined; and with diſtinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the ſtrongeſt voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public ſpeaker ought to pay great attention. He muſt give every ſound which he utters its due proportion, and make every ſyllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard diſtinctly; without ſlurring, whiſpering, or ſuppreſſing any of the proper ſounds.

In the third place, in order to articulate diſtinctly, moderation is requiſite with regard to the ſpeed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of ſpeech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need ſcarcely obſerve, that there may be alſo an extreme on the oppoſite ſide. It is obvious, that a lifeleſs, drawling pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the ſpeaker, muſt render every diſcourſe inſipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of ſpeaking too faſt is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded againſt, becauſe, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of ſlowneſs, and with full and clear articulation, is the firſt thing to be ſtudied by all who begin to ſpeak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their diſcourſe. It is a great aſſiſtance to the voice by the pauſes and reſts which it allows it more eaſily to make; and it enables the ſpeaker to ſwell all his ſounds, both with more force and more muſic. It aſſiſts him alſo in preſerving a due command of himſelf; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of ſpirits, which is the greateſt enemy to all right execution in the way of ora-

tory. "Promptum ſit os," ſays Quinctilian, "non praeceps, moderatum, non lentum."

After theſe fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to diſtinct articulation, and to a proper degree of ſlowneſs of ſpeech, what a public ſpeaker muſt, in the fourth place, ſtudy, is Propriety of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that ſound, which the moſt polite uſage of the language appropriates to it; in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requiſite, both for ſpeaking intelligibly, and for ſpeaking with grace or beauty. Inſtructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one obſervation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the Engliſh language, every word which conſiſts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. The accent reſts ſometimes on the vowel ſometimes on the conſonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented ſyllable in any Engliſh word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that ſyllable by ſtronger percuſſion, and to paſs more ſlightly over the reſt. Now, after we have learned the proper ſeats of theſe accents, it is an important rule, to give every word juſt the ſame accent in public ſpeaking, as in common diſcourſe. Many perſons err in this reſpect. When they ſpeak in public, and with ſolemnity, they pronounce the ſyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them: they multiply accents on the ſame word; from a miſtaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their diſcourſe, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greateſt faults that can be committed in pronunciation; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to ſpeech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableneſs, and its impreſſion.

I proceed to treat next of thoſe higher parts of Delivery. By ſtudying which, a ſpeaker has ſomething farther in view than merely to render himſelf intelligible, and ſeeks to give grace and force to what he utters. Theſe may be compriſed under four heads, Emphaſis, Pauſes, Tones, and Geſtures. Let me only premiſe in general, to what I am to ſay concerning them, that attention to theſe articles of Delivery, is by no means to be confined, as ſome might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a diſcourſe; there is, perhaps, as great attention requiſite, and as much ſkill diſplayed, in adapting emphaſes, pauſes, tones, and geſ-

tures, properly, to calm and plain ſpeaking: and the effect of a juſt and graceful delivery will, in every part of a ſubject, be found of high importance for commanding attention, and enforcing what is ſpoken.

Firſt, let us conſider Emphaſis; by this is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh the accented ſyllable of ſome word, on which we deſign to lay particular ſtreſs, and to ſhow how it affects the reſt of the ſentence. Sometimes the emphatic word muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a ſtronger accent. On the right management of the emphaſis, depends the whole life and ſpirit of every diſcourſe. If no emphaſis be placed on any words, not only is diſcourſe rendered heavy and lifeleſs, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphaſis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common inſtance, ſuch a ſimple queſtion as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphaſis is differently placed on the words.

If it be pronounced thus: Do you ride to town to-day? the anſwer may naturally be, No; I ſend my ſervant in my ſtead. If thus; Do you ride to town to-day? Anſwer, No: I intend to walk. Do you ride to town to-day? No; I ride out into the fields. Do you ride to town to day? No; but I ſhall to-morrow. In like manner, in ſolemn diſcourſe, the whole force and beauty of an expreſſion often depend on the accented word; and we may preſent to the hearers quite different views of the ſame ſentiments by placing the emphaſis differently. In the following words of our Saviour, obſerve in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, be„trayeſt thou the Son of Man with a kiſs?" Betrayeſt thou makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery. — Betrayeſt thou — makes it reſt, upon Judas's connection with his maſter. Betrayeſt thou the Son of Man — reſts it, upon our Saviours perſonal character and eminence. Betrayeſt thou the Son of man with a kiſs? turns it upon his proſtituting the ſignal of peace and friendſhip, to the purpoſe of a mark of deſtruction.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphaſis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule poſſible to be given, is, that the ſpeaker ſtudy to attain a juſt conception of the force and ſpirit of thoſe ſentiments which he is to

pronounce. For to lay the emphaſis with exact propriety, is a conſtant exerciſe of good ſenſe and attention. It is far from being an inconſiderable attainment. It is one of the greateſt trials of a true and juſt taſte; and muſt ariſe from feeling delicately ourſelves, and from judging accurately of what is fitteſt to ſtrike the feelings of others. There is as a great difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain proſe, read by one who places the ſeveral emphaſes every where with taſte and judgment, and by one who neglects or miſtakes them, as there is between the ſame tune played by the moſt maſterly hand, or by the moſt bungling performer.

In all prepared diſcourſes, it would be of great uſe, if they were read over or rehearſed in private, with this particular view, to ſearch for the proper emphaſis before they were pronounced in public; marking at the ſame time, with a pen, the emphatical words in every ſentence, or at leaſt the moſt weighty and affecting parts of the diſcourſe, and fixing them well in memory. Were this attention oftener beſtowed, were this part of pronunciation ſtudied with more exactneſs, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public ſpeakers would find their care abundantly repaid, by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience. Let me caution, at the ſame time, againſt one error, that of multiplying emphatical words too much. It is only by a prudent reſerve in the uſe of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a ſpeaker attempts to render every thing which he ſay of high importance by a multitude of ſtrong emphaſes, we ſoon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every ſentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters, which, as to the effect, is juſt the ſame with uſing no ſuch diſtinctions at all.

Next to emphaſis, the Pauſes in ſpeaking demand attention. Theſe are of two kinds; firſt, emphatical pauſes; and next, ſuch as mark the diſtinctions of ſenſe. An emphatical pauſe is made, after ſomething has been ſaid of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before ſuch a thing is ſaid, we uſher it in with a pauſe of this nature. Such pauſes have the ſame effect as a ſtrong emphaſis, and are ſubject to the ſame rules; eſpecially to the caution juſt now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and of courſe raiſe expectation, if the importance of the mat-

ter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and, the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public speaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is speaking, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

If any one, in public speaking, shall have formed to himself a certain melody or tune, which requires rest and pauses of its own, distinct from those of the sense; he has undoubtedly, contracted one of the worst habits into which a public speaker can fall. It is the sense which should always rule the pauses of the voice; for wherever there is any sensible suspension of the voice, the hearer is always led to expect something corresponding in the meaning. Pauses in public discourse, must be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation; and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which we acquire from reading books according to the common punctuation. The general run of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and false; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauses, which is extremely disagreeable: for we are to observe, that to render pauses graceful and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can never be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denotes the sentence finished.

In all theſe caſes, we are to regulate ourſelves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to ſpeak when engaged in real and earneſt diſcourſe with others.

When we are reading or reciting verſe, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauſes juſtly. The difficulty ariſes from the melody of verſe, which dictates to the ear pauſes or reſts of its own; and to adjuſt and compound theſe properly with the pauſes of the ſenſe, ſo as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the underſtanding, is ſo very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we ſo ſeldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauſes that belong to the muſic of verſe; one is, the pauſe at the end of the line; and the other, the caeſural pauſe in the middle of it. With regard to the pauſe at the end of the line, which marks that ſtrain or verſe to be finiſhed, rhyme renders this always ſenſible, and in ſome meaſure compels us to obſerve it in our pronunciation. In blank verſe, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, ſometimes without any ſuſpenſion in the ſenſe, it has been made a queſtion, Whether, in reading ſuch verſe with propriety, any regard at all ſhould be paid to the cloſe of a line? On the ſtage, where the appearance of ſpeaking in verſe ſhould always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt that the cloſe of ſuch lines as make no pauſe in the ſenſe ſhould not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on ale other occaſions, this were improper: for what is the uſe of melody, or for what end has the poet compoſed in verſe, if, in reading his lines, we ſuppreſs his numbers; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere proſe? we ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verſe ſo as to make every line ſenſible to the ear. At the ſame time, in doing ſo, every appearance of ſing-ſong and tone muſt be carefully guarded againſt. The cloſe of the line, where it makes no pauſe in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by ſuch a tone as is uſed in finiſhing a ſentence, but without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it ſhould be marked only by ſuch a ſlight ſuſpenſion of ſound, as may diſtinguiſh the paſſage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of muſical pauſe, is that which falls ſomewhere about the middle of the verſe, and divides it into two hemiſtichs; a pauſe, not ſo great as that which belongs to the cloſe of the line, but ſtill ſenſible to an ordinary ear. This which is called the caeſural pauſe, in the French heroic verſe, falls uniformly in the middle of the line, in the Engliſh, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th ſyllables in the line,

and no other. Where the verſe is ſo conſtructed, that this caeſural pauſe coincides with the ſlighteſt pauſe or diviſion in the ſenſe, the line can be read eaſily; as in the two firſt verſes of Mr. Pope's Meſſiah,

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong;
To heavenly themes, ſublimer ſtrains belong;

But if it ſhall happen that words, which have ſuch a ſtrict and intimate connection, as not to bear even a momentary ſeparation, are divided from one another by this caeſural pauſe, we then feel a ſort of ſtruggle between the ſenſe and the ſound, which renders it difficult to read ſuch lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in ſuch caſes is, to regard only the pauſe which the ſenſe forms, and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the caeſural pauſe may make the line ſound ſomewhat unharmoniouſly, but the effect would be much worſe, if the ſenſe were ſacrificed to the ſound. For inſtance, in the following line of Milton.

— — What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raiſe, and ſupport.

The ſenſe clearly dictates the pauſe after "illumine," at the end of the third ſyllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" ſhould be connected with what follows, and the pauſe not made till the 4th or 6th ſyllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope's (Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot):

It ſit, with ſad civility I read;

The ear plainly points out the caeſural pauſe as falling after "ſad," the 4th ſyllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pauſe there, ſo as to ſeparate "ſad" and "civility." The ſenſe admits of no other pauſe than after the ſecond ſyllable "ſit," which therefore muſt be the only pauſe made in the reading.

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphaſis and pauſes; conſiſting in the modulation of ſound which we employ in public ſpeaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of diſcourſe, muſt depend on theſe, will appear from this ſingle conſideration; that to almoſt every ſentiment we utter, more eſpecially to every ſtrong emotion, nature hath adapted ſome peculiar tone of voice; inſomuch, that he who ſhould tell

another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not ſuit ſuch emotions, inſtead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the moſt powerful principles by which perſuaſive diſcourſe works its effect. The ſpeaker endeavours to transfuſe into his hearers his own ſentiments and emotions; which he can never be ſucceſsful in doing, unleſs he utters them in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them. The proper expreſſion of tones, therefore, deſerves to be attentively ſtudied by every one who would be a ſucceſsful orator.

The greateſt and moſt material inſtruction which can be given for this purpoſe is, to form the tones of public ſpeaking upon the tones of ſenſible and animated converſation. We may obſerve that every man, when he is much in earneſt in common diſcourſe, when he is engaged in ſpeaking on ſome ſubject which intereſts him nearly, has an eloquent or or perſuaſive tone and manner. What is the reaſon of our being often ſo frigid and unperſuaſive in public diſcourſe, but our departing from the natural tone of ſpeaking, and delivering ourſelves in an affected, artificial manner? Nothing can be more abſurd than to imagine, that as ſoon as one mounts a pulpet, or riſes in a public aſſembly, he is inſtantly to lay aſide the voice with which he expreſſes himſelf in private; to aſſume a new, ſtudied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given riſe to cant and tedious monotony, in the different kinds of modern public ſpeaking, eſpecially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature; and ſought to give a beauty or force as they imagined, to their diſcourſe by ſubſtituting certain ſtudied muſical tones, in the room of the genuine expreſſions of ſentiment, which the voice carries in natural diſcourſe. Let every public ſpeaker guard againſt this error. Whether he ſpeak in a private room, or in a great aſſembly, let him remember that he ſtill ſpeaks. Follow nature: conſider how ſhe teaches you to utter any ſentiment or feeling of your heart. Imagine a ſubject of debate ſtarted in converſation among grave and wiſe men, and yourſelf bearing a ſhare in it. Think after what manner with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on ſuch an occaſion expreſs yourſelf, when you were moſt in earneſt, and ſought moſt to be liſtened to. Carry theſe with you to the bar, to the pulpit or to any public aſſembly; let theſe be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there, and you will take the ſureſt method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and perſuaſive.

I have ſaid, let theſe converſation tones be the foundation of public pronunciation, for, on ſome occaſion, ſolemn public ſpeaking requires them to be exalted beyond the ſtrain of common diſcourſe. In a formal, ſtudied oration the elevation of the ſtyle, and the harmony of the ſentences, prompt almoſt neceſſarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon muſic, than converſation admits. This gives riſe to what is called the Declaiming Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs conſiderably beyond ordinary diſcourſe, yet ſtill it muſt have, for its baſis, the natural tones of grave and dignified converſation. I muſt obſerve, at the ſame time, that the conſtant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good compoſition, or good delivery; and, is in hazard of betraying public ſpeakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is ſo generaly complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a ſpeaking manner, is not likely ever to become diſagreeable through montony. He will have the ſame natural variety in his tones, which a perſon has in converſation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both theſe different manners, that of ſpeaking with livelineſs and eaſe, and that of declaiming with ſtatelineſs and dignity, to be poſſeſſed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his diſcourſe require, either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greateſt part of public ſpeakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as ſome turn of voice appears to them moſt beautiful, or ſome artificial model has caught their fancy; and acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expreſſing every ſentiment, from thoſe which nature dictates to us in converſation with others; to ſpeak always with her voice; and not to form to ourſelves a fantaſtic manner, from an abſurd fancy of being its more beautiful than a natural one.

It now remains to treat of Geſture, or what is called Action in public diſcourſe. Some nations animate their words in common converſation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and the Italians are, in this reſpect, much more ſprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any perſon ſo phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with ſome actions and geſticulations, on ſome occaſions, when they are much in earneſt. It is therefore unnatural in a public ſpeaker, it is inconſiſtent with that

earneſtneſs and ſeriouſneſs which he ought to ſhew in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance; and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expreſſion of meaning, or warmth in his geſture.

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the ſame with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and geſtures, in which earneſtneſs, indignation, compaſſion, or any other emotion, diſcovers itſelf to moſt advantage in the common intercourſe of men; and let theſe be your model. Some of theſe looks and geſtures are common to all men; and there are alſo certain peculiarities of manner which diſtinguiſh every individual. A public ſpeaker muſt take that manner which is moſt natural to himſelf. For it is here juſt as in tones. It is not the buſineſs of a ſpeaker to form to himſelf a certain ſet of motions and geſtures which he thinks moſt becoming and agreeable, and to practiſe theſe in public, without their having any correſpondence to the manner wich is natural to him in private. His geſtures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expreſſion which nature has dictated to him; and, unleſs this be the caſe, it is impoſſible, by means of any ſtudy, to avoid their appearing ſtiff and forced.

However, although nature moſt be the ground work, I admit that there is room in this matter for ſome ſtudy and art. For many perſons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulneſs might, in part, at leaſt, be reformed by application and care. The ſtudy of action in public ſpeaking, conſiſts chiefly in guarding againſt awkward and diſagreeable motions, and in learning to perform ſuch as are natural to the ſpeaker, in the moſt becoming manner. For this end, it has been adviſed by writers on this ſubject, to practiſe before a mirror, where one may ſee and judge of his own geſtures. But I am afraid, perſons are not always the beſt judges of the gracefulneſs of their own motions: and one may declaim long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whoſe good taſte they can truſt, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can uſe. With regard to particular rules concerning action and geſticulation, Quinctilian has delivered a great many, in the laſt chapter of the 11th Book of his Inſtitutions; and all the modern writers on this ſubject have done little elſe but translate them. I am not of opinion, that ſuch rules delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much uſe, unleſs perſons ſaw them exemplified before their eyes,

I ſhall only add further on this head, that in order to ſucceed well in delivery, nothing is more neceſſary than for a ſpeaker to guard againſt a certain flutter of ſpirits, which is peculiarly incident to thoſe who begin to ſpeak in public. He muſt endeavour above all things to be recollected, and maſter of himſelf. For this end, he will find nothing of more uſe to him, than to ſtudy to become wholly engaged in his ſubject; to be poſſeſſed with a ſenſe of its importance or ſeriouſneſs; to be concerned much more to perſuade than to pleaſe. He will generally pleaſe moſt, when pleaſing is not his ſole nor chief aim. This is the only rational and proper method of raiſing one's ſelf above that timid and baſhful regard to an audience, which is ſo ready to diſconcert a ſpeaker, both as to what he is to ſay, and as to his manner of ſaying it.

I cannot conclude, without an earneſt admonition to guard againſt all affectation, which is the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, what ever it is, be your own; neither imitated from another, nor aſſumed upon ſome imaginary model, which is natural to you. Whatever is native, even though accompanied with ſeveral defect, yet is likely to pleaſe; becauſe it ſhows us a man; becauſe it has the appearance of coming from the heart. Whereas a delivery, attended with ſeveral acquired graces and beauties, if it be not eaſy and free, if it betray the marks of art and affectation, never fails to diſguſt. To attain any extremely correct and perfectly graceful delivery is what few can expect; ſo many natural talents being requiſite to concur in forming it. But to attain what as to the effect is very little inferior, a forcible and perſuaſive manner, is within the power of moſt perſons; if they will only unlearn falſe and corrupt habits; if they will allow themſelves to follow nature, and will ſpeak in public, as they do in private, when they ſpeak in earneſt, and from the heart. If one has naturally any groſs defects in his voice or geſtures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to ſpeak in public: he ſhould begin with rectifying them in his private manner of ſpeaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a ſpeaker is engaged in a public diſcourſe, he ſhould not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his geſtures. If he be ſo employed, ſtudy and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earneſt; wholly occupied with his ſubject and his ſentiments; leaving nature, and previouſly formed habits, to prompt and ſuggeſt his manner of delivery.

Letters.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ——

Since your diſpoſition inclines you ſo ſtrongly towards univerſity-learning; and your ſound exerciſe of your reaſon, and the integrity of your heart, give good aſſurance againſt the narrow principles and contagious manner of thoſe corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated; I ſhall not be wanting to you on my part, when I ſhall ſee thee fruit of your ſtudies, life, and converſation, anſwerable to theſe good ſeeds of principles you ſeem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reaſon and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep; eſpecially ſince your deſires and natural inclinations are towards ſo ſerious a ſtation in life, which others undertake too ſlightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; aſſuring yourſelf that the higheſt principle, which is the love of God, is beſt attained, not by dark ſpeculations and monkiſh philoſophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a ſtudy of their intereſts; the chief of which, and that which only raiſes them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reaſon in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world. Tranny in one is ever accompanied; or ſoon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when ſlavery is brought upon a people, they are ſoon reduced to that baſe and brutal ſtate, both in their underſtandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, muſt be ſupported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot conſiſt but with a right knowledge of man's great intereſts, and of the only way and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made neceſſary and eſſential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray theſe principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even ſo as to make it an inſtrument againſt itſelf.

But I muſt have done, and am your good friend to ſerve you.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Truly if your heart correſpond entirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel thoſe good principles you have expreſſed, I cannot but have a great increaſe of kindneſs and eſteem for you.

Imagine not, that I ſuſpect you of ſo mean a thing as hypocriſy or affected virtue: I am fully ſatisfied you mean and intend what you write. But alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is ſuch, that it is a thouſand times eaſier to frame the higheſt ideas of virtue and goodneſs, than to practiſe the leaſt part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reaſons why virtue is ſo ill practiſed; becauſe the impreſſions, which ſeem ſo ſtrong at firſt, are oo far relied on. We are apt to think, that what appears ſo fair, and ſtrikes us ſo forcibly, at the firſt view, will ſurely hold with us. We launch forth into ſpeculation; and after time, when we look back and ſee how ſlowly practice comes up to it, we are the ſooner led to deſpondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to reſtrain yourſelf within due bounds; and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable of practiſing. For there is a ſort of ſpiritual ambition; and in reading thoſe truly divine authors whom you have ſometimes cited to me, I have obſerved many to have miſcarried by too fervent and eager a purſuit of ſuch perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of thoſe dull ſouls that are incapable of any ſpiritual refinement. I rejoice to ſee you raiſe yourſelf above the rank of ſordid and ſenſual ſpirits, who, though ſet apart and deſtined to ſpirituals, underſtand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little ſcholarſhip and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to ſee that you think of other preparations, and another diſcipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongſt that indolent and ſupine race of men.

You are ſenſible, I perceive, that there is another ſort of ſtudy, a profounder meditation, which becomes thoſe who are to ſet an example to mankind, and fit themſelves to expound and teach thoſe ſhort and ſummary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in poſitive commands by our ſacred Legislator.

It is our buſineſs, and of all, as many as are raiſed in knowledge above the poor illiterate and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as poſſible the reaſons of thoſe laws; their conſent with the law of nature; their ſuitableneſs to ſociety, and to the peace, happineſs, and enjoyment of ourſelves. It is there alone that we have need of recourſe to fire and brimſtone, and what other puniſhments the divine goodneſs (for our good) has condeſcended to threaten us with; where the force of theſe arguments cannot prevail.

Our buſineſs within ourſelves is to ſet ourſelves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read theſe words from you, viz. that we are made to contemplate and love God intirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you well ſee is a myſtery too deep for thoſe ſouls whom you converſe with, and ſee around you. They have ſcarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and ſenſes. They think themſelves ſufficiently juſtified as men, and ſufficiently qualified as holy men and teachers of religion, if they can compaſs matters by help of circumſtances and outward fortune, ſo as happily to reſtrain theſe luſts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence thoſe allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are ſo far from declining, that they rather raiſe and advance them by all poſſible means, without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed deſires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till thoſe other fires are extinct.

God grant that ſince you know this better way, this chaſte and holy diſcipline, you may ſtill purſue it with that juſt and pious jealouſy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your ſenſes, may be led away to ſerve themſelves, or any thing but that Creator who made them for his ſervice, and in whom alone is happineſs and reſt.

I wiſh you well, and ſhall be glad to hear ſtill of you.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I have received yours every week, and am highly ſatisfied

with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expreſſing them; for in this I would have you keep an *entire freedom*, and deliver your ſentiments ſtill nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for: and though the ornaments of ſtyle are what you are obliged to ſtudy and practiſe on other occaſions, the leſs you regard them, and the greater *ſimplicity* you diſcover in writing privately to *myſelf*," the greater my ſatisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleaſed with your thougths and reaſonings on Chriſtian liberty, and the zeal you ſhew for that noble principle, by which we ceaſe to be ſlaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of thoſe precepts and injunctions, which tend abſolutely to our good and happineſs in every reſpect, we become liberal ſervants and children of God.

A mind thus releaſed and ſet at liberty, if it once ſees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or diſheartened in the purſuit, whatever diſcouragement ſurrounds it. For when a mind ſet free from voluntary error and ſelf-darkening conceit, aſpires to what is generous and deſerving, nothing but what is vile and ſlaviſh from within can deaden it; nothing but a baſe love of inward ſlavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to effect this.

In ſome, who are horridly degenerate, *this ſubmiſſion* is wholly voluntary. Selfintereſt leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in ſociety and confederacy with ſome faction or party, to the ſupport of temporal ends. In this caſe it carries a ſpecious ſhew of public good; whether it be in church or ſtate. And thus it is often the occaſion of an open denial of reaſon, and of a barefaced oppoſition to the glorius ſearch of truth.

In others, *it is mere ſloth* and lazineſs, or ſordid appetite and luſt, which, bringing them under the power of ſin and ignorance, fits them for *political ſervitude* by moral proſtitution. For when the tyranny of luſt and paſſion can be indulgently permitted, and even eſteemed a happineſs, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little eſteem. Every thing civil or ſpiritual of this kind muſt needs be diſregarded, or rather looked upon with jealouſy and apprehenſion.

For one tyranny ſupports another: one ſlavery helps and miniſters to another. Vice miniſters to ſuperſtition; and a gainful miniſtreſs ſhe is: ſuperſtition on the other hand returns the kindneſs, and will not be ungrateful. Superſtition ſupports perſecution, and perſecution ſuperſtition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward perſecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is firſt held in unrighteouſneſs, and the γνωστον, "reaſon knowable, the intel„ligible, the divine part," is perſecuted and impriſoned. Thoſe who ſubmit to this tyranny, in time not only come to like it, but plead for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and againſt nature.

So in the abſolute governments of the world: nations, that ſubmit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government; if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itſelf, knows neither law not order.

In this ſtate the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reaſon, as an antagoniſt to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once loſt her intereſt with the ſoul by oppoſing every favourite paſſion, ſhe will then be ſoon expelled another province, and lie under ſuſpicion for every attempt ſhe makes upon the mind. She is preſently miſcalled and abuſed. She is thought notional in the underſtanding, whimſical in company, ſeditious in the ſtate, heretical in the church. Even in philoſophy, her own proper dominions, ſhe is looked upon as none of the beſt companions; and here alſo authority is reſpected as the moſt convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and ſenſe, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is eaſily ſeen by thoſe who ſee thoſe places, and can but make uſe of their eyes to obſerve manners and morals.

It is pretty viſible indeed that the original of all is in thoſe ſordid vices of ſloth, lazineſs, and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how ſhould theſe be ſo illuſtriouſly maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that thoſe mother-vices are ſo indulgently treated in thoſe places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free and has aſſerted his inward liberty, can ſee truth thus held,

reaſon and ingenuity ſuppreſſed, without ſome ſecret abhorrence and deteſtation?

But this you are happily apprized of; nor can you miſcarry or be turned aſide by impoſture, or aſſuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: uſe it, and be free But uſe it as becomes you, with all due meekneſs and ſubmiſſion as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and reſcued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preſerve yourſelf from the contagion, and it is enough; a great taſk it is, and will appear ſo to you, if ou are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itſelf, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and ſelf-conceit, which finds this way to ſcreen itſelf and manage undiſcovered.

Keep your virtue and honeſty to yourſelf; for if it be truly ſuch, it will be for being kept ſecret. And thus you may be ſafe, and in due time, perhaps, uſeful alſo to others. Learn to diſcourſe and reaſon with yourſelf, or as you honeſtly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to ſhew your ſentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to ſuch as can neither bear them, nor thoſe whom they ſuſpect to be in poſſeſſion of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all, liberty; and ſubdue early your own temper and appetites. It will then be time for higher ſpeculations, when thoſe wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and ſubdued. Religion then will have no enemy oppoſed to her; and in ſpite of ſuperſtition, and all ſpiritual tyrannies of the world, will ſoon be found a joyful taſk, the pleaſanteſt of all lives, quite other than is commonly repreſented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for this is always permitted you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and buſineſs and attendance required. The more you are a ſervant in this ſenſe, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and ſubmiſſion. And thus even they who perhaps, by their haughtineſs and harſhneſs, would render you a ſlave and awe you into ſervile thoughts, will moſt of all contribute to your manumiſſion; if by their ſad ex-

ample they teach you (in meekneſs ſtill and humility) to deteſt the more their narrow, perſecuting, and bitter ſpirit, ſupported by their vices, and ſhew you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be exerciſed but by one who „is already a ſlave."

Be aſſured, therefore, that where the heart diſdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend; and by delivering it from all ſpiritual bondage will qualify it for a further progreſs, rewarding virtue by itſelf. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the ſame kind with itſelf; nothing can be ſuperadded to it: and even heaven itſelf can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; by which we may ſtill more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and higheſt excellence, the giver and diſpenſer of all: to whom I commit you, and pray your ſtudies may be effectual. So farewel.

Lord Shaftesbury to —— .

I was that morning thinking with myſelf what was become of you; and almoſt reſolved to have you inquired of at your father's; when I received your very ſurpriſing letter, which brought ſo good an account of yourſelf, and a proof how well you had ſpent your time, during this your long ſilence.

It was providential, ſurely, that I ſhould happen once to ſpeak to you of the Greek language, when you aſked concerning the foundations of learning, and the ſource and fountain of thoſe lights we have, whether in morality or divinity. It was not poſſible for me to anſwer you deceitfully or ſlightly. I could not but point out to you where the ſpring-head lay. But, as well as I can remember, I had you not be diſcouraged; for by other channels, derived from thoſe fountains, you would be ſufficiently ſupplied with the knowledge neceſſary for the ſolemn character that lay before you.

You hearkened to me, it ſeems, with great attention and belief, and did reſolve to take no middle way. But

little could I have thought that you dared to have made your attempt on the other ſide, inſtead of drawing in your forces, and collecting your ſtrength and the remainder of your precious time for what lay on this hither ſide. But ſince God would have it ſo, ſo be it: and I pray God proſper you in your daring attempt, and bleſs you with true modeſty and ſimplicity in all the other endeavours and practices of your life, as you have had courage and mighty boldneſs in this one.

And ſo indeed it may naturally happen by the ſame good providence; ſince the inſtant that you began this enterpriſe, you have fallen into ſuch excellent reading. And if, as you ſhew by your letter, Simplicius's Comment be your delight, even that alone is a ſufficient earneſt of your ſoul's improvement, as well as of your mind's, if ſuch a diſtinction may well be made: for alas! all that we call improvement of our minds in dry and empty ſpeculation, all learning or whatever elſe, either in theology or other ſcience, which has not a direct tendency to render us honeſter, milder, juſter, and better, is far from being juſtly ſo called. And even all that philoſophy which is built on the compariſon and compounding of ideas, complex, implex, reflex, and all that din and noiſe of metaphyſics; all that pretended ſtudy and ſcience of nature called natural philoſophy, Ariſtotelean, Carteſian, whatever elſe it be; all thoſe high contemplations of ſtars and ſpheres and planets; and all the other inquiſitive curious parts of learning, are ſo far from being neceſſary improvement of the mind, that without the utmoſt care they ſerve only to blow it up in conceit and folly, and render men more ſtiff in their ignorance and vices.

And this brings into my thoughts a ſmall piece of true learning, which I think is generally bound up with Simplicius and Epictetus; it is the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic, and elder diſciple of Plato. This golden piece I would have you ſtudy, and have by heart; the Greek too being pure and excellent: and by this picture you will better underſtand my hint, and know the true learning from that which falſely paſſes under the name of wiſdom and ſcience.

As for the divine Plato, I would not wiſh you, as yet, to go beyond a dialogue or two; and let thoſe be the firſt and ſecond Alcibiades: for now I will direct and aſſiſt you all I can, that you may gradually proceed, and not meet with ſtumbling-blocks in your way, or what inſtead of forwarding may retard you.

Read these pieces again and again. Suspend for a while the reading of Epictetus; and read of Marcus Antonius only what you perfectly understand. Look into no commentator; though he has two very learned ones; Gataker, and Casaubon: and by no means study or so much as think on any of the passages that create any difficulty or hesitation: but, as I tell you, keep to the plain and easy passages, which you may mark or write out and so use on occasion, as you walk or go about. For I reckon you are a good improver of your time, and that you manage every moment to advantage; else you could never have thus suddenly advanced so far as you have done.

But, in this case, you must take care of your health, by moving and using exercise, which makes me speak of walking. For the mind must suffer, in some sense, when the body does. And students, who are over-eager, and neglect this duty, hurt both their health and temper: the latter of which has a sad influence on their minds; and makes them, like ill vessels, sour whatever is put into them, though of ever so good a kind. For never do we more need a just cheerfulness, good humour or alacrity of mind, than when we are contemplating God and virtue. So that it may be assigned as one cause of the austerity and harshness of some men's divinity, that in their habit of mind, and by that very morose and sour temper, which they contract with their hard studies, they make the idea of God so much after the pattern of their own bitter spirit.

But, as I was saying concerning your progress, it is better for you to read in a small compass what is good and excellent, and of easy conception (without stop or difficulty, as to the speculation), than to read much in many.

And having thus confined you, as to three of your authors mentioned, and set your bounds; I proceed to the fourth, which is Lucian; with whom, for a very different reason, I would have you also read but here and there. For though he is one of the politest writers of the latter age; he only has set himself out like the jay in the fable, with the spoils of those excellent and divine works by way of dialogue (which was the way that anciently all the philosophers wrote in); most of which works are now lost and perished: and I fear the true reason why Lucian was preserved, instead of any of the other, was because of the envy of the Christian church, which soon began to be so corrupt; and finding this author

to be ſo truly profane, and a ſcoffer of his own and all religions, they were contented to bear his *immorality* and diſſolute ſtyle and manners, only for the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the heathen religion ridiculed by a heathen, and the good and pious writers (unjuſtly ſtyled profane) moſt monſtrouſly abuſed by a wretch, who was truly the moſt profane and impious; and who, at the ſame time, even in the pieces that are left of him in the ſame book, treats both Moſes and our Saviour, and the whole Chriſtian religion, as contemptibly as he does his own. Therefore, as his dialogues of his courtezans are horridly vicious and licentious, and as his dialogues of the gods are mere buffoonry, and his abuſe of Plato, Socrates, and the reſt of thoſe divine heathens, as unwicked, as really they are mean and ridiculous; I would not by any means have you to learn Greek at ſuch a coſt. There are ſome dialogues bound up, which are not of Lucian's: and theſe are the beſt. One concerning the cynics (whom he elſewhere ſo abuſes) is of that number, as I take it: and ſome pleaſant treatiſes there are beſides, all in pure Greek.

But here is the great and eſſential matter of the laſt conſequence to our ſouls and minds, to keep them from the contagion of pleaſure. And to ſhew you, that I am not by this an imitator of the ſevere aſcetic monaſtic race of divines, or an admirer of any thing that looks like reſtraint in knowledge, or learning, or ſpeculation; conſider of this, that I am going to ſay to you; and carry your reflection as far back as to that firſt little glimmering of *ingenuity*, which ſhewed itſelf in you in your childhood; I mean the art of painting. Had you been to have made one of thoſe artiſts of the nobler kind, who paint hiſtory, and actions, and nature; and had you been ſent by me into Italy, or elſewhere, to learn the ſtyle and manner of the great maſters; what advice, think you, ſhould I have given you? I ſay, what advice? not as a Chriſtian, or philoſopher, or man of virtue; but merely as a lover of the art; ſuppoſing I had ever been of a very vicious life; and had had no other end in ſending you abroad, than to have procured pictures, and have got you a maſterly hand in that kind, and to have employed you afterwards for my own uſe, and for the ornament of my houſe: moſt certainly my advice muſt have been this (and thus any other maſter or patron of common ſenſe would have accoſted you):

"You are now going to learn what is excellent and be„autiful in the way of painting. You will go where there „are many pictures of many different hands, and quite con-

„trary in their manner and ſtyle. You will find many judges „of different opinions: and the worſt maſters, the worſt „pieces, the worſt ſtyles and manners, will have their admi„rers. How is it you ſhould form your reliſh? By what „means ſhall you come to have a right admiration yourſelf, „and praiſe and imitate only what is truly exquiſite and good „in the kind? If you follow your ſudden fancy and bent; „if you fix your eye on that which moſt ſtrikes and pleaſes „you at the firſt ſight; you will moſt certainly never come „to have a good eye at all. You will be led aſide, and have „a florid, gay, fooliſh fancy; and any lewd tawdry piece of „dawbing will make a ſtronger impreſſion on you, than the „moſt majeſtic chaſte piece of the ſobereſt maſter; and a „Flemiſh or a French manner will more prevail with you, „than a true Italian.

„How ſhall we do then in this caſe? — Why even „thus: (for what way is there elſe?) make it a ſolemn rule „to yourſelf, to check your own eye and fancy, which na„turally leads to gaiety, and turn it ſtrongly on that which „it cares not at firſt to dwell upon. Be ſure that you paſs „by, on every occaſion, whatever little idle piece of a negli„gent looſe kind may be apt to detain your eye; and fix „yourſelf upon the nobler, more maſterly, and ſtudied pieces „of ſuch as were know virtuoſos, and admired by all ſuch. „If you find no grace or charm at the firſt looking, look „on; continue to obſerve all that you poſſibly can; and when „you have got one glimpſe, improve it, copy it, cultivate „the idea, and labour till you have worked yourſelf into a „right taſte, and formed a reliſh and underſtanding of what „is truly beautiful in the kind."

This is what any ordinary maſter or patron of common good ſenſe would have ſaid to you upon your enterpriſe on painting; and this is what I now ſay to you on your great enterpriſe on knowledge and learning. This is the reaſon I cry out to you againſt pleaſure; to beware of thoſe paths which lead to a wrong knowledge, a wrong judgment of what is ſupremely beautiful and good.

Your endeavour and hope is to know God and goodneſs, in which alone there is true enjoyment and good. The way to this is not to put out your eyes, or hood-wink yourſelf, or lie in the dark, expecting to ſee viſions. No, you need not apologize for yourſelf (as you do) for deſiring to read Origen, the good Father, and beſt of all thoſe they call ſo. You ſhall not only, by my conſent, read Origen,

but even Celsus himself, who was a heathen, and writ zealously against the Christians, whom Origen defends. So far am I from bidding you fly heretical or heathen books, where good manners, honesty, and fair reason shew themselves. But where vice, ill manners, abusive wit and buffoonry appear, the prejudice is just: pronounce against such authors, fly them, and condemn them.

Preserve yourself, and keep your eye and judgment clear. But if the eye be not open to all fair and handsome spectacles, how should you learn what is fair and handsome? You would praise God: But how would you praise him? and for what? Know you, as yet, what true excellence is? The attributes, as you call them, which you have learnt in your catechism, or in the higher schools of the school-men and divines; the attributes, I say, of justice, goodness, wisdom, and the like, are they really understood by you? or do you talk of these by rote? If so; what is this but giving words to God, not praise, nor honour, nor glory? If the Apostle appeals to whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is honest (or comely), whatsoever is virtue, or praise-worthiness; how shall we understand his appeal, till we have studied? — Or do we know these things from our cradles? For since we were men, we never vouchsafed to inquire; but took for granted that we were knowing in the matter: which yet, without philosophy, it is impossible we should be; so that when, without philosophy, we make use of these high terms, and praise God in these philosophical characters, we may be very good, and pious, and well-meaning; but indeed we are little better than parrots in devotion.

To return therefore to the picture, and the advice I am to give you in your study of that great and masterly hand which has drawn all things, and exhibited this great masterpiece of nature, this world or universe. The first thing is, that you prepare and clear your sight; that your eye be simple, pure, uncorrupted, and ready and fit to receive that light which is to shine into it. This is done by virtue, meekness, modesty, sincerity. And wa being thus made, your resolution standing towards truth, and you being conscious to yourself, that whilst you seek truth you cannot offend the God of truth: be not afraid of viewing all and comparing all. For without comparison of the false with the true, of the ugly with the beauteous, of the dark and obscure with the bright and shining, we can measure nothing, nor apprehend any thing that is excellent. We may be as well pagan, heathen, Turk, or any thing else, if being at Con-

ſtantinople, Iſpahan, or wherever the ſeat of any great empire is, we refuſe to look on Chriſtian authors, or hear their ſober apologiſts, as being contrary to the hiſtory impoſed on us, with an utter deſtruction and cancelling of all other hiſtory or philoſophy whatſoever.

But this fear being ſet aſide, which is ſo wholly unworthy of God, and ſo debaſing to his ſtandard of reaſon which he has placed in us; our next concern is to look impartially into all authors, and upon all nations, and into all parts of learning and human life; to ſeek and find out the true pulchrum, the honeſtum, the καλὸν: by which ſtandard and meaſure we may know God; and know how to praiſe him, when we have learnt what is praiſe-worthy.

Be this your ſearch, and by theſe means, and by this way I have ſhewn you. Seek for the καλὸν in every thing, beginning as low as the plants, the fields, or even the common arts of mankind, to ſee what is beauteous, and what contrary. Thus, and by the original fountains you are arrived to, you will, under providence, attain beauty and true wiſdom for yourſelf, being true to virtue; and ſo God proſper you.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherly.

It was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: Virgilium tantum vidi. Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and loved him: for I have been aſſured not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him 1). I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no

doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame. And thoſe ſcribbles who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and though ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

1) He ſince did ſo, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

From the ſame to the ſame.

When I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before-hand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt, as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you

in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me: for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good nature too. As for my green essays 1), if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

1) *His pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.*

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

I may truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis. The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur: which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them: for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant, and

agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurpriſed at the danger you tell me he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation muſt have loſt in him as much wit and probity as would have remained (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, though of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was uſed to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat: *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhaped. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhews itſelf when he thinks we are ill uſed by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. — Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſ-

ſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt ancient and eſteemed books, ſacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer), have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeemed no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog Argus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſidered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe dy'ed: may the omen of longaevity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſors). You ſhall have it in verſe.

Argus.

When wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own place forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay:
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
(Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy — then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and died!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is

very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly called the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains), Wild-brat was faithful. Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory, which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying ſtill, putryfy, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe inclined who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and foreſts, amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own

part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, Tam umbratiles, sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est. Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health

augment as fast as I fear hers muſt decline: I believe that would be very faſt—may the life that is added to you be paſt in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than friendſhip can give and receive without obligations ſo greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live) your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mr. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I am glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mr. Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it:

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a ſieve, let ev'ry pleaſure thro';
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad reflection more!

Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Your &c.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me ſo much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to ſay to you; I only feel that I wiſh you well in every circumſtance of life; that it is almoſt as good to be hated as to be loved, conſidering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themſelves ſo utterly impotent to do any good, or give any eaſe to thoſe who deſerve moſt from us. I would very fain know, as ſoon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could eaſe any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was ſorry to find you could think yourſelf eaſier in any houſe than mine, though at the ſame time I can allow for a tenderneſs in your way of thinking, even when it ſeemed to want that tenderneſs. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: but the beſt way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added ſome diſagreeable news from Ireland, which might occaſion your ſudden departure: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unleſs your health grew better, and I do not find it did ſo. I never complied ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you: nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed that before you went, we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours: we are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend

there, but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleaſed, and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled. Yours, &c.

Mr. Shenſtone to Mr. Jago, on the Death of his Father.

I find ſome difficulty in writing to you on this melancholy occaſion. No one can be more unfit to attempt to leſſen your grief than myſelf, becauſe no one has a deeper ſenſe of the cauſe of your affliction. Though I would by no means be numbered by you amongſt the common herd of your acquaintance that tell you they are ſorry, yet it were impertinent in me to mention a mere friend's concern to a perſon intereſted by ſo many more tender regards. Beſides, I ſhould be glad to alleviate your ſorrow, and ſuch ſort of condolence tends but little to promote that end. I do not chuſe to flatter you; neither could I, more eſpecially at this time; but though I could perhaps find enough to ſay to perſons of leſs ſenſe than you, I know of nothing but what your own reaſon muſt have ſuggeſted. Concern indeed may have ſuſpended the power of that faculty; and upon that pretence, I have a few things that I would ſuggeſt to you. After all, it is time alone that can and will cure all affections but ſuch as are the conſequence of vice; and yours, I am ſure, proceeds from a contrary principle.

I heard accidentally of this ſorrowful event, and accompanied you to London with the utmoſt concern. I wiſhed it was in my power to mitigate your griefs by ſharing them, as I have often found it in yours to augment my pleaſures by ſo doing.

All that I can recommend to you is, not to confine your eye to any ſingle event in life, but to take in your whole circumſtances before you repine.

When you reflect that you have loſt one of the beſt of men in a father, you ought to comfort yourſelf that you

had such a father; to whom I cannot forbear applying these lines from Milton:

— "Since to part!
„Go, heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger!
„Sent by whose sovereign goodness we adore!
„Gentle to me and affable has been
„Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
„With grateful'st memory —"

End of Book VIII. Par. Lost.

I would have you by all means come over hither as soon as you can. I will endeavour to render the time you spend here as satisfactory as it is in my power; and I hope you will ever look upon me as your hearty friend, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Jago and your brother. I am, &c.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother.

You will be amazed at my long silence: and it might reasonable excite some disgust if my days had passed of late in the manner they used to do: but I am not the man I was; perhaps I never shall be. Alas! my dearest friend! I have lost my only brother! and, since the fatal close of November, I have had neither peace nor respite from agonizing thoughts!

You, I think, have seen my brother; but perhaps had no opportunity of distinguishing him from the groupe of others whom we called good-natured men. This part of his character was so visible in his countenance, that he was generally beloved at sight; I, who must be allowed to know him, do assure you, that his understanding was no way inferior to his benevolence! He had not only a sound judgment, but

a lively wit and genuine humour. As these were many times eclipsed by his native bashfulness, so his benevolence only suffered by being shewn to an excess. I here mean his giving too indiscriminately into those jovial meetings of company, where the warmth of a social temper is discovered with least reserve; but the virtues of his head and heart would soon have shone without alloy. The foibles of his youth were wearing off; and his affection for me and regard to my advice, with his own good sense, would soon have rendered him all that I could have wished in a successor. I never in my life knew a person more sincere in the expression of his love or dislike. But it was the former that suited the propensity of his heart; the latter was as transient as the starts of passion that occasioned it. In short, with much true genius and real fortitude, he was, according to the English acceptation, "a truly honest man;" and I think I may also add, a truly English character; but "habeo, dixi? immo habui fratrem & amicum, Chreme!" All this have I lost in him. He is now in regard to this world no more than a mere idea; and this idea, therefore, though deeply tinged with melancholy, I must, and surely ought to, cherish and preserve.

I believe I wrote you some account of his illness last spring; from which to all appearance he was tolerably well recovered. He took the air, and visited about with me, during the warmer months of summer; but my pleasure was of short duration. "Haesit lateri lethalis arundo!" The peripneumony under which he laboured in the spring had terminated in an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura, so that he could never lie but upon his right side; and this, as the weather grew colder, occasioned an obstruction that could never be surmounted.

Though my reason forewarned me of the event, I was not the more prepared for it. — Let me not dwell upon it. — It is altogether insupportable in every respect; and my imagination seems more assiduous in educing pain from this occasion, than I ever yet found it in administering to my pleasure. — This hurts me to no purpose — I know it; and yet, when I have avocated my thoughts, and fixed them for a while upon common amusements, I suffer the same sort of consciousness as if I were guilty of a crime. Believe me, This has been the most sensible affliction I ever felt in my life; and you, who know my anxiety when I had far less reason to complain, will more easily conceive it now, than I am able to describe it.

I cannot pretend to fill up my paper with my uſual ſubjects. — I ſhould thank you for your remarks upon my poetry; but I deſpiſe poetry: and I might tell you of all my little rural improvements; but I hate them. — What can I now expect from my ſolitary rambles through them, but a ſeries of melancholy reflections and irkſome anticipations. — Even the pleaſure I ſhould take in ſhewing them to you, the greateſt they can afford me, muſt be now greatly inferior to what it might formerly have been.

How have I proſtituted my ſorrow on occaſions that little concerned me! I am aſhamed to think of that idle "Elegy „upon Autumn," when I have ſo much more important cauſe to hate and to condemn it now; but the glare and gaiety of the ſpring is what I principally dread; when I ſhall find all things reſtored but my poor brother, and ſomething like thoſe lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

„Thus, with the year,
„Seaſons return; but not to me returns
„A brother's cordial ſmile, at eve or morn."

I ſhall then ſeem to wake from amuſements, company, every ſort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief aſleep, as from a dream; and I ſhall feel as if I were, that inſtant, deſpoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together; of all my preſent happineſs, and all my future proſpects. The melody of birds, which he no more muſt hear; the cheerful beams of the ſun, of which he no more muſt partake; every wonted pleaſure will produce that ſort of pain to which my temper is moſt obnoxious. Do not conſider this as poetry. Poetry on ſuch occaſions is no more than literal truth. In the preſent caſe it is leſs; for half the tenderneſs I feel is altogether ſhapeleſs and inexpreſſible.

After all, the wiſdom of the world may perhaps eſteem me a gainer. Ill do they judge of this event, who think that any ſhadow of amends can be made for the death of a brother, and the diſappointment of all my ſchemes, by the acceſſion of ſome fortune, which I never can enjoy!

This is a mournful narrative: I will not, therefore, enlarge it. — Amongſt all changes and chances, I often think of you; and pray there may be no ſuſpicion or jealouſy

betwixt us during the reſt of our lives. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

Mr. Shenſtone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Whiſtler.

The melancholy account of our dear friend Whiſtler's death was conveyed to me, at the ſame inſtant, by yours and by his brother's letter. I have written to his brother this poſt; though I am very ill able to write upon the ſubject, and would willingly have waved it longer, but for decency. The triumvirate, which was the greateſt happineſs and the greateſt pride of my life, is broken! The fabric of an ingenuous and diſintereſted friendſhip has loſt a noble column! yet it may, and will, I truſt, endure till one of us be laid as low. In truth, one can ſo little ſatisfy one'ſelf with what we ſay upon ſuch ſad occaſions, that I made three or four eſſays before I could endure what I had written to his brother. — Be ſo good as excuſe me to him as well as you can, and eſtabliſh me in the good opinion of him and Mr. Walker.

Poor Mr. Whiſtler! how do all our little ſtrifes and bickerments appear to us at this time! yet we may with comfort reflect, that they were not of a ſort that touched the vitals of our friendſhip; and I may ſay, that we fondly loved and eſteemed each other, of neceſſity — "Tales animas oportuit eſſe concordes." Poor Mr. Whiſtler! not a ſingle acquaintance have I made, not a ſingle picture or curioſity have I purchaſed, not a ſingle embelliſhment have I given to my place, ſince he was laſt here, but I have had his approbation and his amuſement in my eye. I will aſſuredly inſcribe my larger urn to his memory; nor ſhall I paſs it without a pleaſing melancholy during the remainder of my days. We have each of us received a pleaſure from his converſation, which no other converſation can afford us at our preſent time of life.

Adieu! my dear friend! may our remembrance of the perſon we have loſt be the ſtrong and everlaſting cement of our affection! Aſſure Mr. John Whiſtler of the regard I

have for him, upon his own account, as well as his brother's. Write to me; directly if you have opportunity. Whether you have or no, believe me to be ever moſt affectionately yours.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Graves.

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

You uſe me very cruelly: you have ſent me but one letter ſince I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me ſenſible how great my loſs is in not having more. Next to ſeeing you is the pleaſure of ſeeing your handwriting; next to hearing you is the pleaſure of hearing from you. Really and ſincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to anſwer my laſt letter. I hope this will have better ſucceſs in behalf of your quondam ſchool-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

> Thro' many a flowery path and ſhelly grot,
> Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you ſee, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Conſider me very ſeriouſly here in a ſtrange country, inhabited by things that call themſelves Doctors and Maſters of Arts; a country flowing with ſyllogiſms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; conſider me, I ſay, in this melancholy light, and then think if ſomething be not due to yours, &c.

P. S. I deſire you will ſend me ſoon, and truly and poſitively, 1) a hiſtory of your own time.

1) *Alluding to his grandfather's hiſtory.*

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt

Permit me again to write to you, though I have ſo long neglected my duty, and forgive my brevity, when I tell you it is occaſioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleaſure than the ſight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furtheſt. I do not wonder in the leaſt at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your goodneſs for ſoftening ſo harſh an appellation. When we meet it will, however, be my greateſt of pleaſures to know what you do, what you read, and how you ſpend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c. for almoſt all the employment of my hours may be beſt explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a moſt amuſing buſineſs; and yet neither ſomething nor nothing gives me any pleaſure. When you have ſeen one of my days, you have ſeen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horſe in the mill, only he has the ſatisfaction of fancying he makes a progreſs, and gets ſome ground; my eyes are open enough to ſee the ſame dull proſpect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty ſteps more, I ſhall be juſt where I was; I may better than moſt people, ſay my life is but a ſpan, were I not afraid leſt you ſhould not believe that a perſon ſo ſhort-lived could write even ſo long a letter as this; in ſhort, I believe I muſt not ſend you the hiſtory of my own time, till I can ſend you that alſo of the reformation 1). However, as the moſt undeſerving people in the world muſt ſure have the vanity to wiſh ſomebody had a regard for them, ſo I need not wonder at my own, in being pleaſed that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a firſt row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is aſking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuſe the whole piece for the ſake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while paſt I have been playing with Statius; we yeſterday had a game of quoits together; you will eaſily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him. I ſend you my tranſlation 2), which I did not engage in becauſe I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now ſend it to you becauſe I think it deſerves it, but merely to ſhew you how I miſpend my days.

Third in the labours of the Diſc came on,
With ſturdy ſtep and ſlow, Hippomedon;
Artful and ſtrong he pois'd the well known weight,
By Pilegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mneſtheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every ſinew ſtrung;
Then with a tempeſt's whirl and wary eye,
Purſu'd his caſt, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its courſe,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to ſee
Its ancient lord ſecure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall,
The ponderous maſs ſinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Aetna's ſmoking ſummit broke,
The eyeleſs Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the daſhing oar,
And parting ſurges round the veſſel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And ſcarce Ulyſſes ſcap'd his giant arm.
A tyger's pride the victor bore away,
With native ſpots and artful labour gay,
A ſhining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold, &c.

1) *Carrying on the alluſion to the other hiſtory written by Mr. West's grandfather.*

2) *This conſiſted of about 110 lines; which were ſent ſeparately, and as it was Mr. Gray's firſt attempt in Engliſh verſe it is a curioſity not to be entirely withheld from the reader.*

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

I agree with you that you have broke Statius's head, but it is in like manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's, you have

foiled him infinitely at his own weapon: I must insist on seeing the rest of your translation, and then I will examine it entire, and compare it with the Latin, and be very wise and severe, and put on an inflexible face, such as becomes the character of a true son of Aristarchus, of hyper-critical memory. In the mean while,

And calm'd the terrrors of his claws in gold,

is exactly Statius — Summos auro manfueverat ungues. I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammer-cloths were so old a fashion. Your Hymeneal 1) I was told, was the best in the Cambridge Collection before I saw it, and, indeed, it is no great compliment to tell you I thought it so when I had seen it, but sincerely it pleased me best. Methinks the college bards have run into a strange taste on this occasion. Such soft unmeaning stuff about Venus and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, and Zephyrs and Dryads, was never read. As for my poor little Eclogue, it has been condemned and beheaded by our Westminster judges; an exordium of about sixteen lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender, who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world, "ac dulce otium et paene omni negotio pulchrius." I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

1) *Published in the Cambridge Collection of Verses on the Prince of Wales's Marriage.*

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this

term, ſhall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I truſt will be ſome pleaſure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly ſince I came laſt, ſupported by the hopes of being ſhortly at full liberty to give myſelf up to my friends and claſſical companions, who, poor ſouls! though I ſee them fallen into great contempt with moſt people here, yet I cannot help ſticking to them, and out of a ſpirit of obſtinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do elſe? Muſt I plunge into metaphyſics? Alas, I cannot ſee in the dark; nature has not furniſhed me with the optics of a cat. Muſt I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot ſee in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very poſſible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonſtrate this ever ſo clearly; and if theſe be the profits of life, give me the amuſements of it. The people I behold all around me, it ſeems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inſpires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the Prophet ſpoke when he ſaid, "the wild beaſts of the deſert ſhall dwell „there, and their houſes ſhall be full of doleful creatures, „and owls ſhall build there, and ſatyrs ſhall dance there; „their forts and towers ſhall be a den for ever, a joy of „wild aſſes; there ſhall the great owl make her neſt, and lay „and hatch and gather under her ſhadow; it ſhall be a court „of dragons; the ſcreech-owl alſo ſhall reſt there, and find „for herſelf a place of reſt." You ſee here is a pretty collection of deſolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may alſo allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your ſpirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to ſay. We all muſt ſubmit to that wayward queen; I too in no ſmall degree own her ſway,

I feel her influence while I ſpeak her power.

But if it be a real diſtemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own, at leaſt for our ſakes, and do not be ſo ſoon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendſhips you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to ſee your acquaintance above; among your terreſtrial familiars, however, though I

ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, there poſitively is not one that has a greater eſteem for you than yours moſt ſincerely, &c.

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

I congratulate you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have you dignified, and I not, for the world, you would have inſulted me ſo. My eyes, ſuch as they are, like yours, are neither metaphyſical nor mathematical; I have, nevertheleſs, a great reſpect for your connoiſſeurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of deſolate animals pleaſed me much; but Oxford, I can aſſure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a ſquint that way. Well, you are leaving this diſmal land of bondage, and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you, but what will you do with your claſſic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot caſe is as dear to gentle dulneſs as a ſyllogiſm. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like „a nauſeous weed away:" cheriſh its ſweets in your boſom, they will ſerve you now and then to correct the diſguſting ſober follies of the common law: miſce ſtultitiam conciliis brevem, dulce eſt deſipere in loco; ſo ſaid Horace to Virgil, thoſe two ſons of Anac in poetry, and ſo ſay I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

> Mix with your grave deſigns a little pleaſure,
> Each day of buſineſs has its hour of leiſure.

In one of theſe hours I hope, dear Sir, you will ſometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἔξυδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω.

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you; and to give you a proof of it I have ſent you an elegy of Tibullus translated. Tibullus, you muſt know, is my favourite

elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excel him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reaſon I chooſe ſo melancholy a kind of poeſy, is becauſe my low ſpirits and conſtant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you ſurmiſe, but too real, alas! and, I fear, conſtitutional) „have turn'd my heart to elegies of woe;" and this likewiſe is the reaſon why I am the moſt irregular thing alive at college, for you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call diſcipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, pray criticiſe it unmercifully, for I ſend it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me, but I know you are not more able to excel others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, eſpecially when it is found in the productions of your moſt ſincere friend.

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

I have been very ill, and am ſtill hardly recovered. Do you remember Elegy 5th, Book the 3d, of Tibullus, Vos tenet, &c. and do you remember a letter of Mr. Pope's, in ſickneſs, to Mr. Steele? This melancholy elegy and this melancholy letter I turned into a more melancholy epiſtle of my own, during my ſickneſs, in the way of imitation; and this I ſend to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot, but merely to ſhew them how ſincere I was when ſick: I hope my ſending it to them now may convince them I am no leſs ſincere, though perhaps more ſimple, when well.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

After a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's deſpair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of ſeeing you. If what you ſent me laſt be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were ſelf-intereſted, I ought to wiſh for the continuance of any thing that could be the occaſion of ſo much pleaſure to me. Low ſpirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay viſits, and will even affect to be jocoſe, and force a feeble laugh with me: but moſt commonly we ſit alone together, and are the prettieſt inſipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they muſt undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be diſcarded. Would I could turn them to the ſame uſe that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write ſuch verſes with me, not hartſhorn, nor ſpirit of amber, nor all that furniſhes the cloſet of an apothecary's widow, ſhould perſuade me to part with them: but, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of Lady Walpole's death on Saturday night laſt. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace muſt feel on that account, obliges me to have done, in reminding you that I am yours, &c.

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

Receiving no anſwer to my laſt letter, which I writ above a month ago, I muſt own I am a little uneaſy. The ſlight ſhadow of you which I had in town, has only ſerved to endear you to me the more. The moments I paſt with you made a ſtrong impreſſion upon me. I ſingled you out for a friend, and I would have you know me to be yours, if you deem me worthy. — Alas, Gray, you cannot imagine how miſerably my time paſſes away. My health and nerves and ſpirits are, thank my ſtars, the very worſt, I think, in Oxford. Four-and-twenty hours of pure unalloyed health together, are as unknown to me as the 400,000 characters in

the Chinese vocabulary. One of my complaints has of late been so over-civil as to visit me regularly once a month — jam certus conviva. This is a painful nervous headach, which perhaps you have sometimes heard me speak of before. Give me leave to say, I find no physic comparable to your letters. If, as it is said in Ecclesiasticus, "Friendship be the physic of the mind," prescribe to me, dear Gray, as often and as much as you think proper, I shall be a most obedient patient.

Non ego
Fidis irascar medicis, offendar amicis.

I venture here to write you down a Greek epigram *) which I lately turned into Latin, and hope you will excuse it.

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi
Immersit vitreae limpidus error aquae:
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Credula, et amplexu funus inane vovet;
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
Languidus, aeternum lumina composuit.

Adieu! I am going to my tutor's lectures on one Pufendorff, a very jurisprudent author as you shall read on a summer's day. Believe me yours, &c.

1) *Of Posidippus. Vide Anthologia*, H. *Stephan. p. 220.*

From the same to the same.

I ought to answer you in Latin, but I feel I dare not enter the list with you — cupidum, pater optime, vires deficiunt. — Seriously, you write in that language with a grace and an Augustan urbanity that amazes me: your Greek too is perfect in its kind. And here let me wonder that a man, longè Graecorum doctissimus,

ſhould be at a loſs for the verſe and chapter whence my epigram is taken. I am ſorry I have not my Aldus with me, that I might ſatisfy your curioſity; but he with all my other literary folks are left at Oxford, and therefore you muſt ſtill reſt in ſuſpenſe. I thank you again and again for your medical preſcription. I know very well that thoſe "riſūs, feſ„tivitates et facetiae" would contribute greatly to my cure, but then you muſt be my apothecary as well as phyſician, and make up the doſe as well as direct it; ſend me, therefore, an electuary of theſe drugs, made up ſecundūm artem, "et eris mihi magnus Apollo," in both his capacities as a god of poets and god of phyſicians. Wiſh me joy of leaving my college, and leave yours as faſt as you can. I ſhall be ſettled at the Temple very ſoon.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

I am coming away all ſo faſt, and leaving behind me, without the leaſt remorſe, all the beauties of Sturbidge fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all is one for that; I ſhall not once viſit them, nor ſo much as take my leave. The univerſity has publiſhed a ſevere edict againſt ſchiſmatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little procterlings to ſee its order executed, being under mighty apprehenſions leſt Henley 1) and his gilt tub ſhould come to the fair and ſeduce their young ones: but their pains are to ſmall purpoſe, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this inſtant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wiſh the worſt of my enemies a worſe ſituation. If you knew the duſt, the old boxes, the bedſteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my reſolution and unconcernedneſs in the midſt of evils. I fill up my paper with a looſe ſort of verſion of that ſcene in Paſtor Fido that begins, Care ſelve beati.

1) *Orator Henley.*

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

I thank you again and again, for your two laſt moſt agreeable letters. They could not have come more à-propos; I was without any books to divert me, and they ſupplied the want of every thing: I made them my claſſics in the country, they were my Horace and Tibullus — Non ita loquor aſſentandi cauſâ ut probè noſti ſi me noris, verum quia ſic mea eſt ſententia. I am but juſt come to town, and, to ſhew you my eſteem of your favours, I venture to ſend you by the penny-poſt, to your father's, what you will find on the next page; I hope it will reach you ſoon after your arrival, your boxes out of the waggon, yourſelf out of the coach, and tutors out of your memory.

Adieu; we ſhall ſee one another, I hope, to-morrow.

From the ſame to the ſame.

If wiſhes could turn to realities, I would fling down my law books, and ſup with you to-night. But, alas! here am I doomed to fix, while you are fluttering from city, and enjoying all the pleaſures which a gay climate can afford. It is out of the power of my heart to envy your good fortune, yet I cannot help indulging a few natural deſires; as for example, to take a walk with you on the banks of the Rhone, and to be climbing up Mount Fourviere;

Jam mens praetrepidans avet vagari:
Jam laeti ſtudio pedes vigeſcunt.

However, ſo long as I am not deprived of your correſpondence, ſo long ſhall I always find ſome pleaſure in being at home. And, ſetting all vain curioſity aſide, when the fit is over, and my reaſon begins to come to herſelf, I have ſeveral other powerful motives which might eaſily cure me of my reſtleſs inclinations: amongſt theſe, my mother's ill ſtate of health is not the leaſt; which was the reaſon of our going to Tunbridge, ſo that you cannot expect much deſcription or

amuſement from thence. Nor indeed is there much room for either, for all diverſions there may be reduced to two articles, gaming and going to church. They were pleaſed to publiſh certain Tunbrigiana this ſeaſon; but ſuch ana! I believe there were never ſo many vile little verſes put together before. So much for Tunbridge. London affords me as little to ſay. What! ſo huge a town as London? Yes, conſider only how I live in that town. I never go into the gay world or high world, and conſequently receive nothing from thence to brighten my imagination. The buſy world I leave to the buſy; and am reſolved never to talk politics till I can act at the ſame time. To tell old ſtories, or prate of old books, ſeems a little muſty; and toujours Chapon bouilli, will not do. However, for want of better fare, take another little mouthful of my poetry.

O meae jucunda comes quietis!
Quae ferè aegrotum ſolita es levare
Pectus, et ſenſim ah! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas:
Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Geſties, quando hâc reducem ſodalem
Glauciam 1) gaudere ſimul videbis
Méque ſub umbrâ?

1) *He gives Mr. Gray the name of Glaucias frequently in his Latin verſe, as Mr. Gray calls him Favonius.*

From the ſame to the ſame.

I write to make you write, for I have not much to tell you. I have recovered no ſpirits as yet; but, as I am not diſpleaſed with my company, I ſit purring by the fire-ſide in my armchair with no ſmall ſatisfaction. I read too ſometimes, and have begun Tacitus, but have not yet read enough to judge of him; only his Pannonian ſedition in the firſt book of his annals, which is juſt as far as I have got, ſeemed to me a little tedious. I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you will write letters of a handſome length, and

always answer me within a reasonable space of time, which I leave to your discretion.

P. S. The new Dunciad! qu'en pensez vous?

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

I trust to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits; and doubt not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fire-side, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that Tacitus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pannonian affairs are tedious in his hands, in another's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon be over, and he will make ample amends. A man, who could join the brilliant of wit and concise sententiousness peculiar to that age, with the truth and gravity of better times, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his Agricola that (concise as it is) I always admired saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will of that general, where he had made him coheir with his wife and daughter, "Satis „constabat laetatum eum, velut honore, judicio„que: tam caeca et corrupta mens assiduis adulta„tionibus erat, ut nesciret a bono patre non „scribi haeredem, nisi malum principem."

As to the Dunciad, it is greatly admired: the Genii of operas and schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the Virtuosos and Florists, and the yawn of Dulness in the end, are as fine as any thing he has written. The Metaphysi-

cian's part is to me the worſt; and here and there a few ill-expreſſed lines, and ſome hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of ſending you a long ſpeech of Agrippina; much too long, but I could be glad you would retrench it. Aceronia, you may remember, had been giving quiet counſels. I fancy, if it ever be finiſhed, it will be in the nature of Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which had twenty-five acts and ſome odd ſcenes.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

You are the firſt who ever made a muſe of a cough; to me it ſeems a much more eaſy taſk to verify in one's ſleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for *) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when ſhe had a cough) ever ſung ſo ſweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wiſh you could ſing yourſelf to reſt. Theſe wicked remains of your illneſs will ſure give way to warm weather and gentle exerciſe; which I hope you will not omit as the ſeaſon advances. Whatever low ſpirits and indolence, the effect of them, may adviſe to the contrary, I pray you add, five ſteps to your walk daily for my ſake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propoſe to ſet you on horſeback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had ſeen it; if you have not, do you chooſe I ſhould get and ſend it to you? I have myſelf, upon your recommendation, been reading Joſeph Andrews. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleaſes even in her loweſt ſhapes. Parſon Adams is perfectly well; ſo is Mr. Slipſlop, and the ſtory of Wilſon; and throughout he ſhews himſelf well read in ſtage coaches, country ſquires, inns, and inns of court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and miſſes and maſters, are very good. However the exaltedneſs of ſome minds (or rather, as I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, their inſipidity and want of feeling or obſervation) may make them inſenſible to theſe light things (I mean ſuch as characteriſe and paint nature), yet ſurely they are as weighty and much more uſeful than your grave diſcourſes upon the mind 2), the paſſions,

and what not. Now, as the paradiſaical pleaſures of the Mahometans conſiſt in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourſelf the trouble to read and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has ſo little need of apologies, that I ſhould ſcarce excuſe you treating me any otherwiſe; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my underſtanding. As to matter of ſtyle, I have this ſo ſay: the language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whoſe verſe, where the thought or image does not ſupport it, differs in nothing from proſe. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itſelf; to which almoſt every one that has written, has added ſomething by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives; nay ſometimes words of their own compoſition or invention. Shakeſpear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expreſſions from the former. Let me give you ſome inſtances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great maſter of our poetical tongue. Full of muſeful mopings — unlike the trim of love — a pleaſant beverage — a roundelay of love — ſtood ſilent in his mood — with knots and knares deformed — his ireful mood — in proud array — his boon was granted — diſarray and ſhameful rout — wayward but wife — furbiſhed for the field — the foiled doddered oaks — a'ſheritted — ſmouldering flames — retchleſs of laws — crones old and ugly — the beldam at his ſide — the grandam-hag — villanize his father's fame. — But they are infinite: and our language not being a ſettled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakeſpear's language is one of his principal beauties: and he has no leſs advantage over your Addiſon and Rowes in this, than in thoſe other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern dramatics;

But I that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glaſs:
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph:

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up —

and what follows. To me they appear untranſlateable; and if this be the caſe, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakeſpear may doubtleſs be carried too far; and is no ſort of excuſe for ſentiments ill-ſuited, or ſpeeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the caſe with me. I gueſs the moſt faulty expreſſions may be theſe — ſilken ſon of dalliance — drowſier pretenſions — wrinkled beldams — arched the hearer's brow and rivited his eyes in fearful extaſie. Theſe are eaſily altered or omitted; and indeed if the thoughts be wrong or ſuperfluous, there is nothing eaſier than to leave out the whole. The firſt ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the beſt 3); and as for the reſt, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus; only what he has ſaid in five words, I imagine I have ſaid in fifty lines: ſuch is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion, una litura may do the buſineſs, better than a dozen; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a ſort of ſpider; and have little elſe to do but ſpin it over again, or creep to ſome other place and ſpin there. Alas! for one who has nothing to do but amuſe himſelf. I believe my amuſements are as little amuſing as moſt folks. But no matter; it makes the hours paſs; and is better than ἐν αμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμουσίᾳ καταβιῶναι. Adieu.

1) *At Eton School.*

2) *He ſeems here to glance at Hutchinſon, the diſciple of Shafteſbury; of whom he had not a much better opinion than of his maſter.*

3) *The lines which he means here are from — thus ever grave and undiſturb'd reflection — to Rubellius lives. For the part of the ſcene, which he ſent in his former letter, began there.*

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

To begin with the concluſion of your letter, which is Greek, I deſire that you will quarrel no more with your manner of paſſing your time. In my opinion it is irreproachable, eſpecially as it produces ſuch excellent fruit; and if I, like a ſaucy bird, muſt be pecking at it, you ought to conſider that it is becauſe I like it. No *una litura* I beg you, no unravelling of your web, dear Sir! only purſue it a little further, and then one ſhall be able to judge of it a little better. You know the criſis of a play is in the firſt act; its damnation or ſalvation wholly reſts there. But till that firſt act is over, every body ſuſpends his vote; ſo how do you think I can form, as yet, any juſt idea of the ſpeeches in regard to their length or ſhortneſs; the connection and ſymmetry of ſuch little parts with one another muſt naturally eſcape me, as not having the plan of the whole in my head; neither can I decide about the thoughts, whether they are wrong or ſuperfluous; they may have ſome future tendency which I perceive not. The ſtyle only was free to me, and there I find we are pretty much of the ſame ſentiment: for you ſay the affectation of imitating Shakeſpear may doubtleſs be carried too far; I ſay as much and no more. For old words we know are old gold, provided they are well choſen. Whatever Ennius was, I do not conſider Shakeſpear as a dunghill in the leaſt: on the contrary, he is a mine of ancient ore, where all our great modern poets have found their advantage. I do not know how it is; but his old expreſſions have more energy in them than ours, and are even more adapted to poetry; where they are judiciouſly and ſparingly inſerted, they add a certain grace to the compoſition; in the ſame manner as Pouſſin gave a beauty to his pictures by his knowledge in the ancient proportions: but ſhould he, or any other painter, carry the imitation too far, and neglect that beſt of models, Nature, I am afraid it would prove a very flat performance. To finiſh this long criticiſm: I have this further notion about old words revived, (is not this a pretty way of finiſhing?) I think them of excellent uſe in tales; they add a certain drollery to the comic, and a romantic gravity to the ſerious, which are both charming, in their kind; and this way of charming Dryden underſtood very well. One need only read Milton to acknowledge the dignity they give the Epic. But now comes my opinion that they ought to be uſed in tragedy more ſparingly than in moſt kinds of poetry. Tragedy is deſigned for public repreſentation, and what is deſigned for that ſhould be certainly moſt intelligible. I believe half the audience that come to Shakſpear's

plays do not underſtand the half of what they hear. — But finiſſons enfin. — Yet one word more. — You think the ten or twelve firſt lines the beſt, now I am for the fourteen laſt; add, that they contain not one word of ancientry.

I rejoice you found amuſement in Joſeph Andrews. But then I think your conceptions of Paradiſe a little upon the Bergerac. Les Lettres du Seraphim R. a Madame la Cherubineſſe de Q. What a piece of extravagance would there be!

And now you muſt know that my body continues weak and enervate. And for my animal ſpirits, they are in perpetual fluctuation: ſome whole days I have no reliſh, no attention for any thing; at other times I revive, and am capable of writing a long letter, as you ſee; and though I do not write ſpeeches, yet I translate them. When you underſtand what ſpeech, you will own that it is a bold, and perhaps a dull attempt. In three words, it is proſe, it is from Tacitus, it is of Germanicus. Peruſe, perpend, pronounce.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

I ſhould not have failed to anſwer your letter immediately, but I went out of town for a little while, which hindered me. Its length (beſides the pleaſure naturally accompanying a long letter from you) affords me a new one, when I think it is a ſymptom of the recovery of your health, and flatter myſelf that your bodily ſtrength returns in proportion. Pray do not forget to mention the progreſs you make continually. As to Agrippina, I begin to be of your opinion; and find myſelf (as women are of their children) leſs enamoured of my productions the older they grow. She is laid up to ſleep till next ſummer; ſo bid her good night. I think you have tranſlated Tacitus very juſtly, that is freely; and accommodated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our language; which, though I commend your judgment, is no com-

mendation of the Engliſh tongue, which is too diffuſe, and daily grows more and more enervate. One ſhall never be more ſenſible of this, than in turning an author like Tacitus. I have been trying it in ſome parts of Thucydides (who has a little reſemblance of him in his conciſeneſs), and endeavoured to do it cloſely, but found it produced mere nonſenſe. If you have any inclination to ſee what figure Tacitus makes in Italian, I have a Tuſcan translation of Davanzati, much eſteemed in Italy; and will ſend you the ſame ſpeech you ſent me; that is, if you care for it. In the mean time accept of Propertius 1).

1) *A translation of the 1ſt elegy of the 2d book in Engliſh rhyme.*

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

Without any preface I come to your verſes, which I read over and over with exceſſive pleaſure, and which are at leaſt as good as Propertius. I am only ſorry you follow the blunders of Broukhuſius, all whoſe inſertions are nonſenſe. I have ſome objections to your antiquated words, and am alſo an enemy to Alexandrines; at leaſt I do not like them in Elegy. But after all, I admire your translation ſo extremely, that I cannot help repeating I long to ſhew you ſome little errors you are fallen into by following Broukhuſius. Were I with you now, and Propertius with your verſes lay upon the table between us, I could diſcuſs this point in a moment; but there is nothing ſo tireſome as ſpinning out a criticiſm in a letter; doubts ariſe, and explanations follow, till there ſwells out at leaſt a volume of undigeſted obſervations: and all becauſe you are not with him whom you want to convince. Read only the Letters between Pope and Cromwell in proof of this; they diſpute without end. Are you aware now that I have an intereſt all this while in baniſhing criticiſm from our correſpondence? Indeed I have; for I am going to write down a little Ode (if it deſerves the name) for your peruſal, which I am afraid will hardly ſtand that teſt.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

You ſee, by what I ſent you, that I converſe, as uſual, with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almoſt make me long to be with them. You will not wonder therefore, that I, who live only in times paſt, am able to tell you no news of the preſent. I have finiſhed the Peloponneſian war much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promiſe you. I have drank and ſung with Anacreon for the laſt fortnight, and am now feeding ſheep with Theocritus. Beſides, to quit my figure (becauſe it is fooliſh), I have run over Pliny's Epiſtles and Martial ἐν παρέργῳ; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is ſometimes very tender and natural. I muſt needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expreſſion ſeems to me inimitable. He is deſcribing hair as he would have it painted.

Ἕλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι
Πλοκάμων ατακτα συνθεὶς
Ἄφες ὡς θέλεσι πεῖσθαι.

Gueſs, too, where this is about a dimple.

Sigilla in mento impreſſa Amoris digitulo
Veſtigio demonſtrant mollitudinem.

Mr. Weſt to Mr. Gray.

Your fragment is in Aulus Gellius; and both it and your Greek delicious. But why are you thus melancholy? I am ſo ſorry for it, that you ſee I cannot forbear writing again the very firſt opportunity; though I have little to ſay, except to expoſtulate with you about it. I find you converſe much with the dead, and I do not blame you for that; I converſe with them too, though not indeed with the Greek. But I muſt condemn you for your longing to be with them. What,

are there no joys among the living? I could almoſt cry out with Catullus, "Alphene immemor, atque unanimis „falſe ſodalibus! But to turn an accuſation thus upon another, is ungenerous; ſo I will take my leave of you for the preſent with a "Vale, et vive pauliſper cum vivis."

Mr. Gray to Mr. Weſt.

Mine, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the moſt part; which, though it ſeldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleaſure, yet is a good eaſy ſort of a ſtate, and ça ne laiſſe que de ſ'amuſer. The only fault of it is inſipidity; which is apt now and then to give a ſort of ennui, which makes one form certain little wiſhes that ſignify nothing. But there is another ſort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has ſomewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, Credo quia impoſſibile eſt; for it believes, nay, is ſure of every thing that is unlikely, ſo it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and ſhuts its eyes to the moſt poſſible hopes, and every thing that is pleaſurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and ſunſhiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but ſhall be never the nearer any ſociety; ſo, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's ſupper of hens: "Poulets a la „broche, poulets en ragôut, pouls en hâchis, „poulets en fricaſées." — Reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different ſauces. Do not let me loſe my deſſert then; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May ſeems to be come ſince your invitation; and I propoſe to baſk in her beams and dreſs me in her róſes:

Et caput in vernâ ſemper habere roſâ.

I ſhall ſee Mr. — and his wife, nay, and his child too,

for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to conſider one's cotemporaries in the grave light of huſband and father? There are my Lords — and — they are ſtateſmen: do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiſer than I was then: no, not for having been beyond ſea. Pray how are you?

Mr. Sterne to Miſs L —.

I have offended her whom I ſo tenderly love! — what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, would thou not open the door, and be melted with compaſſion? — I know thou wouldſt, for Pity has erected a temple in thy boſom. — Sweeteſt, and beſt of all human paſſions! let thy web of tenderneſs cover the penſive form of affliction, and ſoften the darkeſt ſhades of miſery! I have re-conſidered this apology, and, alas! what will it accompliſh? Arguments, however finely ſpun, can never change the nature of things — very true — ſo a truce with them.

I have loſt a very valuable friend by a ſad accident, and what is worſe, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this ſudden ſtroke. — If real uſefulneſs and integrity of heart could have ſecured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate. — Theſe dark and ſeemingly cruel diſpenſations of Providence often make the beſt of human hearts complain. — Who can paint the diſtreſs of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterneſs over a numerous, helpleſs, and fatherleſs offspring! — God! theſe are thy chaſtiſements, and require (hard taſk!) a pious acquieſcence.

Forgive me this digreſſion, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and what is more excellent, an honeſt man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindneſs can inſpire in the death of —. The event was ſudden, and thy gentle ſpirit would be more alarmed on that account. — But, my L., thou haſt leſs to lament, as old age was creeping on, and

her period of doing good, and being uſeful, was nearly over. — At ſixty years of age the tenement gets faſt out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a diſcharge. — In ſuch a ſituation the poet might well ſay,

"The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come."

My L. talks of leaving the country — may a kind angel guide thy ſteps hither! — Solitude at length grows tireſome. — Thou ſayeſt thou wilt quit the place with regret — I think ſo too. — Does not ſomething uneaſy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whoſe temper and company one has long been acquainted with. — I think I ſee you looking twenty times aday at the houſe — almoſt counting every brick and pane of glaſs, and telling them at the ſame time with a ſigh, your are going to leave them. — Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain inſenſible of thy loſs. — But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden? — The recollection of ſo many pleaſing walks muſt have endeared it to you. The trees, the ſhrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands — will they not droop and fade away ſooner upon thy departure? — Who will be the ſucceſſor to nurſe them in thy abſence? — Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree. — If trees, and ſhrubs, and flowers, could compoſe an elegy, I ſhould expect a very plaintive one upon this ſubject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.

It is a thouſand to one that this reaches you before you have ſet out — however, I take the chance — you will receive one wrote laſt night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wiſh you joy of your arrival in town — to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on — for I have almoſt drain'd my brains dry upon the ſubject. — For God's ſake riſe early and gallop away in

the cool — and always ſee that you have not forgot your baggage in changing poſt-chaiſes. — You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover — only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris — give the Cuſtom-houſe officers what I told you — at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch ſnuff — but as tobacco is good here, you had beſt bring a Scotch mill and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it — 'twill keep him out of miſchief. — I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourſelves — See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look ſharp — drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourſelves nothing your hearts wiſh. So God in heaven proſper and go along with you — kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately yours.

From the ſame to the ſame.

There have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three poſts, ſo I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia — and lo! it is arrived. You are as buſy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be buſier ſtill — I have exhauſted all my ideas about your journey — and what is needful for you to do before and during it — ſo I write only to tell you I am well — Mr. Colebrooks, the miniſter of Swifferland's ſecretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Cuſtom-houſe-office at Calais — it ſhall be ſent you next poſt. You muſt be cautious about Scotch ſnuff — take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the ſame. 'Tis well I bought you a chaiſe — there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price — for they are all ſent to the army, and ſuch a one as your's we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy — the weather was never known to ſet in ſo hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, ſo he and his party are to get into his chaiſes, by four in the morning, and travel till nine — and not ſtir out again till

fix; — but I hope this ſevere heat will abate by the time you come here — however, I beg of you once more to take ſpecial care of beating your blood in travelling, and come tout doucement, when you find the heat too much — I ſhall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your paſſport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me ſomething of every thing. I long to ſee you both, you may be aſſured, my dear wife and child, after ſo long a ſeparation — and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. — For my own part I ſhall continue writing to you a fortnight longer — preſent my reſpects to all friends — you have bid Mr. C. get my viſitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the incloſure at Raſcal, they muſt be incloſed to me-nothing that is fairly propoſed ſhall ſtand ſtill on my ſcore. Do all for the beſt, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us — ſo Heaven preſerve you both — believe me your affectionate, &c.

Love to my Lydia — I have bought her a gold watch to preſent to her when ſhe comes.

Mr. Sterne to Miſs Sterne.

By this time I ſuppoſe your mother and ſelf are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you. — I acquieſced in your ſtaying in France — likewiſe it was your mother's wiſh — but I muſt tell you both (that unleſs your health had not been a plea made uſe of) I ſhould have wiſhed you both to return with me. — I have ſent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metaſtaſio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amuſement. — I hope you have not forgot my laſt requeſt, to make no friendſhips with the french women — not that I think ill of them all, but ſometimes women of the beſt principles are the moſt inſinuating — nay I am ſo jealous of you, that I ſhould be

miſerable were I to ſee you had the leaſt grain of coquetry in your compoſition. — You have enough to do — for I have alſo ſent you a guittar — and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waſte not your time about it — Remember to write to me as to a friend — in ſhort, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural. — If your mother's rheumatiſm continues, and ſhe chooſes to go to Bagnieres — tell her not to be ſtopped for want of money, for my purſe ſhall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambaſſador's chapel — Hezekiah — (an odd ſubject your mother will ſay). There was a concourſe of all nations, and religions too. — I ſhall leave Paris in a few days — I am lodged in the ſame hotel with Mr. T —; — they are good and generous ſouls — tell your mother that I hope ſhe will write to me, and that when ſhe does ſo, I may alſo receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiſs your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate, &c.

Mr. Sterne to Miſs Sterne.

This letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it — I cannot be cheerful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me — I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner — but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience? — Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining. — I am unhappy — thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution? — For God's ſake, perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation — and whilſt ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice — beſides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! — I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping, when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me —

I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline — I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo altered — ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks — I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman, without burſting into tears — I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together — She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs — our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world with more compoſure than others think of living in it. — I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy. — 'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt worth — but may Heaven reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly ſhew
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine.
'Twill flow whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly — So adieu — I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be, thy affectionate father.

As to Mr. —, by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch a being — Send me ſome batons pour les dents — there are none good here.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. J—.

Your poor friend is ſcarce able to write — he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy — I was bled three

times on Thurſday, and bliſtered on Friday — The phyſician ſays I am better — God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength. — Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times. — Mr. J — was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you. — Do, dear Mr. J —, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live — I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe — that I ſhall beg of you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror — my ſpirits are fled — 'tis a bad omen — do not weep, my dear Lady — — your tears are too precious to ſhed for me — bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. — Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids! — If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd — which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if ſhe is left parentleſs) take her to your boſom? — You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action. — I wrote to her a fortnight ago 1), and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you. — Mr. J. — will be a father to her — he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence — Commend me to him — as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. — Adieu — All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J —. Your poor affectionate friend.

1) *From this circumſtance it may be conjectured, that this Letter was written on Tueſday the 8th of March 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.*

Dr. Johnſon to Mr. Elphinſton 1).

You have as I find, by every kind of evidence, loſt an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapa-

his of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I muſt ſoon loſe, unleſs it pleaſe God that ſhe rather ſhould mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan; and think I do myſelf honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther uſe, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The buſineſs of life ſummons us away from uſeleſs grief, and calls us to the exerciſe of thoſe virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greateſt benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will ſtill perform; if you diligently preſerve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, ſo far as I can learn, uſeful and wiſe; innocent; and a death reſigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reaſon nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increaſe her happineſs by obeying her precepts; and that ſhe may, in her preſent ſtate, look with pleaſure upon every act of virtue to which her inſtructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleaſing dream, or a juſt opinion of ſeparate ſpirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we conſider ourſelves as acting under the eye of God: yet ſurely there is ſomething pleaſing in the belief, that our ſeparation from thoſe whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendſhip, if it can be made probable, that union which has received the divine approbation, ſhall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may, in ſome degree, continue her preſence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earlieſt years, you will read it with great pleaſure, and receive from it many hints of ſoothing recollection, when time ſhall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief ſhall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the preſent, I cannot but adviſe you, as to a ſource of comfort and ſatisfaction in the time to come: for all comfort and all ſatisfaction is ſincerely wiſhed you by, dear Sir, your, &c.

1) *Tranſlator of Martial, Boſſuet, &c. and formerly maſter of an academy at Kenſington.*

Dr. Johnſon a Mr. Mr. Boſwell, à la Cour de l'Empereur, Utrecht.

You are not to think yourſelf forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to ſee my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a conſiderable effort of reſolution that I prevail upon myſelf to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omiſſion of any important duty, or any office of real kindneſs.

To tell you that I am or am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we ſat laſt together, and that your acquaintance continue to ſpeak of you with their former kindneſs, topics with which thoſe letters are commonly filled which are written only for the ſake of writing, I ſeldom ſhall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any haraſſing diſquiet, to excite any virtuous deſire, to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous reſolution, you need not doubt but I ſhall at leaſt wiſh to prefer the pleaſure of gratifying a friend much leſs eſteemed than yourſelf, before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I ſhall eaſily arrive at an exact punctuality of correſpondence, I cannot tell. I ſhall, at preſent, expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The firſt, indeed, gave me an account ſo hopeleſs of the ſtate of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deſerved an anſwer; by the ſecond I was much better pleaſed: and the pleaſure will ſtill be increaſed by ſuch a narrative of the progreſs of your ſtudies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to ſome uſeful inquiry.

You will, perhaps, wiſh to aſk, what ſtudy I would recommend. I ſhall not ſpeak of theology, becauſe it ought not to be conſidered as a queſtion whether you ſhall endeavour to know the will of God.

I ſhall, therefore, conſider only ſuch ſtudies as we are at liberty to purſue or to neglect; and of theſe I know not how you will make a better choice, than by ſtudying the civil law, as your father adviſes, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourſelf; at leaſt reſolve, while you remain in any ſettled reſidence, to ſpend a certain number

of hours every day amongſt your books. The diſſipation of thought, of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind ſuſpended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loſes ſtrength. If you can but kindle in your mind any ſtrong deſire, if you can but keep predominant any wiſh for ſome particular excellence or attainment, the guſts of imagination will break away, without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any traces left upon the memory.

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a deſire of diſtinction, which inclines every man firſt to hope, and then to believe, that Nature has given him ſomething peculiar to himſelf. This vanity makes one mind nurſe averſions, and another actuate deſires, till they riſe by art much above their original ſtate of power; and as affectation, in time improves to habit, they at laſt tyranniſe over him who at firſt encouraged them only for ſhow. Every deſire is a viper in the boſom, who, while he was chill, was harmleſs; but when warmth gave him ſtrength, exerted it in poiſon. You know a gentleman, who, when firſt he ſet his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himſelf to whirl in the vortex of pleaſure, imagined a total indifference and univerſal negligence to be the moſt agreeable concomitants of youth, and the ſtrongeſt indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehenſion. Vacant to every object, and ſenſible of every impulſe, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct ſomething from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he ſhould appear to attain, amidſt all the eaſe of careleſſneſs and all the tumult of diverſion, that knowledge and thoſe accompliſhments which mortals of the common fabric obtain only by mute abſtraction and ſolitary drudgery. He tried this ſcheme of life awhile, was made weary of it by his ſenſe and his virtue, he then wiſhed to return to his ſtudies; and finding long habits of idleneſs and pleaſure harder to be cured than he expected, ſtill willing to retain his claim to ſome extraordinary prerogatives, reſolved the common conſequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of deſtiny, and concluded that Nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

Let all ſuch fancies, illuſive and deſtructive, be baniſhed henceforward from your thoughts for ever. Reſolve, and keep your reſolution; chooſe, and purſue your choice. If you ſpend this day in ſtudy, you will find yourſelf ſtill more able to ſtudy to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you ſhall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is

not very eaſily overcome. Reſolution will ſometimes relax, and diligence will ſometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental ſurprize or deviation, whether ſhort or long, diſpoſe you to deſpondency. Conſider theſe failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the ſeducements that prevailed over you before.

This, my dear Boſwell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you muſt take from your own reflections, if you purpoſe to do the duties of the ſtation to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

Let me have a long letter from you as ſoon as you can. I hope you continue your journal, and enrich it with many obſervations upon the country in which you reſide. It will be a favour if you can get me any books in the Friſick language, and can inquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces. I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate ſervant.

The ſame to the ſame.

The earneſtneſs and tenderneſs of your letter is ſuch, that I cannot think myſelf ſhewing it more reſpect than it claims by ſitting down to anſwer it the day on which I received it.

This year has afflicted me with a very irkſome and ſevere diſorder. My reſpiration has been much impeded, and much blood has been taken away. I am now harraſſed by a catarrhous cough, from which my purpoſe is to ſeek relief by change of air; and I am, therefore, preparing to go to Oxford.

Whether I did right in diſſuading you from coming to London this ſpring, I will not determine. You have not loſt much by miſſing my company; I have ſcarcely been well for a ſingle week. I might have received comfort from your kindneſs; but you would have ſeen me afflicted, and,

perhaps, found me peeviſh. Whatever might have been your pleaſure or mine, I know not how I could have honeſtly adviſed you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accuſtom yourſelf to conſider debts only as an inconvenience: you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away ſo many means of doing good, and produces ſo much inability to reſiſt evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Conſider a man whoſe fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what good can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident, he has nothing to ſpare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be uſeful. His poverty will deſtroy his influence: many more can find that he is poor, than that he is wiſe; and few will reverence the underſtanding that is of ſo little advantage to its owner. I ſay nothing of the perſonal wretchedneſs of a debtor, which, however, has paſſed into a proverb. Of riches, it is not neceſſary to write the praiſe. Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to ſpare, has it always in his power to benefit others; and of ſuch power a good man muſt always be deſirous.

I am pleaſed with your account of Eaſter. We ſhall meet, I hope, in autumn, both well and both cheerful; and part each the better for the other's company.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boſwell, and to the young charmers. I am, &c.

Dr Johnſon to James Boſwell, Eſq.

I have ſtruggled through this year with ſo much infirmity of body, and ſuch ſtrong impreſſions of fragility of life, that death, wherever it appears, fills me with melancholy; and I cannot hear without emotion, of the removal of any one, whom I have known, into another ſtate.

Your father's death had every circumſtances that could enable you to bear it; it was at a mature age, and it was

expected; and as his general life had been pious, his thoughts had doubtleſs for many years paſt been turned upon eternity. That you did not find him ſenſible muſt doubtleſs grieve you; his diſpoſition towards you was undoubtedly that of a fond father. Kindneſs, at leaſt actual, is in our power, but fondneſs is not; and if by negligence or imprudence you had extinguiſhed his fondneſs, he could not at will rekindle it. Nothing then remained between you but mutual forgiveneſs of each other's faults, and mutual deſire of each other's happineſs.

I ſhall long to know his final diſpoſition of his fortune.

You, dear Sir, have now a new ſtation, and have therefore new cares, and new employments. Life, as Cowley ſeems to ſay, ought to reſemble a well ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium ſhould be ſimple, and ſhould promiſe little. Begin your new courſe of life with the leaſt ſhow, and the leaſt expence poſſible; you may at pleaſure encreaſe both, but you cannot eaſily diminiſh them. Do not think your eſtate your own, while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore, begin with timorous parſimony. Let it be your firſt care not to be in any man's debt.

When the thoughts are extended to a future ſtate, the preſent life ſeems hardly worthy of all thoſe principles of conduct, and maxims of prudence, which one generation of men has tranſmitted to another; but upon a cloſer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced, and how much good is impeded by embaraſſment and diſtreſs, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exerciſe of virtue; its ſorrows manifeſt that the boundleſs importance of the next life, enforces ſome attention to the intereſts of this.

Be kind to the old ſervants, and ſecure the kindneſs of the agents and factors; do not diſguſt them by aſperity, or unwelcome gaiety, or apparent ſuſpicion. From them you muſt learn the real ſtate of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boſwell; I think her expectation from air and exerciſe are the beſt that ſhe can form. I hope ſhe will live long and happily.

I forget whether I told you that Rasay has been here; we dined cheerfully together. I entertained lately a young gentleman from Coriatachat.

I received your letters only this morning. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

Letters from the Earl of Chesterfield to his son.

Having, in my last, pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you, with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to the best models: remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative, betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold any body by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to

hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Moſt long talkers ſingle out ſome one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they obſerve to be the moſt ſilent, or their next neighbour) to whiſper, or at leaſt, in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is exceſſively ill-bred, and, in ſome degree, a fraud; converſation-ſtock being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of theſe unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, (and at leaſt ſeeming attention) if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing; as nothing would hurt him more, than either to leave him in the midſt of his diſcourſe, or to diſcover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will ſhow them, more or leſs, upon every ſubject; and if you have not, you had better talk ſillily upon a ſubject of other people's than of your own chooſing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical converſations, which, though they ſhould not, yet certainly do, indiſpoſe, for a time, the contending parties towards each other; and, if the controverſy grows warm and noiſy, endeavour to put an end to it, by ſome genteel levity or joke. I quieted ſuch a converſation-hubbub once, by repreſenting to them, that though I was perſuaded none there preſent would repeat, out of company, what paſſed in it, yet I could not anſwer for the diſcretion of the paſſengers in the ſtreet, who muſt neceſſarily hear all that was ſaid.

Above all things, and upon all occaſions, avoid ſpeaking of yourſelf, if it be poſſible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the beſt parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotiſm.

Some, abruptly, ſpeak advantageouſly of themſelves, without either pretence or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and forge accuſations againſt themſelves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to juſtify themſelves, by exhibiting

a catalogue of their many virtues. They acknowledge it may, indeed, ſeem odd, that they ſhould talk in that manner of themſelves: it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures ſhould ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjuſtly and monſtrouſly accuſed. But in theſe caſes, juſtice is ſurely due to one's ſelf, as well as to others; and when our character is attacked, we may ſay in our own juſtification, what otherwiſe we never would have ſaid. This thin veil of Modeſty drawn before Vanity, is much too tranſparent to conceal it, even from very moderate diſcernment.

Others go more modeſtly and more ſlily ſtill (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, ſtill more ridiculouſly. They confeſs themſelves (not without ſome degree of ſhame and confuſion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by firſt degrading them into weakneſſes, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of thoſe weakneſſes. They cannot ſee people ſuffer, without ſympathiſing with, and endeavouring to help them. They cannot ſee people want, without relieving them; though, truly, their own circumſtances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help ſpeaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In ſhort, they know that, with all theſe weakneſſes, they are not fit to live in the world, much leſs to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and muſt rub on as well as they can. This ſounds too ridiculous and outré, almoſt, for the ſtage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it, upon the common ſtage of the world. And here I will obſerve, by the bye, that you will often meet with characters in nature, ſo extravagant, that a diſcreet Poet would not venture to ſet them upon the ſtage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is ſo ſtrong in human nature, that it deſcends even to the loweſt objects; and one often ſees people angling for praiſe, where, admitting all they ſay to be true, (which, by the way, it ſeldom is) no juſt praiſe is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode poſt an hundred miles in ſix hours: probably it is a lie; but ſuppoſing it to be true, what then? Why he is a very good poſt-boy, that is all. Another aſſerts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drank ſix or eight bott-

les of wine at a ſitting: out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I muſt think him a beaſt.

Such, and a thouſand more, are the follies and extravagancies, which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpoſe: and, as Waller ſays, upon another ſubject,

Make the wretch the moſt deſpiſed,
Where moſt he wiſhes to be prized.

The only ſure way of avoiding theſe evils, is never to ſpeak of yourſelf at all. But when, hiſtorically, you are obliged to mention yourſelf, take care not to drop one ſingle word, that can directly or indirectly be conſtrued as fiſhing for applauſe. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that any thing you can ſay yourſelf will varniſh your defects, or add luſtre to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obſcure. If you are ſilent upon your own ſubject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule, will obſtruct or allay the applauſe which you may really deſerve; but if you publiſh your own panegric upon any occaſion, or in any ſhape whatſoever, and however artfully dreſſed or diſguiſed, they will all conſpire againſt you, and you will be diſappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to ſeem dark and myſterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very ſuſpicious one too: if you ſeem myſterious with others, they will be really ſo with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is, to have volto ſciolto, and penſieri ſtretti; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reſerved interior: to be upon your own guard, and yet by a ſeeming natural openneſs, to put people off theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in, will avail themſelves of every indiſcreet and unguarded expreſſion of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reſerve is therefore as neceſſary, as a ſeeming openneſs is prudent. Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them: the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments,

a catalogue of their many virtues. They acknowledge it may, indeed, ſeem odd, that they ſhould talk in that manner of themſelves: it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures ſhould ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjuſtly and monſtrouſly accuſed. But in theſe caſes, juſtice is ſurely due to one's ſelf, as well as to others; and when our character is attacked, we may ſay in our own juſtification, what otherwiſe we never would have ſaid. This thin veil of Modeſty drawn before Vanity, is much too tranſparent to conceal it, even from very moderate diſcernment.

Others go more modeſtly and more ſlily ſtill (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, ſtill more ridiculouſly. They confeſs themſelves (not without ſome degree of ſhame and confuſion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by firſt degrading them into weakneſſes, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of thoſe weakneſſes. They cannot ſee people ſuffer, without ſympathiſing with, and endeavouring to help them. They cannot ſee people want, without relieving them; though, truly, their own circumſtances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help ſpeaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In ſhort, they know that, with all theſe weakneſſes, they are not fit to live in the world, much leſs to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and muſt rub on as well as they can. This ſounds too ridiculous and outré, almoſt, for the ſtage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it, upon the common ſtage of the world. And here I will obſerve, by the bye, that you will often meet with characters in nature, ſo extravagant, that a diſcreet Poet would not venture to ſet them upon the ſtage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is ſo ſtrong in human nature, that it deſcends even to the loweſt objects; and one often ſees people angling for praiſe, where, admitting all they ſay to be true, (which, by the way, it ſeldom is) no juſt praiſe is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode poſt an hundred miles in ſix hours: probably it is a lie; but ſuppoſing it to be true, what then? Why he is a very good poſt-boy, that is all. Another aſſerts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drank ſix or eight bott-

les of wine at a ſitting: out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I muſt think him a beaſt.

Such, and a thouſand more, are the follies and extravagancies, which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpoſe: and, as Waller ſays, upon another ſubject,

Make the wretch the moſt deſpiſed,
Where moſt he wiſhes to be prized.

The only ſure way of avoiding theſe evils, is never to ſpeak of yourſelf at all. But when, hiſtorically, you are obliged to mention yourſelf, take care not to drop one ſingle word, that can directly or indirectly be conſtrued as fiſhing for applauſe. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that any thing you can ſay yourſelf will varniſh your defects, or add luſtre to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obſcure. If you are ſilent upon your own ſubject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule, will obſtruct or allay the applauſe which you may really deſerve; but if you publiſh your own panegric upon any occaſion, or in any ſhape whatſoever, and however artfully dreſſed or diſguiſed, they will all conſpire againſt you, and you will be diſappointed of the very end you aim at.

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I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking, what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

Neither retail nor receive ſcandal, willingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the preſent, gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very diſadvantageous concluſions from ſuch diſpoſition; and in the caſe of ſcandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimickry, which is the common and favourite amuſement of little, low minds, is in the utmoſt contempt with great ones. It is the loweſt and moſt illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practiſe it yourſelf, nor applaud it in others. Beſides that the perſon mimicked is inſulted; and, as I have often obſerved to you before, an inſult is never forgiven.

I need not (I believe) adviſe you to adapt your converſation to the people you are converſing with: for I ſuppoſe you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the ſame ſubject, and in the ſame manner, to a Miniſter of State, a Biſhop, a Philoſopher, a Captain, and a Woman. A man of the world muſt, like the Cameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a neceſſary complaiſance, for it relates only to Manners, and not to Morals.

One word only, as to ſwearing; and that, I hope and believe, is more than is neceſſary. You may ſometimes hear ſome people, in good company, interlard their diſcourſe with oaths, by way of embelliſhment, as they think; but you muſt obſerve, too, that thoſe who do ſo, are never thoſe who contribute, in any degree, to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always ſubalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, beſides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as ſilly, and as illiberal, as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleaſed with ſilly things; for true wit or good ſenſe never excited a laugh, ſince the creation of the world. A man of parts and faſhion is therefore only ſeen to ſmile, but never heard to laugh.

But, to conclude this long letter; all the above mentioned rules, however carefully you may obſerve them, will loſe half their effect, if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you ſay, if you ſay it with a ſupercilious, Cynical face, or an embarraſſed countenance, or a ſilly, diſconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, you mutter it, or utter it indiſtinctly, and ungracefully, it will be ſtill worſe received. If your air and addreſs are vulgar, awkward, and gauche, you may be eſteemed indeed, if you have great intrinſic merit; but you will never pleaſe: and, without pleaſing, you will riſe but heavily. Venus, among the Ancients, was ſynonimous with the Graces, who were always ſuppoſed to accompany her: and Horace tells us, that even Youth, and Mercury, the God of Arts and Eloquence, would not do without her.

— Parum comis ſine te Juventas
Mercuriuſque.

They are not inexorable Ladies, and may be had if properly and diligently purſued. Adieu.

From the ſame to the ſame.

My anxiety for your ſucceſs increaſes, in proportion as the time approaches of your taking your part upon the great ſtage of the world. The audience will form their opinion of you upon your firſt appearance, (making the proper allowance for your inexperience) and ſo far it will be final, that, though it may vary as to the degrees, it will never totally change. This conſideration excites that reſtleſs attention, with which I am conſtantly examining how I can beſt contribute to the perfection of that character, in which the leaſt ſpot or blemiſh would give me more real concern, than I am now capable of feeling upon any other account whatſoever.

I have long ſince done mentioning your great Religious and Moral duties; becauſe I could not make your under-

ſtanding ſo bad a compliment, as to ſuppoſe that you wanted, or could receive, any new inſtructions upon thoſe two important points. Mr. Harte, I am ſure, has not neglected them; beſides, they are ſo obvious to common ſenſe and reaſon, that commentators may (as they often do) perplex, but cannot make them clearer. My province, therefore, is to ſupply, by my experience, your hitherto inevitable inexperience in the ways of the world. People at your age are in a ſtate of natural ebriety; and want rails, and gardefous, wherever they go, to hinder them from breaking their necks. This drunkenneſs of youth is not only tolerated, but even pleaſes, if kept within certain bounds of diſcretion and decency. Thoſe bounds are the point, which it is difficult for the drunken man himſelf to find out; and there it is that the experience of a friend may not only ſerve; but ſave him.

Carry with you, and welcome, into company, all the gaiety and ſpirits, but as little of the giddineſs of youth as you can. The former will charm; but the latter will often, though innocently, implacably offend. Inform yourſelf of the characters and ſituations of the company, before you give way to what your imagination may prompt you to ſay. There are, in all companies, more wrong heads than right ones, and many more who deſerve, than who like cenſure. Should you therefore expatiate in the praiſe of ſome virtue, which ſome in company notoriouſly want; or declaim againſt any vice, which others are notoriouſly infected with; your reflections, however general and unapplied, will, by being applicable, be thought perſonal, and levelled at thoſe people. This conſideration points out to you ſufficiently, not to be ſuſpicious and captious yourſelf, nor to ſuppoſe that things, becauſe they may, are therefore meant at you. The manners of well-bred people ſecure one from thoſe indirect and mean attacks; but if, by chance, a flippant woman, or a pert coxcomb, lets off any thing of that kind, it is much better not to ſeem to underſtand, than to reply to it.

Cautiouſly avoid talking of either your own or other people's domeſtic affairs. Yours are nothing to them, but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The ſubject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch ſome body or other's ſore place: for, in this caſe, there is no truſting to ſpecious appearances; which may be, and often are, ſo contrary to the real ſituations of things, between men and their wives, parents and their children, ſeeming friends, &c. that, with the beſt intentions in the world, one often blunders diſagreeably.

Remember, that the wit, humour, and jokes, of moſt mixed companies are local. They thrive in that particular ſoil, but will not often bear tranſplanting. Every company is differently circumſtanced, has its particular cant and jargon; which may give occaſion to wit and mirth within that circle, but would ſeem flat and inſipid in any other, and therefore will not bear repeating. Nothing makes a man look ſillier, than a pleaſantry, not reliſhed or not underſtood; and if he meets with a profound ſilence, when he expected a general applauſe, or, what is worſe, if he is deſired to explain the bon mot, his awkward and embarraſſed ſituation is more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. A propos of repeating; take great care never to repeat (I do not mean here the pleaſantries) in one company what you hear in another. Things, ſeemingly indifferent, may, by circulation, have much graver conſequences than you would imagine. Beſides, there is a general tacit truſt in converſation, by which a man is obliged not to report any thing out of it, though he is not immediately enjoined ſecrecy. A retailer of this kind is ſure to draw himſelf into a thouſand ſcrapes and diſcuſſions, and to be ſhily and uncomfortably received, wherever he goes.

You will find, in moſt good company, ſome people, who only keep their place there by a contemptible title enough; theſe are what we call very good natured fellows, and the French, bons diables. The truth is, they are people without any parts or fancy, and who, having no will of their own, readily aſſent to concur in, and applaud, whatever is ſaid or done in the company; and adopt, with the ſame alacrity, the moſt virtuous or the moſt criminal, the wiſeſt or the ſilleſt ſcheme, that happens to be entertained by the majority of the company. This fooliſh, and often criminal complaiſance flows from a fooliſh cauſe, the want of any other merit. I hope you will hold your place in company by a nobler tenure, and that you will hold it (you can bear a quibble, I believe, yet) in capite. Have a will and an opinion of your own, and adhere to them ſteadily; but then do it with good-humour, good-breeding, and (if you have it) with urbanity; for you have not yet beard enough either to preach or cenſure.

All other kinds of complaiſance are not only blameleſs, but neceſſary in good company. Not to ſeem to perceive the little weakneſſes, and the idle but innocent affectations of the company, but even to flatter them, in a certain manner, is not only very allowable, but, in truth, a ſort of polite duty.

They will be pleaſed with you, if you do: and will certainly not be reformed by you, if you do not. For inſtance; you will find, in every groupe of company, two principal figures, viz. the fine Lady and the fine Gentleman; who abſolutely give the law of Wit, Language, Faſhion, and Taſte, to the reſt of that ſociety. There is always a ſtrict, and often, for the time being, a tender alliance between theſe two figures. The Lady looks upon her empire as founded upon the divine right of Beauty, (and full as good a divine right it is, as any King, Emperor, or Pope, can pretend to); ſhe requires, and commonly meets with, unlimited paſſive obedience. And why ſhould ſhe not meet with it? Her demands go no higher than to have her unqueſtioned preeminence in Beauty, Wit, and Faſhion, firmly eſtabliſhed. Few Sovereigns (by the way) are ſo reaſonable. The fine Gentleman's claims of right are, mutatis mutandis, the ſame; and though, indeed, he is not always a Wit de jure, yet, as he is the Wit de facto of that company, he is entitled to a ſhare of your allegiance; and every body expects at leaſt as much as they are entitled to, if not ſomething more. Prudence bids you make your court to theſe joint Sovereigns; and no duty, that I know of, forbids it. Rebellion here, is exceedingly dangerous, and inevitably puniſhed by baniſhment, and immediate forfeiture of all your wit, manners, taſte, and faſhion: as, on the other hand, a chearful ſubmiſſion, not without ſome flattery, is ſure to procure you a ſtrong recommendation, and moſt effectual paſs, throughout all their, and probably the neighbouring dominions. With a moderate ſhare of ſagacity, you will, before you have been half an hour in their company, eaſily diſcover theſe two principal figures; both by the deference which you will obſerve the whole company pay them, and by that eaſy, careleſs, and ſerene air, which their conſciouſneſs of power gives them. As in this caſe, ſo in all others, aim always at the higheſt; get always into the higheſt company, and addreſs yourſelf particularly to the higheſt in it. The ſearch after the unattainable philoſophers ſtone has occaſioned a thouſand uſeful diſcoveries, which otherwiſe would never have been made.

What the French juſtly call les manieres nobles, are only to be acquired in the very beſt companies. They are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of men of faſhion; people of low education never wear them ſo cloſe, but that ſome part or other of the original vulgariſm appears. Les manieres nobles equally forbid inſolent contempt, or low envy and jealouſy. Low people, in good circumſtances, fine clothes,

and equipages, will inſolently ſhow contempt for all thoſe who cannot afford as fine clothes, as good an equipage, and who have not (as their term is) as much money in their pockets: on the other hand, they are gnawed with envy, and cannot help diſcovering it, of thoſe who ſurpaſs them in any of theſe articles; which are far from being ſure criterions of merit. They are, likewiſe, jealous of being ſlighted; and, conſequently, ſuſpicious and captious: they are eager and hot about trifles; becauſe trifles were, at firſt, their affairs of conſequence. Les manieres nobles imply exactly the reverſe of all this. Study them early; you cannot make them too habitual and familiar to you. Adieu.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I have ſeldom or never written to you upon the ſubject of Religion and Morality: your own reaſon, I am perſuaded, has given you true notions of both; they ſpeak beſt for themſelves; but, if they wanted aſſiſtance, you have Mr. Harte at hand, both for precept and example: to your own reaſon, therefore, and to Mr. Harte, ſhall I refer you, for the Reality of both and confine myſelf, in this letter, to the decency, the utility, and the neceſſity of ſcrupulouſly preſerving the Appearances of both. When I ſay the Appearances of Religion, I do not mean that you ſhould talk or act like a Miſſionary, or an Enthuſiaſt, nor that you ſhould take up a controverſial cudgel againſt whoever attacks the ſect you are of; this would be both uſeleſs, and unbecoming your age: but I mean that you ſhould by no means ſeem to approve, encourage, or applaud, thoſe libertine notions, which ſtrike at religions equally, and which are the poor threadbare topics of half Wits, and minute Philoſophers. Even thoſe who are ſilly enough to laugh at their jokes, are ſtill wiſe enough to diſtruſt and deteſt their characters: for, putting moral virtues at the higheſt, and religion at the loweſt, religion muſt ſtill be allowed to be a collateral ſecurity, at leaſt, to Virtue, and every prudent man will ſooner truſt to two ſecurities than to one. Whenever, therefore, you hap-

pen to be in company with thoſe pretended Eſprits forts, or with thoughtleſs libertines, who laugh at all religion, to ſhew their wit, or diſclaim it, to complete their riot; let no word or look of yours intimate the leaſt approbation; on the contrary, let a ſilent gravity expreſs your diſlike: but enter not into the ſubject, and decline ſuch unprofitable and indecent controverſies. Depend upon this truth, That every man is the worſe looked upon, and the leſs truſted, for being thought to have no religion; in ſpite of all the pompous and ſpecious epithets he may aſſume of Eſprit fort, Freethinker, or Moral Philoſopher; and a wiſe Atheiſt (if ſuch a thing there is) would, for his own intereſt, and character in this world, pretend to ſome religion.

Your moral character muſt be not only pure, but, like Ceſar's wife, unſuſpected. The leaſt ſpeck or blemiſh upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites deteſtation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend intirely upon the cuſtoms and faſhions of different countries: nay, there are ſtill, if poſſible, more unaccountable wretches; I mean, thoſe who affect to preach and propagate ſuch abſurd and infamous notions, without believing them themſelves. Theſe are the devil's hypocrites. Avoid as much as poſſible, the company of ſuch people; who reflect a degree of diſcredit and infamy upon all who converſe with them. But as you may, ſometimes, by accident, fall into ſuch company, take great care that no complaiſance, no good-humour, no warmth of feſtal mirth, ever make you ſeem even to acquieſce, much leſs to approve or applaud, ſuch infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate nor enter into ſerious argument, upon a ſubject ſo much below it: but content yourſelf with telling theſe Apoſtles, that you know they are not ſerious; that you have a much better opinion of them than they would have you have; and that, you are very ſure, they would not practiſe the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and ſhun them for ever afterwards.

There is nothing ſo delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your intereſt ſo much to preſerve pure. Should you be ſuſpected of Injuſtice, Malignity, Perfidy, Lying, &c. all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you eſteem, friendſhip, or reſpect. A ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances has ſometimes raiſed very bad men to high ſtations; but they have been raiſed like crimi-

nals to a pillory, where their perſons and their crimes, by being more conſpicuous, are only the more known, the more deteſted, and the more pelted and inſulted. If, in any caſe whatſoever, affectation and oſtentation are pardonable, it is in the caſe of morality; though, even there, I would not adviſe you to a Phariſaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a moſt ſcrupulous tenderneſs for your moral character, and the utmoſt care not to ſay or do the leaſt thing, that may ever ſo ſlightly taint it. Show yourſelf, upon all occaſions, the advocate, the friend, but not the bully, of Virtue. Colonel Chartres, whom you have certainly heard of, (who was, I believe, the moſt notorious blaſted raſcal in the world, and who had, by all ſorts of crimes, amaſſed immenſe wealth) was ſo ſenſible of the diſadvantage of a bad character, that I heard him once ſay, in his impudent, profligate manner, that, though he would not give one farthing for Virtue, he would give ten thouſand pounds for a character; becauſe he ſhould get a hundred thouſand pounds by it: whereas he was ſo blaſted that he had no longer an opportunity of cheating people. Is it poſſible then that an honeſt man can neglect, what a wiſe rogue would purchaſe ſo dear?

There is one of the vices above-mentioned, into which people of good education, and, in the main, of good principles, ſometimes fall, from miſtaken notions of ſkill, dexterity, and ſelf-defence; I mean Lying: though it is inſeparably attended with more infamy and loſs than any other. The prudence and neceſſity of often concealing the truth, inſenſibly ſeduces people to violate it. It is the only art of mean capacities and the only refuge of mean ſpirits. Whereas, concealing the truth, upon proper occaſions, is as prudent and as innocent, as telling a lie, upon any occaſion, is infamous and fooliſh. I will ſtate you a caſe in your own department. Suppoſe you are employed at a foreign Court and that the Miniſter of that court is abſurd or impertinent enough to aſk you what your inſtructions are; Will you tell him a lie, which, as ſoon as found out, (and found out it certainly will be) muſt deſtroy your credit, blaſt your character, and render you uſeleſs there? No. Will you tell him the truth then, and betray your truſt? As certainly, No. But you will anſwer, with firmneſs, That you are ſurpriſed at ſuch a queſtion: that you are perſuaded he does not expect an anſwer to it; but that, at all events, he certainly will not have one. Such an anſwer will give him confidence in you; he will conceive an opinion of your veracity, of which opinion you may afterwards make very honeſt and fair advantages. But if, in negotiations, you are looked upon as a liar, and a

trickſter, no confidence will be placed in you, nothing will be communicated to you, and you will be in the ſituation of a man who has been burnt in the cheek; and who, from that mark, cannot afterwards get an honeſt livelihood if he would, but muſt continue a thief.

Lord Bacon, very juſtly, makes a diſtinction between Simulation and Diſſimulation; and allows the latter rather than the former: but ſtill obſerves, that they are the weaker ſort of Politicians who have recourſe to either. A man who has ſtrength of mind, and ſtrength of parts, wants neither of them. Certainly, (ſays he) the ableſt men that ever were, have all had an openneſs and frankneſs of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then, they were like horſes well managed; for they could tell, paſſing well, when to ſtop, or turn: and at ſuch times, when they thought the caſe indeed required ſome diſſimulation, if then they uſed it, it came to paſs, that the former opinion ſpread abroad, of their good faith and clearneſs of dealing, made them almoſt inviſible. There are people who indulge themſelves in a ſort of lying, which they reckon innocent, and which in one ſenſe is ſo; for it hurt nobody but themſelves. This ſort of lying is the ſpurious offſpring of vanity, begotten upon folly: theſe people deal in the marvellous; they have ſeen ſome things that never exiſted; they have ſeen other things which they never really ſaw, though they did exiſt, only becauſe they were thought worth ſeeing. Has any thing remarkable been ſaid or done in any place, or in any company? they immediately preſent and declare themſelves eye or ear witneſſes of it. They have done feats themſelves, unattempted, or at leaſt unperformed by others. They are always the heroes of their own fables; and think that they gain conſideration, or at leaſt preſent attention, by it. Whereas, in truth, all they get is ridicule and contempt, not without a good degree of diſtruſt: for one muſt naturally conclude, that he, who will tell any lie from idle vanity, will not ſcruple telling a greater for intereſt. Had I really ſeen any thing ſo very extraordinary as to be almoſt incredible, I would keep it to myſelf, rather than, by telling it, give any one body room to doubt for one minute of my veracity. It is moſt certain, that the reputation of chaſtity is not ſo neceſſary for a woman, as that of veracity is for a man: and with reaſon: for it is poſſible for a woman to be virtuous, though not ſtrictly chaſte: but it is not poſſible for a man to be virtuous without ſtrict veracity. The ſlips of the poor women are ſometimes mere bodily frailties; but

a lie in a man is a vice of the mind, and of the heart. For God's ſake, be ſcrupulouſly jealous of the purity of your moral character; keep it immaculate, unblemiſhed, unſullied; and it will be unſuſpected. Defamation and calumny never attack, where there is no weak place; they magnify, but they do not create.

There is a very great difference between that purity of character, which I ſo earneſtly recommend to you, and the Stoical gravity and auſterity of character, which I do by no means recommend to you. At your age, I would no more wiſh you to be a Cato, than a Clodius. Be, and be reckoned, a man of pleaſure, as well as a man of buſineſs. Enjoy this happy and giddy time of your life; ſhine in the pleaſures, and in the company of people of your own age. This is all to be done, and indeed only can be done, without the leaſt taint to the purity of your moral character: for thoſe miſtaken young fellows, who think to ſhine by an impious or immoral licentiouſneſs, ſhine only from their ſtinking, like, corrupted fleſh in the dark. Without this purity, you can have no dignity of character; and without dignity of character, it is impoſſible to riſe in the world. You muſt be reſpectable, if you will reſpected. I have known people flattern away their character, without really polluting it; the conſequence of which has been that they have become innocently contemptible; their merit has been dimmed, their pretenſions unregarded, and all their views defeated. Character muſt be kept bright, as well as clean. Content yourſelf with mediocrity in nothing. In purity of character, and in politeneſs of manners, labour to excel all, if you wiſh to equal many. Adieu.

Ad Amicos *). R. West.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' ſedgy ſide,
You feel each joy that friendſhip can divide;
Each realm of ſcience and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raiſe the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloiſter'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where ſocial oft, and oft alone, ye chooſe
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muſe.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
Theſe lines give back the image of my heart) —
At me the pow'r, that comes or ſoon or late,
Or aims, or ſeems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I ſtand,
Like ſome ſad exile in a deſert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join,
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or thoſe which fancy raiſe,
For ever blot the ſunſhine of my days;
To ſickneſs ſtill, and ſtill to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her roſy face away.

Juſt Heaven! what ſin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand againſt a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the ſlanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, juſt ſtarted from the liſts of time,
My growing years have ſcarcely told their prime;
Uſeleſs, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleaſures taſted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing ſuns appear,

*) *Almoſt all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his tranſition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and beſpeaks a degree of judgment, much beyond Mr. Weſt's years.*

Would pluck the promiſe of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluſter from the mourning ſpray?
Stern pow'r of Fate, whoſe ebon ſceptre rules
The Stygian deſerts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor raſhly ſmite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, ſtay till age ſhall blaſt my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the ſhaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing ſhade ſhall go.

How weak is Man to Reaſon's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part etherial fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aſpire.
In vain our plans of happineſs we raiſe,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praiſe;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conqueſt, or a throne,
Are what the wiſe would fear to call their own.
Health is at beſt a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the ſtream beſide whoſe wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the ſpreading branches riſe,
Shade all the ground, and flouriſh to the ſkies;
The waves the while beneath in ſecret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his fooliſh pride,
And ſinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine? Does life deſerve my ſigh?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For thoſe, the wretches I deſpiſe or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring Death ſhall ſpread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: tho' this face be ſeen no more,
The world will paſs as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-ſtar will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the ſkies as clear;
Nor ſtorms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor ſigns on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and ſilent will depart my breath,

Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet ſome there are (ere ſpent my vital days)
Within whoſe breaſts my tomb I wiſh to raiſe.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praiſe would crown me, as their precepts mend:
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear;
Not from the Poet, but the Friend ſincere.